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# THE JEW OF VERONA.





Bresciani

THE

# JEW OF VERONA: -

## An Historical Tale

OF THE

## ITALIAN REVOLUTIONS

OF

1846-9.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SECOND REVISED ITALIAN EDITION.

VOLUME II.

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# THE JEW OF VERONA.

## CHAPTER I.

### LUISELLA.

THREE days before these events took place, Bartolo had arrived with Alisa in Naples; and stopped at the Hotel Di Roma, upon the delightful shore of Santa Lucca. He consulted his friends and determined not to prolong his stay in the city, but to retire with his daughter to Sorrentum until the return of tranquillity; he accordingly went to the Hotel of the Sirena. That ancient hotel hangs, as it were, from a high rock on the very edge of a limpid bay, where the ancient Romans had constructed baths and storehouses. The foundations of these works are still visible on the shore, and under the azure waters; through seaweed, which rises and falls with every wave, at this day may be distinguished the suits of chambers, the large festive halls, the galleries, and the meandering corridors which wound with a delightful coolness between the sea-walls and the swimming-baths and basins in that admirable retreat. Above this palace of the Syren, raised upon a high ridge of rocks, which, jutting into the sea, forms an ample and beau-



tiful terrace, protected along the edge by a beautiful row of columns. The space between these columns is curtained with canvass, to defend it from the rays of the sun, particularly when its reflection glances from the surface of the unwrinkled sea. The extreme point is adorned with vases of exotic plants, while the surface of the wall is covered with representations of gardens and grottoes, with flowers that charm the eye. When seated at dinner upon this shaded terrace, every turn of the eyes presents new and magnificent views by land and sea. On one side appears the Bay of Sorrentum, with its shores broken, indented by capes, points, bays, and recesses formed by broken ranges of rocks which overhang the shore from the Cape of Scutari to the opposite Capo di Monte, and terminate in a promontory still bearing traces of the ancient fish-ponds of Pollio.

In front, the great gulf stretches its expanding waters towards Castellamare; while upon the graceful shore the eye wanders with delight over the fertile hills of Torre dell' Annunziata and Torre del Greco, adorned and encircled by gardens, orchards, cottages, and shady groves of orange and lemon trees, and cedars which spread their soft verdure over every side of Vesuvius. On the side facing the Sarno, through rows of poplars, the unburied city of Pompeii rises to the view; and on the left, at the foot of Resina, a column rising a little above the surface, indicates that there still lies entombed the graceful Herculaneum; nor can the eye penetrate to the innumerable beauties of the porticoes, atriums, fountains, terraces, and chambers enriched with paintings of infinite value, which are buried beneath the mounds of pumice-stone and indurated ashes.

The gardens and orchards of Portici are crowned by the Villa Reale, immortalized as the asylum of the Vicar of Christ during the days of his lone and tedious exile. The sorrows and the bitterness which the Holy Father experienced during that eventful period, were assuaged by the tranquil solitudes of that peaceful abode, and by the filial affection and reverential love of a great king. These gardens and orchards of Portici extend with an almost imperceptible descent as far as Naples, which, when viewed from the terrace of Sorrentum, resembles a gentle acclivity, rising like a golden cloud from the surrounding scenery, with its base bathed by the sea and its summit encircling the fortress of St. Elmo as with a royal diadem. On the other side, also, is the swelling ridge of the Vomero, clothed with gardens and country-seats, bordering the Chiaia and the glittering banks of the Mergellina as with a frame of joyful and most brilliant verdure, and gracefully bending its course as far as Posilippo, which still displays the ruins of the sumptuous retreats of the Roman emperors.

Alisa, charmed with those beauties, stood calmly, silently contemplating and feasting her mind upon that glorious prospect; then stretching her view over Posilippo, she asked her father what was that white spot which appeared like a star sparkling upon the water.

"That's the islet of Nisida," replied her father, "which is reached by a bridge of open arches that extends across an arm of the sea, and unites it to Posilippo; and that white spot is a large structure for the custody of condemned malefactors."

"Oh, that is a little paradise," exclaimed Alisa, "and not a prison for criminals!"

"My dear daughter," said Bartolo, "were it even a thousand times more bright and smiling, chains and remorse would change it into an abode of fiends; and the heart of the wicked, even in the midst of the most beautiful and favored spots on earth, enjoys neither the serene sky, nor the transparent waters, nor the flowery gardens; but is ever wrapt in melancholy, darkness, and discontent, without comfort: the pure in heart, on the contrary, live joyful and calm in the wild forest or upon the barren rock."

"Oh, see how beautiful is yonder bay!"

"That is the little Bay of Pozzuoli; and further towards the right is the delightful Bay of Baia, formerly the favorite retreat of Agrippa and Augustus. There, look in the direction of my finger; there, those shores, gladdened with ever-youthful verdure, were the Elysian Fields; and that which stands so boldly forward into the sea, is the Cape of Misenum; behind it is a gulf that served as a port to the Roman fleet, which wintered there secure from storms, and afterwards to sally forth to the conquest of the world. That portion of sea between Misenum and those yellowish rocks, washes the shores of the Isle of Procida, so noted for the strength of its wines, and the Greek fashions still preserved by the women, but much more as the birth-place of Gian di Procida, the father and master of all the conspirators of Italy."

While Bartolo was conversing after dinner with Alisa, upon the beautiful terrace of the Syren, and watching the little fishing-boats sailing backward and forward and drawing their nets, he heard a deep sound, borne upon the gentle breeze from the direction of Naples. It differed

from the salute of vessels, or the accustomed signals from the batteries of the fortresses ; for it had been heard at intervals since the forenoon. Directing their attention across the gulf, they now perceived a large fire rising from the centre of the city, rapidly increasing and rolling immense volumes of smoke into the sky. In the meantime, the English, Germans, Russians, and other foreigners, who were enjoying the pleasures of the country in Sorrentum, came in wondering crowds, and placed themselves at every window which faced the gulf and gave a view of Naples. The conflagration spread rapidly, and the people flocked together upon the piazza, along the house of Tasso, which faces the sea, with anxious exclamations : “ Oh God ! the Palace is in flames ! ” Others denied this. “ The fire is not at the royal palace, but at the custom-house of the Nunziatella. ” No one surmised that it was the Gravina Palace. The people at Sorrentum were in deep distress, and filled with vague fears for their beloved monarch ; they trembled at the thought of the crowds of conspirators who had congregated in Naples from every province, and displayed their piety and their loyalty to the king by pouring forth prayers to Heaven and the Madonna to shield that venerated head, and remove from it every untoward event. At this moment were seen innumerable feluccas, tartans, and every description of boats, stretching with every sail set or with bending oars across the gulf, crowded with passengers, most of whom were young men, of a dejected and discouraged appearance ; it was observed too, that all were now cleanly shaved, whereas before none were to be seen without bushy whiskers and beards. By land also, long trains of carriages came hurrying in, loaded with persons

likewise remarkable for their smoothly shaved chins, who alighted upon the piazza, and with an almost total absence of baggage, sought lodgings in every hotel. The hotels of the Syren, Tasso, Strongoli, of the Ponte alle Grotte, the Piazza, and of the Gate of S. Antonino were filled to overflowing. Many dispersed among the country-houses as far as Cucumella, others at the Piano, and others among the cottages of Meta.\* The people were filled with curiosity. "What's to do now? How's this? What are these folks after? What are they all so serious about, and how does it happen that they are all without baggage and so wonderfully plain in their dress? It might be Lent with them, to judge from their black, sober clothes. There must be some wicked design afloat to turn all these young sparks and fops into meek hermits." Fortunate were they, who were among the first to escape from the catastrophes of that day. The greater part of these fugitives were men who had fled from the barricades the moment they heard the thunders of the cannon, or felt the balls pattering upon the parapets, or saw the ruin of roofs, tiles, shutters, and balconies, under the volleys of grape, which seemed to them the image of doomsday. The deluded simpletons who had suffered themselves to be persuaded by the rebels to intrench themselves in the houses, unable to escape by the doors, leaped from the back windows, or let themselves down into the alleys, lanes, and unfrequented passages, and crept along the by-ways and cross-streets, and then fled at the top of their speed to the first place

\* These are all villages and villas, delightful retreats on the plain of Sorrentum, peeping here and there from the plain of groves of cedars, orange, and olive trees.

of security that occurred. Others were seen running headlong from roof to roof, leaping from high walls, or hanging from great heights and letting themselves fall into gardens and other places where the soil seemed soft.

The Deputies, in their hall in Montaliveto, at first indulged in whimsical vapping and warlike speeches; they gave notice of a "committee of public safety, with absolute and dictatorial power;" the Chamber was to resolve itself into a "permanent assembly," the National Guard to be at its disposal; the king to be dethroned and condemned to death. But when it became apparent that their plans were likely to fail, they began individually to seek some avenue of escape; some feigned sudden indisposition, others bethought themselves that their exertions brought them in instant need of refreshment, and as they forgot to return, the chamber was in a short time nearly cleared. It was amusing to see La Cecilia among the rest, with, I know not what excuse for retiring, making his way to the door to place himself in safety; but the Deputy Stanislaus Borracco, seizing him by the collar, "Since," said he, "you invited us to the party, you knave, you shall keep up the dance with us, be the consequence life or death." At this moment, after the barricade was forced, the Ricciardi Palace reduced, and the other defences demolished, General Nunziante sent a message to the Deputies with orders to dissolve the assembly. As, however, they still remained cowering in the chamber and trembling with fear, the General generously and considerately sent them an armed escort, to protect them from the fury of the Lazzaroni, and conduct them in safety to their residences. This was a necessary precaution, for the Laz-

zaroni everywhere followed the combatants, and as soon as the barricades were demolished, they threw themselves in the midst, seizing upon the beams, boards, and wood-work of every description ; but they never made any attempt upon the National Guards, when they beheld them in the power of the Royalists ; hence, to save themselves from the fury of the populace, the Guards hastened to put themselves under the protection of the soldiers, who sent them as prisoners of war into the Darsena on board the ships.

Meanwhile, the struggle was still fiercely maintained in Naples at the barricades, at the end of Toledo, at San Giacomo ; volley after volley issued from the Lieto palace, by which Major Salis Soglio was killed, and Colonel Dufour wounded ; whereupon General Stockalper ordered the artillery to fire upon the palace and the barricades. The cannon of the Castelnuovo was similarly turned against the theatre and the houses of San Carlino, and also that of the third regiment of the Swiss, upon the Serignani Palace, and the hotel of The Globe ; from this place were discharged those shots which killed the sentinels of the Grand Guard, and wounded the Adjutant-major Di Preux.

The insupportable anguish of Luisella can neither be described nor imagined. After seeing her father leave the house, she rose from the ground, where she had been so savagely thrown by Santilli, as the first shots were fired at San Fernando. She did not, however, allow her grief to discourage her, nor waste her time in useless tears ; she hastened to the window, where she remained until she had discovered the barrier at which her father had posted himself. Anger and filial affection contended in her breast ; she first resolved to fetch

a double-barrelled gun, which she knew was kept in her father's study, and run and take her place before him, on the parapet of the barricades: but reflecting that she was ignorant of the use of arms, and that the demon Santilli would never permit her to remain, lest her presence should unnerve Don Carlo, she very reluctantly abandoned her resolution, and was for some time in a state of restless agitation. At one moment, she ran to her grandfather, the next, to her mother, whom she vainly endeavored to console; her brothers joined their lamentations to those of the servants and maids, who were trembling with terror. She closed the shutters and blinds of the windows which overlooked the street, with a firm determination of refusing admittance to the conspirators, if they wished to carry on the contest on the floor occupied by her family.

When the first barricades were forced by the grenadiers, who rushed down the street and invaded the houses of the conspirators, the poor young girl's fears for her father were increased tenfold; but when she heard the thunder of the cannon, nearer and nearer, and saw the window panes shivered by the reverberation, almost beside herself with terror, she opened the blind a little, and looked eagerly towards her father. She saw Santilli leap fearlessly upon the barricade, and fire down in the faces of the soldiers, while other conspirators, below, charged and reached him their muskets, as fast as he fired them, until at length a grape-shot struck him in the forehead, and he fell backwards, with his brains scattered upon the pavement. The young girl drew back from this shocking sight, exclaiming: "Ah, most Holy Mary, save my father!" At this moment, Don Carlo received a musket-ball in his right arm, and



fell fainting to the ground, from which he was unable to rise.

Young Tancredi was long intimate with Luisella; he was watching the issue of the struggle from a narrow window of his house, near the barricade, when he saw her father fall, and running out as he was, without his coat, he passed over the dead and raised Don Carlo from the ground, and conducting him along by the side of the houses, he placed him in safety in his own dwelling. He knocked at the door, and called Luisella by name, telling her that he was with her father. Luisella ran down and opened it, but when she saw them, thinking her father dead, she gave a lamentable cry and rushed towards Tancredi, who said, as he held out his hand: "Stop! don't be afraid, your father lives." Don Carlo opened his eyes, and Luisella, with the aid of Tancredi and the servants, carried him up stairs and laid him upon a sofa.

A few moments after, she heard shots fired from the lower and upper stories of the house, and concluded that the soldiers had forced the entrance, and had put to the sword every one that opposed them. Having ascertained that her father's wound was in the arm, she begged her mother to restrain her tears, that the wound, though painful, was not dangerous, and to aid her to bind it up. She then said to Tancredi: "You take your seat on this side, while ma will sit on the other." She then carefully closed the shutters and blinds, and lighting the night-lamp, she placed it behind a screen, and gave the following directions: "Don't move from this place; let it appear that papa has been sick for some time, and if the soldiers enter, beseech them to make no noise; leave the rest to me."

Leaving her father's room, she placed her grandfather (who was seated, helpless, in his arm-chair) in the second antechamber, with an old nurse at his side, holding a plate of quartered oranges, as if in the act of helping the poor old invalid. In the room at the entrance, she caused a snow-white cloth to be spread upon the table, and placed in front, a dozen bottles of wine, and in the middle, two dishes of cured ham, two others of salad, half a cheese, some baskets of oranges, of cherries, and other productions of the season. The maid-servants, and her little brothers, she consigned to the more retired apartments of the house; and taking in her arms, her little sister, a child of two years of age, and directing the two footmen to place themselves, in their best liveries, by the table, she threw herself upon her knees before the picture of the Madonna del Carmine, recommended herself to her with great fervor; then rising, opened the door which led to the gallery, and stood upon the threshold, caressing the child.

While Luisella was engaged in these stratagems of filial piety, the conflict, below, still raged desperately; the thunder of the cannon, and the roar of the musketry, discharged by platoons, or in a running fire, deafened her ears. The royal troops, after bursting through the barriers, rushed like tigers to the assault of the houses, and forcing the doors, or breaking them down, bounded up the stairs to dislodge the rebels; they slew all who opposed them, and seized the vanquished. So it happened at the house of Don Carlo; they gained possession of the ground floor by bursting in the door, and put to the sword all that resisted, and made prisoners of those who begged for mercy.

A body of the royalists furiously mounted the stairs with levelled bayonets, but when they saw the door open, and the noble-looking young lady advancing to meet them, with a joyful countenance, they stood still with astonishment. As she approached, she exclaimed: "Long live the King! long live the brave! Come friends," continued Luisella, "and refresh yourselves, after so much fatigue;" and taking the sergeant's arm, she led him into the antechamber, still retaining the child upon her arm; she took a bottle of wine and filled a glass, which she offered him. As the soldiers were fatigued and black from the dust and smoke of the battle, it is unnecessary to speak of their delight at finding such a treat at that moment, or to say that they duly honored it, by copious libations of champagne. The footmen were not idle, to one they offered ham, to another fruit, while Luisella kept them in good humor by congratulations on their valor, and the rescue of the country from destruction. At this moment a captain joined them, and Luisella received him so cordially, and invited him so kindly to accept a little refreshment, that from being in the height of fury, he was in a moment changed to mildness.

"Signorina," said he, "are you not afraid of so many soldiers?"

"I was afraid," replied Luisella, readily, "of those frightful rebels, who were firing from the windows below and above us, but the faithful and valiant soldiers of the king, I look upon as brothers and benefactors."

"You will not object, however, Miss, to our examining if by chance any of those conspirators have taken refuge in the more distant apartments of your house."

"You do us honor," she replied; "but I assure you

that none of those wicked men have attempted to conceal themselves among us, from above. Come; I request only that you will allow me to accompany you, to quiet the apprehensions of our family, and particularly of my mother, who is greatly distressed by the illness of my dear father."

The captain made a sign to two soldiers to follow him, and Luisella, keeping carefully by his side, introduced him into the room where her good old grandfather was seated, who, pale and trembling, raised his hand, as if begging for his life.

"Fear nothing," said the captain, in a tone of kindness, and the young girl related to him how pious the old man was; how he was constantly engaged in prayer, and how great was her affection for him her dear grandfather.

But when they reached the antechamber of her father, Luisella, staying her beating heart, advanced silently on tiptoe, and signed to the officers to walk as lightly as possible.

"My father is sick in the next room," she said, "and this noise and terror of battle has very much increased his illness."

She then advanced gently to the door, as if listening, and opened it partially, so that the captain could distinguish in the obscurity, by the light of the dim lamp, the mother, who was giving him to drink, and Tancredi on the other side, supporting his head; the accommodating officer, drawing back, said, in a whisper:

"Damigella, close the door again."

She did so, without any change of countenance, and conducted the captain into all the other apartments, even into that where she had sent the children,

who, at the sight of the soldiers, ran and hid their faces in the bosoms of the servants, who were no less terrified than themselves. Luisella ran to the oldest boy, and kissing him affectionately, with many caresses, she tried to bring him to the captain.

“Don’t be afraid of him,” she said, “he is our friend and protector; we owe him our lives: give him your little hand.”

The captain was delighted with these praises of the engaging young girl, and, stepping forward, patted the cheek of the little boy, and said to Luisella that it was time for him to return.

When they again reached the antechamber, the soldiers were rapidly clearing the table, and Luisella sent for more wine, with an invitation to drink a toast to the king. The captain, thanking her for her courtesy, told her that he would leave two sentinels to protect her from the intrusion of other soldiers, which the young lady gratefully accepted, and accompanied him to the head of the stairs.

Returning to the two soldiers, she caused a flask of wine to be placed upon a stand near them, and desired them to allow the doctors to enter, who attended her sick father: she then closed the door, and ran joyfully to her parents, whom she fondly embraced, and also saluted Tancredi, and kneeling at the foot of the bed:

“Let us,” she said, “recite, three times, the Ave Maria, in gratitude to the most holy Virgin, for her signal protection.”

All were moved to tears of tender admiration by her filial love, and her presence of mind in this great extremity.

## CHAPTER II.

## REMORSE.

BABETTE, of Interlaken, as it will be remembered, had been seized about the middle of March, by a Commissary of police, who, with others, entered her hotel upon the Chiaia. So sudden was the surprise, that she was unable to lay her hands on a brace of pistols, which she had always in readiness to fire upon any one whom she suspected as an assailant. She had abundant reasons for apprehension. Among her effects, the police found papers, partly in cipher and partly in writing, in which many of the plots of Young Europe were brought to light; the names of the conspirators were detected; the secrets of cabinets revealed, and the perfidy of state officers, of high functionaries of the police, and the embassies, laid open; the plans of war, the means employed by the conspirators, notices of assassinations, and orders to encourage old partisans, or to form new ones by seduction, corrupting influences, or by open menaces. There were bills of exchange for large sums, letters of introduction to eminent personages, blank letters, with the address upon the outer covering, and in the interior the signatures of various Hungarians, English-

men, or Germans, which Babette filled up according to instructions received from London, Paris, or Berlin. Others were blank only in appearance, for on the application of chemical tests, the writing suddenly became clearly legible. Others, and they were the most numerous, appeared at first sight bank checks, assignments of capital, bills payable at sight, or in a certain number of days, more or less; but they were, in fact, formulas used by the conspirators, to urge their partisans to greater rapidity, or to further delay in action, according to the necessities and designs of the society.\*

When Babette issued from the hotel, she cast around her a rapid scrutiny, to discover some means of escape; but the carriage was drawn close up to the entrance, and tall, powerful men stood on each side; one of them lowered the carriage steps, and the Commissary handed her in to a seat. As she entered, she observed several others standing at the opposite door, watchfully intent, and armed with heavy clubs. The Commissary jumped in after her, and two carabinieri, in plain clothes, followed him, and seating themselves opposite her, ordered the coachman to drive on. The carriage was rapidly driven in the direction of Vittoria and Pizzofalcone; the proud woman remained immovable where she had thrown herself back upon the seat of the carriage, and repressed all outward signs of the cruel tempest of passion with which she was inwardly tormented. In a short time the driver

\* The police discovered in these bank checks, and bills at sight or in a certain number of days, numerous mysteries, for on presenting them for examination at the banks, or at mercantile agencies, they found that they were fictitious. They were, moreover, written to persons who are not engaged in business, nor in any kind of commercial pursuit.

slackened his speed gradually to a walk, and the next moment stopped. Babette cast a troubled and wavering glance through the window; she saw a rough wall of huge stones, and a wide gateway. A gruff-looking fellow opened the carriage door, and the Commissary said to Babette:

“Baroness, descend.”

As she rose and placed her foot upon the carriage step, the man who opened the door took her arm, as if to help her to alight, a company of sbirri closed round her, and she found herself next moment within the portal.

“Where are we?” asked Babette.

“In the gateway of the Castel dell’ Ovo,” was the reply. The Commissary disappeared, and the carriage rattled over the pavement towards Santa Lucia. A drawbridge was let down, the company passed with her in the centre, and she heard the creaking of the pulleys, the grating of the chains which raised the draw, and the beating of the weights against the sides of the counterscarp. They then entered a long gallery or terrace, which crosses the narrow neck of sea from the mainland to the fortress, defended on both sides by high parapets, armed with heavy ordnance. When they were about sixty paces from a ravelin, the sentinels called “Who goes there?” “Justice,” replied a corporal, and they passed within those dismal vaults which lead to the esplanade, adjoining the dungeon of the fortress, which is surrounded by a double moat, with the coping of the scarp overhanging a branch of the sea, which washes the foundations. The night was dark, and the silence of those gloomy abodes was only broken by the



sentries' cry of "Who goes there?" Here, for the first time, a thrill of horror stole into the bosom of Babette,—that inhuman heart, which, while free, knew neither fear nor hesitation, now, taken by surprise by the hand of justice, as generally happens to all malefactors, was cowed and despondent; it was filled with confusion, and stricken with pusillanimity and timidity. Her heart beat as if it would burst, her knees trembled beneath her, she shuddered in every limb, and a cold sweat bathed her whole body. That ancient fortress has, even in full daylight, a sombre and melancholy aspect,—what then must it be in the darkness of night, especially to a prisoner who enters it with a conscience loaded with murders and crimes which strike the imagination with horror. The impenetrable fortifications render the escape of the inmates utterly impossible; this preys upon the breast of the unhappy prisoner.

None of the guards spoke a word, but with rapid strides they led her by the light of their torches through endless vaults and passages into a casemate, which descended a great distance below ground, illuminated by the torches, and filled with their acrid and resinous smoke, and opened into a corridor with numerous passages on the right and on the left. They stopped at the end of this dark vault before a door so low that it was necessary to stoop to enter, and drawing back two enormous bolts, Babette was led within.

She discovered by the glare of the torches a square den, formed of large, roughly-hewn stones, from which hung here and there enormous iron rings; one side was occupied by a pallet, and a marble slab projecting from the wall, served as a table, upon which stood a pitcher

of water ; opposite the door was a small window, secured by a double grating of iron bars.

The guards, after pointing out these things to Babette, and bidding her good-night, withdrew. The heavy bars and bolts resounded through the vault as they were carefully forced into their sockets on the outside ; she heard their hands trying them, and shaking the door to test its security, and then the echoing of their steps died on the distant corridors as they returned to their posts.

Babette stood motionless and horror-stricken in that solitary and horrible darkness. She gasped for breath, her heart almost stood still within her bosom ; she shuddered and felt as if in a dream. After remaining thus almost insensible for some time, she was suddenly startled by a hollow, thundering sound, which shook the walls, and made the entire dungeon tremble.

The ancient tower in which she was imprisoned has its foundations in the main sea ; its base is surrounded by a broad, solid mass of masonry, composed of enormous stones, grooved and morticed into each other, to break the force of the waves that perpetually dash against it. On the night of her seizure, a violent north-west wind blew in furiously across the gulf, and drove the roaring waves against the walls, shaking the whole structure with a dreadful sound. When Babette sufficiently recovered her scattered senses to perceive it, she almost fell to the ground with terror ; but, hearing the sound of the waves retiring over the rocks, she understood that the tower stood upon the sea.

Aroused by this discovery, new passions tore her proud and ferocious heart. As the wind whistled

through the iron grating, and the clouds flitted rapidly across the troubled sky ; as the sea thundered upon the rocks, and vainly dashed its foaming waves against the scarp of the dungeon, so the mind of the prisoner was lashed alternately by anger, despair, violent thoughts, disordered passions, and perhaps a ray of hope, which the next moment vanished, and left her plunged in darkness and desolation more horrible than before. Her first movement was towards the grating. Standing upon a step, she remained a long hour watching the surging waves beating in white foam upon the dark rocks beneath. At length exhausted with conflicting passions, she felt her way to the pallet, upon which she threw herself, with the hope of forgetting her anxiety in sleep. Her heated blood rushed to her head, which burned and ached, while her limbs trembled beneath the covering with the chill ; her tongue was dry and swelled ; her palate and throat parched with a heat which caused her to gasp with open mouth, and to inhale the cool air, but she received no refreshment. She tossed restlessly to and fro, until nature, vanquished by excess of excitement, left her deprived of sensation, and sunk in an oppressive and disturbed sleep.

Sleep on, wretch ! but thy crimes watch like bloody spectres round thy bed, and cast upon thee their grim and avenging eyes. They alone keep vigil over thee ; the angel of peace puts them not to flight, nor are they washed away by the hope of those mercies which God, in his tenderness to his creatures, extends, with a bountiful hand, to the sinner who, with a contrite and humble heart, throws himself at the foot of his throne. Thou knowest not that beneficent Father of mercy and com-

passion ; thou hast used his adorable name only to blaspheme. Mary, the consoler of the afflicted, who pityingly descends to bring consolation to those that are in chains, or who are stretched on the bed of death, Mary soothes not thy lips with her name,—never descends into thy heart to cheer it with sweetness and hope. What then remains to thee in this forsaken solitude ? Horror and remorse.

In the mean time, Sicily was in tumultuous confusion ; an armament had already sailed from Naples to put down the revolt ; the secret societies, while the Neapolitan squadron was on its way to Sicily, were exerting their whole force in Naples itself, after the expulsion of the Jesuits, to excite new and more dangerous outbreaks. The brave generals and officers, however, with the whole army, remained steadfast in their allegiance, and watchful against the rebels, who were exasperated to madness at their loyalty. Their knowledge of this disposition of the troops kept them in greater awe than they were willing to confess even to themselves ; and hearing of their seizure of the Swiss Radical, the bearer of important secrets of the Central Committee, which had sent her to rekindle the ardor of the Italian conspirators, they would willingly have terrified the authorities, and compelled them, by their outcries, to grant her dismissal ; but, perceiving that the military were in no temper to yield to threats, they were forced to bite their nails in silence, and to await a more propitious occasion to effect her rescue.

Babette's unrefreshing sleep had lasted scarcely two-thirds of an hour when she started up : " Ah ! " cried she, " who strangles me ? " With eyes protruding from their

sockets, she threw out her arms, and writhing and gasping convulsively she seemed to be struggling in the grasp of some one who was endeavoring to suffocate her. Then, as if breathing more freely, she turned her eyes toward the door. "Away! hence, and leave me in peace!" she cried; but the words had scarcely passed her lips, when her terror and struggles were renewed, as if she were defending herself from a fresh assault. It was the image of Cestius which had appeared to her in her dreams, and presented itself so vividly and menacingly to her fevered imagination, that when she awoke, it seemed to be his ghost hovering around her in the darkness of her prison. She saw it, heard it, and felt the suffocating pressure of its hands: she thought its dimensions were enlarged and its head seemed to touch the arched vault; with its left hand it pointed to the ghastly wound, whence the blood oozed in a black and bubbling stream, which flowed over her face and bosom, and covered her whole person. In its right hand it brandished the dagger with which she had slain him; drops of blood dripped from its point, and every drop as it fell to the ground rose into a gushing stream, until fountains of blood spouted from every part of the floor, and as it rose like an inundation, her pallet seemed to be lifted from its place, and floated and tossed upon that surging sea of blood. The wretched creature writhed upon her bed; the sweat streamed from her face, she saw Cestius threatening to suffocate and endeavoring to plunge her underneath the flood. The hideous spectacle overcame her; she fell back insensible and remained sunk in a sort of stupor during the remainder of the night, and even after the gaoler had paid his visit on his round through the prisons at the second watch.

The day dawned; the cool morning breeze restored her; she opened her eyes, glared round the gloomy vault, and thought it was still a dream, when the gaoler returned, and wishing her a good morning, asked if she desired anything—"Breakfast," she answered, "and my clothes."

"My wife will bring you coffee"—wherewith he left her; and not long after the bolts were again withdrawn, and she saw a woman neatly dressed, with large earrings in her ears, with several rings on her fingers, and a large silver hairpin passed through her hair. She carried a long basket, which contained the clothes of the Baroness. Her daughter, a little girl of about ten years, accompanied her, with a cup of coffee; when she saw Babette seated upon the wretched pallet, and covered with a rich shawl, which she had thrown round her at the moment of her seizure, she stood with a frightened look, for she had never before seen a lady in the prison; she cast down her eyes and kept them fixed bashfully upon the breakfast tray.

The woman addressed the Baroness, and bidding her good morning in a compassionate tone, "Lady," she added, "I am sorry for your misfortune. But it cannot be helped; such accidents will happen in this world; keep up your spirits and take these refreshments;" with these words she took her hand. Babette returned its pressure, and after looking earnestly at her a moment, burst into a flood of tears. The eyes of the little girl filled with tears also, and with childish innocence, she placed herself at her side, and offered her the coffee in silence. Babette sipped it slowly, to prolong their visit; and while the woman, who had laid the basket upon a low stool,

was engaged in placing the clothes in better order, she fixed her eyes upon the little girl, and as she contemplated her innocent countenance, she felt in her own bosom a consolation mingled with shame, anger, and remorse. Again left to herself, her former sad reflections returned. As soon as the little girl found herself outside, she said to her mother, "Mamma, that lady looked at me so strange, and her eyes frightened me; I will not go there again, mamma."

"Be quiet, Mariella," said the mother; "and mind you don't tell Nunziata."

"I won't say a word, mamma; but I don't want to go there any more, you know."

None are so quick at reading the eyes as children; without a doubt the poor child had discovered in those eyes that inexpressible something, forbidding and troubled, which depicts the guilty soul. The eyelids, the eyebrows, and the internal movement of the orbs, in their contractions and waverings, attract the timid and innocent glance of children. Mariella was often required to follow her mother, but she never could be prevailed on to meet the terrible look of the Baroness; and if at those times the latter offered to take her by the hand, she snatched it from her and stood aloof, holding fast to the dress of her mother.

Babette during the two months that she passed in that prison, spent the greater part of her time leaning upon the sill of her small window, whence she could see the whole gulf, and in clear weather she could discern the beach of Sorrentum, curving from the promontory of Vico, as far as Capo d'Ercole beyond Massa Labrense. That sea, almost always tranquil, the almost perpetual

serenity of that sky, those hills, always verdant and covered with shady groves, and those shores, bright with flowers, gave pleasure to her eyes, but cast trouble into her soul; for the sight of the innumerable riches of nature without, with the horror of a prison within, so much life in the elements, so much activity and freshness in the free breezes, laden with the fragrance of orange flowers, the fish darting rapidly to and fro in uncontrolled freedom at the foot of the tower, the birds flying joyfully through the clear air,—all these things, instead of giving solace to the heart of the prisoner, only redoubled the impatience with which she bore her captivity.

She saw with longing eyes the merchant vessels and ships of war, and the skiffs of the fishermen that approached the dungeon, and which she in vain sought to attract by signs within hearing; she beheld on the festivals crowds of joyful people crossing the gulf in boats of every description to the places of amusement and entertainment which border it; the merry groups in their holiday attire dancing to the sound of harps, and to the songs of the Tarantella, filling those enchanting spots with gaiety and pleasure. Their freedom and gladness only embittered her mind against them; her envy of their happiness turned to a deadly hatred; she would have rejoiced to see them engulfed in the deep waters before her eyes; she invoked in her heart the clouds to obscure the heavens, the raging wind to lash the sea into wild fury, the thunder and the blasting lightning to reduce those joyful barks to ashes. Revolving these diabolical thoughts in her mind, her countenance assumed a demon-like expression, she blasphemed and cursed God and all mankind.



The elevated and pious mind of Silvio Pellico, during his imprisonment in Venice, was entertained by the contemplation of the spider and the ant. He admired the art and industry of the former, while in the regularity and order of the latter, he saw a model of good government, and the consequent prosperity and happiness of a people, who display a ready submission to the laws and to lawful authority. His mind turned from them to the high consideration of state government, and he said to himself, "See how the men of this age, who call themselves wise, heap calumnies upon princes and heads of governments, denominating them fools and tyrants! If the people be not ruled by a well-regulated government, they fall into endless disorders; let the harmony of the laws be removed, and the order of society will be confounded, entangled, and trodden under foot. Precisely as if I should suddenly throw among these ants, so admirably ruled by their king, a destructive hornet, which would spread confusion and disorder among them." Silvio, in the innocent simplicity of his heart, derived pleasure from those little insects; but the perverted and bloodthirsty heart of Babette took no delight in the innocent contemplation of nature; from honey she extracted poison. The view of domestic peace and harmony only brought a fresh increase to the interior disorder of her passions; she was rendered more bitterly sensible of her lost liberty, and the remorse which tore her heart became more gnawing, when she compared theirs with her own misdeeds. With regret she saw the return of day, and at the approach of night, horror invaded her heart afresh at the expectation of the struggles which darkness brought with it. If in the darkening twilight a wandering

bat found its way through the grating, she was thrown into a delirium of terror; her distempered fancy magnified it into a giant, or into the spectre of Cestius, or some other youth who had fallen beneath her dagger, by order of the society. But it seemed that the ghost of an unfortunate young Argovian, a youth of eighteen years of age, the only son of his widowed mother, haunted her imagination more than others. When she struck him, her weapon glanced aside, and instead of killing him, it only pierced his shoulder-blade; the wretched Agathocles (the name he bore in the society), fell upon his knees, and suppliantly stretching out his hands, besought her to spare him, and to permit him to be carried to his home; he promised sacredly to conceal her name; he begged of her to leave him to die in the arms of his mother, that she might receive his last breath, and close his eyes when he expired;—a lamentable consolation for a mother who was about to lose so early the object of her most tender affection! But the monster, aiming a blow at his heart: "Die, wretch!" she cried, and despatched him.

That spectre pursued her everywhere; everywhere that prayer resounded in her inmost heart; that lament was her unceasing torment.

While the blood-stained Babette thus indured her self-inflicted torments in prison, the pure and elevated mind of Luisella was enjoying the fruits of the admirable plans which were prompted by filial piety, and which preserved the life of her father. On the terrible fifteenth of May, after she so dexterously deluded the just anger of the soldiers, and had returned thanks to God for his merciful favors, she turned her whole attention towards the recovery of her father, whose wound was not of a

dangerous nature, but extremely painful at first. By the treatment of a skilful surgeon, he was soon enabled to move his arm, and Luisella, seeing him so rapidly becoming convalescent, with a view to remove him from the reminiscences of that sorrowful day, and yet more to prevent the visits of some of his friends, who expressed ardent hopes of a time of retribution, proposed a pleasure party to the beautiful coast of Sorrentum, while the attractions of the season and the place still lasted: he would, she said, recover more rapidly; there he could ride through those flowery hills, and he could breathe the purest and most healthy air in the world. This proposition was agreeable to Don Carlo, but he wished first to grant her also, a consolation relating to her engagement to Tancredi, to whose affection and devoted courage he knew that he owed his life. Therefore, taking the hand of his preserver, he said to him: "Tancredi, you have my consent to your future marriage with Luisella; persevere and strive to become worthy of her." He then embraced him as his son, and about the end of May he went to Sorrentum, where he made choice of the hotel of the Syren.

There, at dinner, with many other strangers, or seated round the circular table upon the terrace, which overhung the sea, Luisella and Alisa frequently found themselves side by side, and entertained each other with the pleasant conversation which the beauties of the place and the agreeable season suggested. They placed themselves, after dinner, near the parapet, where they stood in raptures of admiration at that beautiful prospect; they pointed out to each other the most picturesque portions, and those points on the shore which combined the greatest beauties; then, as it often happens between

pure souls, they passed their time in a sisterly interchange of thoughts, studying to know each other better; the one, unfolding her own reflections to the virtuous heart of the other, with a deep and noble emulation. In the mean time, Bartolo and Don Carlo held together prolonged disquisitions on politics, still seated at table over their coffee, or a bottle of *marsala* or *muscatel* of Syracuse. Frequently, in the evenings, after tea, Alisa had her harp brought upon the terrace, and touched it with masterly skill. The harmony floated in the silence of night over the sea, which reflected the rays of the moon, and murmured, as it washed the rocks, like a low accompaniment to the music. Luisella also joined her clear and silvery voice to the sweet sounds of the harp, with an alternate thrilling and warbling of modulation, which drew the inhabitants of the surrounding villas to the windows, and arrested the oars of the fisherman, who listened motionless to the sweet melody, as it awoke the echoes of the rocks and recesses of the grottoes.

Or, about sunset they would leave the house, and turn up the road which passes above the little village of Marina-Grande, and on reaching a high rock at the top, they entered a miniature temple, open on all sides, and turned their eyes down upon the roofs of the poor but happy cottagers, upon their little terraces and porches, covered with their nets spread out to dry; and not unfrequently, they watched the young village girls dancing with light and joyful steps, to the sound of the cymbals and tamborines, while the little boys amused themselves upon the sea-beach, and gambolled in the water, like so many water-fowl. Passing on to Capo Di Monte, they

ascended to the top of a bare rock, which protruded from the cliff, and there spent the fleeting moments in reading some beautiful poem, or in drawing some group of trees, or flowery banks, or beautiful retreat, or bay, or grotto of the strand below. Sometimes they mounted their horses, and they made excursions as far as Massa, admiring, as they passed, the beautiful declivities, which descend, clothed with orange trees and cedars, to the beach, opposite the island of Capri. Those seats of peace and tranquillity, the piety of the innocent inhabitants, their ardent love for Jesus and their devotion to his blessed mother, was a subject of edification to the young ladies ; they compared this quiet scene with the agitation of Naples and Rome, shaken and thrown into the extreme of disorder by the incessant violence of the conspirators.

During these pleasant rambles, Alisa's thoughts frequently reverted to the plains of Lombardy, where the war was raging with violence. Peschiera was besieged, the Italian army had spread from the Mincio to the Adige, and Verona was pressed with such vigor, that Charles Albert looked down upon it from the heights of Bussolengo and Somma Campagna. The thought of Aser would importunately intrude, with the dangers and hazards to which he was exposed ; and to banish her anxiety, she frequently indulged in lively conversation with Luisella, or she would go to the church of St. Francis of Paul, where she knelt before the altar of the Madonna, and besought her intercession to protect her from these reflections, which robbed her of her peace.

Bartolo had discovered in Don Carlo one who entirely agreed with him in his Utopias ; they held long and warm discussions in politics together, and their days flew rapidly by, in uninterrupted felicity.

## CHAPTER III.

## THE BATTLE OF CURTATONE.

THE King of Naples, after the suppression of the revolt, turned his thoughts to the troops which had been despatched, so much against his inclinations, into Lombardy; he, therefore, determined to recall them; and for this purpose, he despatched two resolute officers, with secret instructions to General Pepe, to return within the kingdom, and they would join him at Bologna. That old promoter of rebellion burst into an uncontrollable fit of anger; he glared fiercely upon the messengers, and replied that they were not sent by King Ferdinand, but by the enemies of their country; that he had received secret and express orders from his majesty to cross the Po, and to march resolutely to reinforce the army of the king of Sardinia, in the war of Italy. The envoys replied, "Pepe, either you will return, in obedience to the king's command, or General Statella is created commander-in-chief of the army;—here is the mandate of the king."

General Pepe still persisted in his refusal;—he spoke loudly to the Bolognese of his fidelity to his country; he was born a son of Italy before he was a subject of monarchs; his country had the first right, above all

others, to his service and affection ; let them rest secure ; he would cross the Po. Applause and endless festivities were showered upon him by the National Guard ; and he gave orders to commence the march to Ferrara. The troops proceeded discontentedly, and with feelings of anger against their disobedient general, and on arriving at Ferrara, flatly refused to cross the Po, and renewed their oaths of obedience to the king. Vain were Pepe's indignation and menaces : with the exception of a few officers, who drew over with them a small number of soldiers, the whole army obeyed the orders of the king, and immediately commenced its march on the return ; and through the midst of every species of difficulty, thrown in their way by the secret associations, reached the territory of the kingdom.

The affairs of Lombardy made little progress among the Sardinians ; this excited the clamors of the violent demagogues, who, in the midst of the luxurious ease of the cities, and in carrying on a war of words from their tribunes, charged the king with stupidity or with treachery.

"The first sword of Italy," cried they, "sleeps upon its cushion : who will arise and awake it ?"

The inactivity of Charles Albert roused their fury. But Nugent, having cut his way through the midst of the Italian legions, which were endeavoring to prevent his passage of the Brenta, and afterwards of the Bachelione, reached Verona with a body of well-disciplined troops to reinforce the squadrons of Marshal Radetzky. Before Vicenza, however, he met with a vigorous check from the Italian legions, in which the Romans gave abundant proof of their contempt of the cowards, who

had fled, and by their unyielding valor, convinced the enemy of the native courage and intrepidity of the true Roman citizen. The men of Venice published their praises and proclaimed to Italy how much Vicenza was indebted to their prowess.

The 29th of May, however, dawned unpropitiously on the confederate arms of Italy. Upon the plains of Curtatone, near Mantua, a battle was fought between the Austrians and a body of four thousand Italians, chiefly Tuscans, who displayed a valor on both sides heretofore unexampled since the commencement of the war. The Austrian brigades of Benedek and Wohlgemuth were drawn up in front of Curtatone, those of the Generals Clam and Strassoldo, above Montanara, and the fifth of Liechtenstein, above Buscaldo. The Tuscan youth intrenched themselves in the houses, blocking up the entrances with earth and large beams to protect them from the artillery. For the musketry they made apertures and loop-holes through the lower walls, pointing in every direction, and upon the roofs, they constructed defences to facilitate the downward projection of missiles, to defend the doorways and windows from assault. A portion of them were posted in the country, in triangles and squares, to break the onslaught of the Austrian cavalry, which charged them furiously upon the level ground; others, in platoons and echelons, harassed the left wing of the enemy; while a considerable force, moved in loose order, crouching in the ditches and behind the embankments of the fields, kept up a rapid fire upon the columns in front; and with only four pieces of artillery, posted upon a rising ground, they scattered grape among the enemy's cavalry, and



the mass of infantry which were marching to the assault of the feebly intrenched little battery. To these the Austrians opposed the thunder of fifty cannon, which were posted in front and on the flanks; these tore through the Tuscan ranks, and rent into fragments the defences, with frightful ruin and devastation. Those brave youths, unmoved by this disparity of force, maintained the combat with unwavering intrepidity, opposing to that impetuous torrent, for five hours, the living wall of their breasts; resolved to conquer or to die in the attempt.

How many youthful lives were cut short on that day, upon the bloody fields of Curtatone! How many young men fell beneath the swords of the Hussars, the spears of the Ulans, and the dreadful fire of musketry and artillery! How many tears of bereaved parents have watered the soil of those fields, and the banks of those streams,—tears which have been caused by the unsparing rage of war! Thou, beautiful Tuscany, knowest it! Ye mothers of Arezzo, of Pisa, of Florence, and Sane, are witnesses that your tears are yet undried, and your wounded hearts still unhealed. Your sons, whom you had fostered on your bosoms, and reared with such tender care, in whose hearts you had instilled the practice of virtue and piety towards God, which are the ornaments of Christian youth, were betrayed into the evil paths marked out by the leaders of the conspirators; all drank the poison of a false liberty, that excited in them an anger against the past, hatred towards the present, and frenzied anticipation of a better future. Lamentable and fatal error, through which man, forgetful of himself and of his eternal salvation, risks his property

and his life, to rivet upon himself, under the name of liberty, the chains of the most degrading slavery, that could ever be forged for his country by the most ferocious tyranny.

Among the innumerable evils, however, which fell to the lot of Tuscany, the noble and honorable conduct of her youth during their passage through the territory of Lombardy to the war of independence, will ever reflect honor upon her name.

The volunteers, with the exception of the scum of the conspirators, conducted themselves in a manner so remarkable, in their march through the cities, that they gained the esteem and love of the inhabitants. Many of these brave men, who had joined the enterprise through want of judgment, and a mistaken notion of their duty to their country, gave decided proofs of truly Christian hearts, openly and generously professing the piety which they had imbibed from their parents. So far from detracting from their prowess and magnanimity in action, these good dispositions increased their intrepidity and valor. Those who fell and were still able to speak a few words before they expired, no longer broke into the impious cry of "Viva l'Italia, death to the foreigner!" but their dying words were: "Sweet Jesus!" and "Holy Mary, hasten to our help!" Many were seen, after they were wounded, extended as they were, prostrate in the furrows, or after dragging themselves to the foot of some tree, to draw from their bosoms a little crucifix, which they wore round their necks, or a relic, or the scapulary, and press it upon their wounds and upon their lips, and breathe their last in that embrace, with acts of contrition and love. Such also, according

to the declaration of Giorgio di Pimodan, aide-de-camp of Marshal Radetzky, was the death of the brave Piedmontese officers and soldiers after the battle of Santa Lucia, before Verona. He relates, that before their burial, his soldiers had removed from the necks of the slain their crucifixes and gold and silver medals, and that he purchased them of them; but afterwards, reflecting that they were no doubt pledges of affection from pious mothers and sisters, he had not the heart to retain them, and replaced them upon the hearts of the brave dead, before they were buried.

Charity also, like a beautiful flower, flourished upon the ensanguined fields of Montanara and Curtatone; and in the midst of the deadly slaughter that stalked through the Tuscan ranks, it shone with a celestial splendor; for on the fall of any of the soldiers, one or two of their comrades, disregarding showers of balls and grape, hastened to his support; they raised him in their arms, and carried him out of the battle, or laid him down behind a bank, or sat him up behind the thick trunk of a tree.

Among others who took an active part in this struggle, was Alessandrina, a young lady of seventeen years. The mind of Alessandrina was filled with the mad and delirious conceits of those authors who, during the two previous years, had written and sung of the vague and deceptive hopes of Italy, and she had rashly and foolishly yielded to the temptations held out to her, and joined the legions for its redemption. Neither love for her mother and sister, nor the advice of her friends, nor the fatigues and hardships for which she was so little suited, could turn her from the mad promptings of her misguided

imagination. Having secretly procured a uniform and arms, together with a brother, who was bewitched by the ravings of Guerazzi, and the seductions of Pigli and Montanelli, she fled secretly from home, exposing to the profanation of the military march, and of the camp, the holy brightness of Christian modesty, which every breath sullies and enfeebles.

It was not until after the troops had commenced the descent of the Apennines, that she returned to a correct view of the fallacies which had impelled her to her foolish resolution : in the silence of night, upon her rude camp bed, she felt the sting of conscience, repented of her rashness, and blushed when she thought of the spiritual dangers to which she had exposed herself ; but self-love and human respect still prevented her from returning to the path of duty and rectitude ; she marched on boldly with the legions, nerving herself against the stings of conscience and remorse.

The day of the battle of Curtatone arrived ; the courageous heart of Alessandrina never faltered before the thunder of the cannon, or the whistling storm of balls, or the awful onset of the cavalry, which charged in squadrons, and threw confusion into the Tuscan ranks. After Colonel Reisbach had gained possession of the trenches, she still fought bravely in the ranks of the second regiment of chasseurs, which, unable to sustain the shock of the light cavalry of the lancers, threw themselves behind the cover of a small wood of alders. The Ulans made a rapid evolution, in order to fall upon their flank, and during this movement, Alessandrina, while reloading her musket, was struck in the side by a ball, which passed through her lungs.

The unfortunate creature fell, with this mortal wound, upon a bush of thorns, and her shoulder-belt becoming entangled in the branches, she remained suspended, pale, fainting and dying. In this pitiable position, she begged pardon of God, for her sins; she hoped in his infinite mercies, and drawing from her bosom a silk cord, to which a little cross of gold was attached, she kissed it, and pressed it to her lips, repeating, continually :

“Sweet Jesus, have mercy on me!”

At this moment a young officer who was endeavoring to join a body of men that were still maintaining the unequal combat from behind a ditch, passed near the spot. Perceiving the youth on the point of death he stopped and accosted him with words of encouragement, and passing one arm gently beneath him to raise him up, he removed the belt from the bush with the other hand, and laying him tenderly upon the grass, bent over him to sustain his head. Alessandrina was fast declining, and the young officer, with his handkerchief, wiped away the sweat of death which bathed her face. He removed her hat, and perceiving the long hair which filled it, he discovered that the object of his sympathy was a young lady; then a tear stole down his face and fell upon the cheek of the dying girl.

This officer was Aser, who after the combats of Treviso and Vicenza, had joined the Piedmontese army, and frequently passed from place to place between Mantua and the Mincio, to communicate the orders for the various movements, and to animate the troops. On the field of Curtatone he brought no dishonor upon his character; with courage and skill, he fought where the battle raged with utmost fury. His horse was killed under him; his

helmet and the skirt of his coat had been perforated with balls, but when the miserable remains of his column retired from the field, he accompanied them in their retreat towards Goito.

Alessandrina, to whom he was a stranger, still pressed her crucifix to her lips, and recommended her soul to the holy and beloved names of Jesus and Mary. Then turning to Aser: "Accept my thanks," said she, "compassionate and pious Italian, for these charitable offices. I had indulged the hope that I would have watched over my dear mother for many long years to come, but my own folly has led me to meet an untimely death far away from her. Jesus, forgive me! How sweet to invoke his name, how consoling to hope in his mercy! I have a brother in the second of the Tuscan light infantry," she added, mentioning his name; "have the charity to take this little crucifix to him after I am dead—in my name—as the sole pledge of my love. If he should still live, let him wear it faithfully near his heart for the sake of his Alessandrina; but if he be wounded, give it him to kiss, to pray with it before his eyes, and to trust in Jesus." Here her head fell upon the arm of the brave Jew, her eyes became fixed and glazed, her lips opened, and she expired.

At this spectacle, while beholding this melancholy scene, and hearing these last words, these acts of piety, and witnessing the peace of mind which shone in every feature of the dying young girl, Aser felt his soul profoundly moved; he was unable to abandon that lifeless burden, and leave it unburied, or to the rude hands of the grave-diggers; he instantly raised the body in his arms, and bore it to a place of safety beyond the rage of the battle.

Finding there a few chasseurs, he inquired for the brother, and was informed that while fighting bravely in the front ranks, a grape-shot had stricken his forehead and scattered his brains over the ground. Then with two muskets and branches of trees laid across them they formed a kind of handbarrow, upon which they bore the unfortunate Alessandrina to a little village about two hundred yards distant, and having caused a grave to be dug in the cemetery, they placed her in it, and wept many tears; having filled up the grave they planted upon it a small cross, upon which they carved, with a knife, her name and the day of her death.

Aser felt his heart swell with uncontrollable emotion. That unfortunate young girl brought back to his mind the image of Alisa, which for some time occupied the whole of his thoughts; his bosom was violently agitated; his affections, being dormant, or at least restrained by the hardships and incessant hurry of war, were now aroused into fresh activity. The noble youth walked from the cemetery with his eyes cast upon the ground, in profound reflection upon his last end. He recalled to mind the medal of Our Lady, which he had promised Alisa to wear perpetually round his neck, and, drawing it from his bosom, he kissed it with fervor; he then drew out the little crucifix of Alessandrina, and joined it to the medal as a memorial of the dead.

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE AZURE GROTTO.

ALISA and Luisella, like two lovely angels, moved among the natural and artificial beauties of Sorrentum. Every day they took the most agreeable walks through the delightful groves and gardens of sweet-scented flowers.

One day they went in company up to the esplanade of the "Diserto," an ancient hermitage of the Carmelites, taking with them refreshments for their collation. From the summit of that hill, which commands a view of the sea on both sides, they enjoyed an interesting and picturesque view of the Bay of Sorrentum. The points or promontories of this delightful bay are ornamented with palaces, which are beautifully reflected in the sea; from these, winding stairways, cut in the solid rock, descend to the water, while numerous deep caverns or grottoes are found upon the smooth, sandy beach, which is washed by the splashing waves.

Towards the south, the view beyond the gulf extends as far as the plains of Pestum, which is famous for its immense columns and its majestic temples. Alisa, in silent admiration contemplated these columns and temples through her telescope, together with the beautiful



sites of Magna Grecia, the mother of the arts and sciences, which constituted the glory of Italy. Still farther to the south the blue Sirenasas, or the isles of the Sirens, arise from the midst of the sea, the abodes of those treacherous beings, whose sweet voices and enchanting attractions draw into their snares the incautious mariners, who had not, like Ulysses, a prophetic Circe, to warn them against those perfidious chants, and to counsel them to pass by without touching at those deceitful shores. One delightful morning, in the beginning of June, accompanied by Bartolo, Don Carlo, and Tancredi, they crossed over in a pleasure-boat to the Island of Capri, to see the *Azure Grotto*, and the ruins of the wonderful palaces, villas, and baths, which Tiberius built to conceal from the public his cruelty, his perpetual fears, and his debauchery. They sailed along the shore, until opposite the Capo d'Ercole, where they found a number of fishermen from whom they procured some red mullets, and turning towards the open sea, they coasted along the promontory to the most rocky part of the island; there, beneath a towering rock, is the entrance to the *Azure Grotto*. When they reached it, they entered two small skiffs, and bounded over the waves, which rise there even in the calmest weather; then bending down their heads, they passed under the low rocky vaults of the entrance of the cavern. The boatmen propelled their little skiffs at first with their oars, and afterwards through the narrow passage, by pressing against the points of the rocks, until they had reached the interior of the grotto.

The grotto is formed like a round temple, and the sea fills it so entirely that not the slightest border is left uncovered; no jutting stone, nor mossy rock is anywhere

to be seen projecting above the surface. If the curious visiter turns towards the mouth of the cave, through which it is lighted, he beholds the most wonderful and brilliant tints of the sapphire sparkling in the water, like azure gems flashing and dazzling his astonished eyes. The cerulean waves advance and recede, rise and fall, shining as with innumerable beryls and turquoises of the clearest diamonds. Reflections of a silvery azure are thrown back from the vaults above, refracting, crossing, uniting, and again decomposing, and pervading the whole of the crystalline air within the cave. The beholder looks round and remains motionless, as if in an ecstasy, at the glory of this celestial paradise; there is something that impresses him with an idea of the presence of divinity, and transports him with the heavenly radiance of its splendor which is mingled with the shades of a mysterious gloom, which reigns in the light of that sapphirine brightness. But his astonishment is immeasurably heightened when he sees a young man leap from the prow of one of the skiffs, and plunge into the azure waters; foam of a brilliant indigo tint rises over him, its brightness surrounds and invests his whole body as he swims, a halo of crystal purity, like liquid emeralds of a sparkling azure, expands round him, like a sun beneath the water. At every motion of his hands and feet, long jets of light dart and shoot forth glittering beams, with an effect that is beautiful beyond description, and every plunge of his head draws round it a beautiful and transparent crown of glory, like the celestial rainbow.

This phenomena is supposed to be caused by the refraction of light, which, having no other entrance except the low mouth of the grotto, becomes decomposed and

refracted, and all the colors, except that of indigo, are lost in their passage through the mass of waters.

Filled with wonder, they returned to the swift bark which had brought them, and was now to take them to the beach of the beautiful valley of Capri. On reaching it, a number of little girls brought boards, which they extended from the shore to the boat; thus forming a temporary bridge, by which they might land without wetting their feet in the water, that broke in white foam against the land.

Capri stands between two rocky peaks, upon the spur of a high hill, which is covered on the sides with vineyards and most luxuriant gardens, filled with every species of orange and fruit trees, stretching round the city in the form of an amphitheatre, as far as the Cyclopean walls;—these walls still show, here and there, the enormous blocks of stone which composed the ancient fortifications, subsequently restored by the Romans, and lastly by the Arragonese. On the other side, the ridge of the mountain, beyond the space occupied by the buildings, gardens, and a little valley, divided into olive plantations and a few fields of grain, descends abruptly into the sea, opposite Magna Grecia. Capri has the appearance of an Oriental citadel, with its white houses, flat roofs, and terraces, all covered with a white stucco, which resists the effects of the rain and sun. It has a small castle, with towers and ramparts, and a cathedral, in the treasury of which are preserved the silver statues of its patron saints, and a very ancient cross, inlaid with crystal and precious stones, miraculously preserved in the midst of the flames, by which the old Moorish corsairs destroyed the church in which it was deposited.

The party were received in the house of a Don Giovanni, a relation of the Auriemma. He took them to see the most remarkable places which abound in the neighborhood. Bartolo, with his antiquarian knowledge, found numerous ruins, which he roamed through with infinite delight; but Alisa was moved at the sight of the Certosa, in former times the glory and the wealth of Capri, which is now poor and prostrate. That monastery occupies a beautiful little valley of meadows and pastures, and gardens of almond, lemon, and olive trees; it is small, but of beautiful architecture; numerous offices are built round it, for such was the custom in ancient abbeys. On entering the cloisters, it is lamentable to behold the ceilings crumbling with dampness, the broken arches, the jambs of the doors, which are enriched with exquisite carving, torn from their places; capitals fallen from the columns, and through every corridor the walls were disfigured by scribbling with charcoal, done by the military stationed there in the time of Napoleon. But when Alisa entered the great hall of the Chapter, and saw the magnificent frescoes, broken and almost entirely effaced with black marks and mud by a barbarian soldiery, her heart was filled with sadness; her thoughts reverted to the beautiful monuments of Rome, which were endangered by the license of those brutal men, who, with the shouts of liberty on their lips, respected nothing human or divine.

At the end of the hall are two oratories, with gilded carvings and paintings, torn and broken; the altars are overturned, the tombs desecrated, together with the statues of the pious warriors who founded and endowed that Certosa, in which the holy monks prayed for the repose

of their souls. Leaving these places, they went out to visit the cells; and they saw those solitary recesses of contemplation and peace, squalid, and with broken pavements; the little gardens fronting every cell, instead of flowers and sweet-scented herbs, were overrun with thistles and brambles and poisonous plants. These cells, and little terraces and gardens, for the most part stand upon high rocks, which overhang the sea, and are piled up against other bare, bleak rocks, against which the tide roars and murmurs, rendering the solitude still more imposing and austere. Alisa leaned in silence over the parapets, admiring the rugged rocks crowned with cells; she pictured to herself those holy hermits contemplating, in the evenings, the setting sun as it tinged those profound waters with the color of flames, which, reflected upon the rocks reddened them like the mouth of volcanoes. She saw the gray wild dove nestling in the holes of the rocks, or resting upon the high ledges, cooing anxiously, or whirling with rapid flight over the sea, the varying tints of their plumage changing beneath the sun—true emblem of those elevated souls, who sighed to God in their solitude, then took their rapid flight to the celestial spheres, where they glitter and shine in inexpressible splendor.

Alisa turned to Luisella, and comparing those cells which hang over the abyss and the nests of the solitary halcyons, she said sweetly to her: "Oh, my friend, how truly replete with holy enjoyment is this hermitage! how supremely tranquil is this silence, prompting to pure and exalted thoughts of eternal life! The world, indeed, torn by agitations and noise, by the storms and whirlwinds of the passions, was envious of the peace and

divine conversation of those solitaries, and drove them with violence from those rocks, among which, like diamonds and emeralds in the midst of the mountain crags, they shone preciously in the eyes of God."

They observed, near one of the cells, at some distance, a young man looking down upon the waves with a dejected air, and sighing as if oppressed by some great sorrow. Alisa, ever kind-hearted, made a sign to her father:—"My dear father, look at that young man, how sorrowful his looks; see his fixed eyes, and his pale, emaciated face. He really excites one's compassion! Perhaps he is in want, and suffering from hunger!" Bartolo was affected with pity; and turning to the rest of the company, he passed with them through the cells to the little terrace upon which the young man was standing. Don Carlo was talking with Don Giovanni about his manner of catching quails, which, in May and September, flock in crowds to this island, where they alight to rest from the fatigue of their long flight across the sea. The two young ladies, arm-in-arm, followed Bartolo, who addressed the young man, and asked him if he were a native of Capri, or a stranger.

"I am from Calabria, and my ill luck would have it that I should go to the war of Lombardy, as a volunteer, under the Princess of Belgioso, with several other of my mad companions, who broke off their legal studies."

"And in what actions were you engaged?" inquired Bartolo.

"In many. With the other Italian volunteers I overran the highest mountains of Lombardy, where they border on the Tyrol; I camped among the snows and glaciers,

clothed in a light tunic, and I leave you to imagine the suffering I endured on guard upon the borders of the terrific precipices, where we were frequently attacked, or where tempests and whirlwinds tore up the ancient beech trees and the strongest oaks. Many of my comrades were swallowed beneath the raging avalanche, or swept away by the torrents, which after the heavy storms of rain suddenly rush down like cataracts from the mountains, tearing away in their irresistible course the trunks of trees and fragments of rocks, with a noise that strikes terror into the most fearless !”

“Poor young man !” murmured Alisa ; “how much you must have endured !”

“When we had descended from the mountains, we encountered new disasters at their foot and upon the plains. We were unprovided with the necessaries for war, through the carelessness and want of forethought of our leaders, army contractors, and commissaries. If after ten or fifteen hours of marching, we entered a country-seat, a farm, or a village, we found that the foragers had preceded us and left neither bread, nor wine, nor any means of support ; and sometimes our foragers came back shouting : ‘Hurrah for the independence of Italy,’ imagining, I suppose, that that would stay our hunger.”

“Poor fellows ! how did you do then !”

“How did we do ? Why, very often the Austrians used to come and give us our breakfasts and dinners, showering down upon us manna, in the shape of bomb-shells ; I need not tell you how crisp and delicious it was ! In fine, exhausted as we were with our long march, and with empty stomachs, we had to fight for many hours and

then retreat at the top of our speed ; but in our retreat we were fortunate if we found a mouthful of bread, or a little flour to make our porridge. All that, however, was a more endurable evil than the jabbering about liberty, equality, and triumphs, which perpetually stunned our ears, with a rhetoric and words and phrases never invented by any but possessed madmen. We never heard them say, however, that "The soldier derives strength from discipline and submission to his commanders ;" no, it was all such a string of boasting, that we might have been the paladins of France. Ridiculous stuff ! which would have excited our mockery had it not been accompanied, among the summits of Caffaro, and Lodrone, and in the terrific forest of Rocca d'Aufo, by awful tempests and whirlwinds, which tore up the tents and hurled them into the torrents, extinguishing the fires and whirling the blazing logs and branches into the air, leaving the orators dumb and the audience shivering with cold. How often with the dear and brave young Emilio Dandolo did we lament over the proud blindness of so many volunteers, over their stiff-necked disobedience to orders, their envy of their officers, whom they wished to supersede in the command, introducing licentiousness, hatred, suspicion, and ill-will among the troops, who finally broke into open mutiny, like scholars against their master."

"And they who were sincerely good and brave, what did they do ?"

"They thought it better to preserve silence, and persevered staunchly in the enterprise. As for myself, after the battle of the Sarche, at the end of Lake Garda, near the beautiful city of Riva, I withdrew with the other troops to the right bank of the Mincio, and took up a



position between Valeggio and Goito, marching and counter-marching among those hills until after the rout of Curtatone, when we had another skirmish with the Austrians, in which I was wounded."

"Ah, poor young man!" exclaimed Alisa; "was your wound severe?"

"Indeed, had it not been for a hero from a foreign country, who had joined the Roman legion and saved me by performing prodigies of valor, I should have been numbered with the dead."

"Oh, pray tell us how!"

"I will do so with pleasure. In the heat of an engagement with a body of Austrians, among some willow trees, on the bank of a creek which falls into the Mincio, our party was on the point of being surrounded, when a brave officer, with a handful of Italian light-armed troops, came to our rescue. He is a young Swedish prince, of the name of Aser, the most valiant and generous young soldier in the legions; as commissary of war, he renders the greatest service to the Italian cause, and he exposes himself in battle like a common soldier. Falling upon a body of Austrians, he routed them; but another column charging us in flank, our ranks were again broken; a little knot of our men, however, rallied behind a rising ground, and renewed our fire. In a moment we were charged in the rear, and a Tyrolese foot soldier was on the point of driving his bayonet through my body, when Aser, leaping over a bank, struck the arm of the Tyrolese with his sword and broke the force of the blow, which still, however, pierced my shoulder. Our assailants then turned against my preserver, who defended himself with such activity against three bayonets, that he had wounded

one man in the wrist, and the other in the knee, when losing his footing, the third [Alisa here gave a sudden start, and leaned gasping upon Luisella] raised his long stutzen blade to nail him to the ground, but I had drawn my sword and dealt him a back-handed blow, which fractured his skull, and brought him prostrate to the ground [Alisa drew a long breath, like one whose animation has been for some time suspended.] Aser bounded to his feet, and contesting every inch of ground, we retired safely with the others. He caused the wound which I had received to be bandaged, and I accompanied him afterwards in many other skirmishes, through which he had to fight his way, in order to join General Durando, before Vicenza. Having, however, lost two of my fingers, which were cut off by a sabre-stroke in an attack of cavalry, I was obliged to retire from one station to another, to save the remains of this mutilated hand. I re-entered the kingdom by the Arcole road, and by order of the council of war, I was removed to this little island, where I landed three days-ago."

He was not the only one; for in process of time, after the defeat of Charles Albert at the Castoza, and the fall of Milan, all the Neapolitan volunteers that returned were sent to the islands of Ischia, Procida, and Capri, with a pension of a carlino a day. In the other states of Italy, on the contrary, they were disbanded, and remained in extreme poverty; and those who were not prevented by their wounds and the exhaustion produced by the hardships of war, flocked into Rome, when it was besieged by the French, to die miserably under the batteries of the gate of San Pancrazio.

Alisa, at the end of the lamentable account of the

young Calabrian, still agitated with fears, said to him, "Brave young man, did your deliverer afterwards escape from the hands of the Austrians?"

"Certainly; he made his way through innumerable obstacles into the lower Polésine, and reached in safety the Italian camp of General Durando; I have since heard from many volunteers that he was at Bologna, after having distinguished himself at the fortifications of Monte Berico."

Alisa drew her father a little aside, and gently asked him to give the young man twenty ducats to equip himself afresh, after which she withdrew from the place with a mental disquietude which accompanied her during her return to Sorrentum.

## CHAPTER V.

## DESPAIR.

BABETTE was in the mean time devoured with profound melancholy, displaying her malicious temper, and agitated by the terrible gnawings of remorse and the frightful and cruel spectres of those who had fallen victims to her dagger; overcome at length in mind, and wasted in body, she fell into a fever and an uncontrollable madness, and was borne to the hospital of the prison, outside of the Capuana Gate, where her wild delirium at length moderated; she again became sensible, and her health gradually improved. While there, she was often visited by some holy priest, who wished to cheer her with words of consolation and peace; but the criminal eyed him with a ferocious frown, and returned his charitable endeavors with looks of rage and scorn; with stubborn rudeness she turned away her head, muttering curses between her teeth, and biting the bedclothes with furious passion; so that for the greater part of her time she was left to herself; no one durst approach her, even the nurses shuddered when they attended her. Her lips moved with incessant mutterings, and at times she broke into wild yells and howls, like a ferocious beast; when her food displeased her, she dashed it in the face of the nurse

that waited upon her, and in the same manner she disposed of her medicine when she found it distasteful. She treated the other patients in the most surly manner, and when she saw any of them sit up in her bed to pray, she expressed her loathing by shocking imprecations and the most frightful contortions that her face was capable of assuming, so that the other sick prisoners gave her the name of the Turk or the Demoniack. When she became convalescent, she was removed to the prison of Santa Maria d'Agnone, and consigned to the pious care of the Sisters of Charity. King Ferdinand had early turned his attention to the improvement of the prisons; every step was taken to ameliorate the condition of the inmates, and their spiritual welfare was patiently watched over by pious priests, appointed to instruct them and bring them back to those religious practices, the neglect of which had been the origin of their crimes. To perform the same offices for the female prisoners, the Sisters of Charity, called from the color of their habit, the "Gray Sisters," were selected, and the Queen herself became the chief patroness of this work of charity. Words cannot describe the devotedness which those pious ladies exhibited in the regeneration of the wretched criminals, and their success was commensurate to their patience and perseverance. A disgusting neglect of cleanliness was succeeded by a beautiful neatness and order, idleness by industry, and by degrees the most unbridled wickedness by repentance and piety. The good old priest who attended to their spiritual wants, was accustomed, every year, to hold among his prisoners a retreat of a few days, spent entirely in spiritual exercises, at the conclusion of which the Cardinal Archbishop said mass for them, and

gave them the most Holy Communion, and afterwards confirmation to those who had not already received it. After the ceremonies were terminated, the prisoners were called to partake of a repast, during which they were waited upon by the noblest young ladies of Naples, who had formed themselves into a society called "The Congregations of the Ladies of the Prisons." Babette, who was placed in a separate cell, and who had for some time been served with the most patient and tender care by the Sisters, was invited on this occasion to partake of the banquet with the other prisoners, but she refused; she remained alone, watching their proceedings from the window of a small room which looked into the cloisters; she stood there with her elbow resting upon the window-sill, and her chin leaned upon her hand, her fingers between her lips, gnawing her nails, and her head covered with a brown silk handkerchief, which she had drawn down almost over her eyes. When the Cardinal blessed the table, her face assumed a fierce, malicious grin; she glared spitefully upon the purple, and spat upon the ground with a gross gesture, as if in some tavern of radicals. She wondered at those highbred young ladies who thus took the place of servants to wait upon the prisoners; such an act of charity appeared gross folly to that proud and bloodthirsty spirit. All the ravings of the Phalangerians, the Fourierists, the Communists, and the Pantheists of Switzerland, Germany, and Italy, rushed to her thoughts, with their vile and ferocious developments, by which they at this day fill the world with horror. Finding herself and the other criminals in prison, she cursed the justice of God and man, repeating to herself those infernal words of Desmoulins, "*Suppress virtue,*

*and bring to the altar of liberty no other incense than that of crimes. It is precisely that which fools call crime, that must reign supreme. We will expiate it in the blood of popes, kings, bishops, priests, and all those who love virtue in Europe. If at least two millions of retro-graders are not slaughtered, a new, happy world cannot be reconstructed."*

It may be imagined what was the rage of Babette at the sight of a Cardinal actually before her eyes; at the sight of those ladies, of their pious young daughters, so humane, so kind, so gentle, and so modest, when she had stored in her heart the declaration of William Marr: "Man must return to the savage state, in company with the lion of the desert, in order that he may reign in happiness;" she who considered crime to be nobility, wealth, and all property! Those repentant, criminal women were loathsome to her, who viewed crime as a glory, repentance as vileness; to her who viewed as heroes the murderers of the Count of Lemberg, Count de la Tour, of Leu, Lessing, Valenstein, Lazzareschi, and the innumerable other victims of the societies, in Ravenna, Bologna, Ancona, and Leghorn. That basilisk spirit, beholding those poor penitents thus subdued and tranquil under the divine influence, cursed the priests who had so mildly, yet so powerfully, instilled it into their hearts; she would have triumphed could she have seen them, like serpents, piled up and coiled about each other within an iron net, biting and tearing each other to pieces. She cursed the Secret Societies because they had not burnt up, overthrown, and utterly demolished the whole world, to reign alone upon its ruins.

At length, in a fit of insupportable rage, she rushed

from the window, with a mind lacerated with envy, remorse, and desperate and cruel passions. That sublime spectacle of humility, of Christian meekness, which would have tamed a dragon, only increased the fury and the torment of her guilty and stubborn soul. The enraged woman, raving, exhausted, and fainting, tore her hair in a sudden revulsion of rage against herself, she sent forth shrill screams, the inflamed and boiling humors of her blood rushed to her heart, and she relapsed into a malignant fever. She was again borne to the hospital of the prison; but no remedy was sufficiently potent to calm the raging delirium, which, instead of yielding to loss of blood, seemed to gain strength from her exhaustion, for her heart was on fire, and sent its flames through her veins; her torment was inconceivable. In her frenzy she struggled in her bed like a bear caught in inextricable toils, she gasped with open mouth to inhale the fresh air more rapidly, and to cool her burning lungs. She broke into wild cries, threw up her arms to relieve her oppressed bosom, and scattered the bedclothes on all sides with desperate rage. Frequently she shook her fist, clenched as if grasping a dagger, and shouted, "I have no pity for thee: die, villain," and struck upon the bed as if piercing the heart of some doomed victim. At times she gnashed her teeth, saying: "Giacomo Muller, give me that weapon; I will kill that infamous Leu." Her eyes rolled, and foam and blood flowed from her mouth as she cried: "Ah, Siegvard has escaped from prison! Good, bravo! ah! Catholic dog, he has broken from your hands. I am coming also. Ochsenbein, give me thy arm, and thou, Ineichen, and thou, Schmidli, aid me. Reach me a file; I had one in my closet; but they



took it away; ah scoundrels, vile scum, give me back my corset." Thus raving, while the nurses were at a little distance, she threw herself from her bed and rushed into the middle passage. The other poor infirm prisoners fearing that she would strangle them, screamed for help; the two assistants ran to her, but not daring to lay hold of her, one of them called to the guard who stood outside. He entered, and seeing her raving madness, rushed upon her, and seizing her round the waist, dragged her to the room, where she screamed and struggled with such demon-like fury, that she ruptured a bloodvessel; the blood rushed impetuously from her mouth; she choked, convulsed, and expired. Thus died the unhappy Babette, suffocated by her own blood; stricken by divine justice, for the torrents of human blood which she had shed upon the earth.

Innocent blood ever cries to Heaven for vengeance; murderers in vain seek to evade it, but like Cain, they become restless vagabonds, perpetually pursued by the furies of conscience; they feign outward peace, but within, their remorse tears them incessantly with a madness which consumes their very souls. Trembling, dread, horror, and terror pursue them in the darkness of night, until at length the hand of justice overtakes them, or the dagger of a hidden enemy despatches them, or the anger of God falls suddenly upon them and crushes them by a horrible death.

They who, in obedience to the 46th Article of the Secret Code of Young Italy, received commands from the Society to slay with the pistol, by poison, or with the dagger, some unfortunate victim, what reward did they reap? The greater number of them received as their only re-

compense a murderous death at the hands of other murderers, set upon them to conceal the first crime, and bury it in their blood. I would cry aloud in trumpet tones, so that the whole of Italy might hear me: "Ye assassins, who in forty-eight and forty-nine destroyed so many hundreds of victims, how many of you still live? And ye who still survive the anger of God and man, what is the life that you lead? Thou, who in Bologna didst mercilessly murder that pitiable sick man, while he lay upon his death-bed, while the priest was standing by his pillow, with his stole laid upon the bed, while his wife kneeling at thy feet, implored thee in mercy to grant him those few instants of life which remained, tell me hast thou satisfaction in thy crime? And thou, beneath whose dagger fell Angelo Stanzini, on the 29th of August, art thou happy? And thou, who on the 1st of September, didst strike dead Pietro Brunoli, dost thou sleep upon thy remorse? Do not the bloody spectres of Luigi Giorgi, Valentino Calzoni, Gioachino Pasini, Pietro Campari, Vincenzo Orioli, Raffaele Cavazzoni, the two Ragazzini, Baraldi, and of the thirteen others who were assassinated in one single city, from the 1st of September to the 3d, those bloody spectres, I ask, do they not without respite haunt the very souls of their murderers? Do they not continually present before them their gaping wounds? Do they not cast in their faces the blood which congeals upon the earth? Do they not press like a mountain upon their hearts? Do they not gnaw and bite and tear them night and day? Will Guiseppe Mazzini (who must also one day be himself judged by Christ), will he shield you from the omnipotent hand of divine justice? Will he corrupt with the gold of the

Society, the angels who accuse you, the eternal Judge who condemns you, Satan that hurls and plunges you into the eternal Gehenna? If you believe not these truths, why then do ye tremble? why do ye grow pale? why do ye seek to hide your crimes, even from yourselves? If you do believe them, why do ye not repent? God is there, and he awaits you.

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

GUISEPPE MAZZINI is considered in our days, and, I know not whether more in wonder at his power, or in horror at his cruelty, and perhaps from both those sentiments, has received the appellation of the *Old Man of the Mountain*. They who have instituted this comparison overlook the discrepancies in its details, and the caprice of imagination which suggested it, and men have not been found wanting to point these out, and raise a controversy on the subject. The former say that the *Old Man Hassan* (hence our word "assassin"), from his inaccessible rock of Alamont, despatched his satellites to perpetrate his orders, with the promise that after death they would enjoy immeasurable riches, and the full satiety of every libidinous passion. Mazzini, on the contrary, reply the latter, spurs on his conspirators with the deadly certitude of falling again into the abyss of non-existence. The former add that the Old Man of the Mountain veiled himself in the obscurity of mystery; he remained invisible, shut up within the recesses of his double-walled towers, hidden even from his attendants. He took his solitary walks in his delightful gardens, among his shady groves, by the foun-

tains and lakes of that place of delights, with guards at the gates, who, under forfeiture of their lives, were to keep the entrance closed against every one. At night he retired alone to the summit of a high tower, by means of a silken cord, which he drew up after him, and closed the entrance with a strong trap-door, fortified with huge iron bars, near which two monstrous watch-dogs lay during the night, while in the lowest chamber beneath, twelve assassins stood on guard, with spears in rest, and unsheathed daggers in their belts, ever on the alert to cut down every one that was so rash as to approach. Every story of the twelve chambers, one above the other, was provided with a silken ladder, which was the sole means of access, and was removed by the Old Man as he ascended successively to the various floors; the openings were closed with trap-doors secured with spring-bolts, and armed with spikes and pointed bronze hooks, and some of the doors had cunningly-devised engines and secret springs, which, on being touched from below to open them, suddenly shot forth grappling-irons, which seized the hand of the assailant, or sword-blades and pikes, which, with mortal wounds, tore his breast to pieces.

The latter reply: Mazzini walks with head erect through the populous metropolises of England and France; he frequents the assemblies and banquets of his friends; he enjoys the amusements of the theatre; he delights in social converse; he enters the palaces of ministers and ambassadors; and at night, with perhaps a glance or so under his bed and behind the curtains, after locking the door, he sleeps with no other guard but that of his good conscience, a sleep of calmness and tranquillity.

The former proceed: The Old Man of the Mountain struck terror by his name alone; his sentence of death was irrevocably executed; his victims might fly for concealment to the farthest retreats of the deserts of Arabia, to the most solitary rocks of the Caspian, into the profound caverns of the mountains, the inaccessible cavities of the highest rocks, or among the snows of Imacus, or the clefts of the glaciers of Taurus, they were struck down without the remotest chance of escape by the daggers of his assassins. The Sultans, the Caliphs, the despots of the East, in the midst of the delights of their harems, seated upon the luxurious cushions of their divans, stretched upon the precious carpets of their alcoves, immersed in the odoriferous baths of rose-water, in the sweetest moments of their voluptuous pleasures, felt the icy blade of the stiletto, or the strangling of the silken bowstring, or the mortal gnawing of some most subtle poison.

They are answered: The name of Mazzini is more baleful than that of the Old Man of the Mountain. He condemns, and his victims fall in the most frequented piazzas, at midday, on days of festivity, beneath the eyes of justice; they fall in the tribunals from the very seats in which the magistrates sit in judgment over criminals; they fall in the peaceful retreats of harmony; they fall in the hospitals between the beds of the patients, in the act of presenting relief to human infirmities; they fall even in the churches of God, in the midst of the suppliant crowds, at the foot of the altars, even at the moment of the most august mysteries of the religion of peace, mercy, and charity.\*

\* The public were filled with horror when they read in the journals

Then the former contend: The Old Man of the Mountain limited his robberies and his terrors to Lebanon, Antilebanon, Mesopotamia, Persia, and Armenia; but when Mazzini, in the gloom of the tremendous cavernicles of his assassins, has said: "That man shall die," the poor wretch has no place of refuge left where he may find security. His "*barbieri*," or his legion of death, have ever before their eyes the fifth article of that code of blood, ringing incessantly in their ears, "If an attempt to compass the death of any individual ordered by the Committee be frustrated, the members of the Committee are condemned to death." They may fly, assume disguises and masks, or bury themselves in the most remote solitudes of the world,—all is in vain; the point of a stiletto, or a dose of morphia, of arsenic, or of hemlock, still overtakes them, some as they first set foot on land in the most distant ports; some as they mount their camels in Abyssinia; while others again in their rapid flight over the railroads of America, meet their murderous pursuers, and are pierced through the heart. One was struck down in Guayaquil, another in California, others in Guiana, others in Travancor, and even in New Caledonia.

Not satisfied with these tragical developments, they go on:—The famous judgments of the Vehm in Westphalia, at the name of which Germany trembled, from the twelfth century to the fourteenth, and which had more than a hundred thousand men enrolled in that

of last autumn, the assassination committed by a sacrilegious murderer of the societies, who stabbed a priest in his church, on a festival, with a full attendance of people, at the altar, during the celebration of mass, in the very act of consecration.

secret and terrific tribunal, in which each one was judge and executioner, certainly did not extend so widely, nor were they executed so infallibly as the judgments and sentences of the Holy Alliance of Guiseppe Mazzini. The nobles of Germany, between the years 1200 and 1370, entered into a league to exterminate that secret society of the Holy Vehm; the Emperors Sigismund, Albert, and Frederick III. succeeded at last in cutting it down, and eradicating its most profound roots; but the Holy Alliance of Mazzini, engrafted upon the tree of Illuminism, will long baffle the efforts of the great men of Italy, not to uproot it, but to only prune it, to lop off its branches and curtail its proportions, with a view to render it less menacing and less fatal.

Those workshops of conspiracies and crimes among which Mazzini is reported to be the prime mover, have rendered him so terrible to the imaginations of many, that his very name is sufficient to strike them with secret dread, as that of an evil genius which breathes poison and death, or that of some monster differing from our ordinary human nature.

They are strangely deceived in this—he is like all others. Guiseppe Mazzini is a man of sprightly and lively temperament, of a keen and ardent disposition, of a bold and unyielding heart, stubborn and immutable in his resolves, aspiring in his sentiments, and of strong and ungovernable passions—natural qualities and defects, which, had they been directed to noble and virtuous undertakings, obedient to the dictates of virtue, governed by wisdom and confirmed by religion, might have made of Mazzini an apostolic man, a luminary of the Church, and a flaming sword to the impious. This man,



who denies Jesus Christ, his redemption, his gospel, and his Church, was born of Christian parents ; he was baptized in Genoa, his native place, professed the holy law of the gospel, humbly frequented the confessional, and partook of the divine body of Christ. He was born of an honorable family, the son of the celebrated Dr. Mazzini, a professor of the University and a man of eminent virtue and wisdom ; beloved by his friends, affectionate to his pupils, kind to all, highly valued and esteemed as a man of the ancient faith, and of singular probity ; a man whom I highly honored, and whose name I shall hold in grateful remembrance for the assiduous skill with which he restored me from a dangerous illness while in the University of Genoa, in 1828, and for having numbered me among his friends. Guiseppe had two sisters ; one of them, moved by the celestial light of Christ, bade adieu to the world and took her flight, like a gentle dove, to the sweet retreat of his spouses in the holy convent of the Turchine, a sisterhood which has always diffused in Genoa the precious and sweet odors of every virtue. There this holy virgin grew in the fervor of penance and prayer to our Lord Jesus ; frequently wrapped in divine contemplation, she incessantly besought her heavenly Spouse that he would no longer banish her from his most pure embrace, and that, moved with compassion for the holy ardor with which she was inwardly consumed, he would take her to the heavenly refreshment of the divine delights of his love. God granted her sublime request, and after a few years spent in the exercise of mortification, purified and worthy of the crown, her Lord called her to himself in paradise in the flower of youth. Oh, holy sister ! thou who now seest in God the divine im-

ments of his mercy, pray for thy beloved brother, whom thou beholdest a lost wanderer from the path in which thou didst generously walk to the acquisition of eternal felicity.

Another of Mazzini's sisters also died; and only a few years ago, his inestimable father closed his mortal career. He has a third sister still living, and married; she forms, with her mother, the only bond of domestic affection for Guiseppe. This man, who has filled all Italy with amazement at his impiety, loves his mother most tenderly; and one of the most insupportable sorrows of his exile is, to be separated from her. I read a letter of his, in which he relates to a person who had been his friend from infancy, how lively and inexpressible a pleasure he had experienced in having been able to see and embrace his mother in Milan after so many years of separation.

How has it happened that this young man, brought up with such tender care in domestic retirement by his own parents, directed by a prudent and learned priest in the holy discipline of the Catholic Church, should have fallen into the abyss of impiety? How has he sunk into such hardness of heart, and into such a dismal labyrinth of crime and conspiracy? How has he become such a monster; to be looked on as an evil genius cast upon the earth—a terror to the good, a scourge to the Church, and a torch of rebellion, the destroyer of every social institution, and every right, human and divine? That man, who, had he turned his mind to virtue, might have become the benefactor, the support and glory of Italy!

From the example of Guiseppe Mazzini, let the incau-

tious youth learn the power of seductive influence of evil companions. His first steps in wickedness were followed by repentance and remorse; and who can say how often he resolves, even now, to return to virtue? Who knows how much violence and struggling it costs him to stifle the cries of his conscience? Who knows if even at the present time some sentiment be not still lurking at the bottom of his heart, which says, "Return to thy Church?" Who can tell, notwithstanding that he dared three years ago to write to the Pope, the vicar of a God crucified for our redemption and for his: "Holy Father, if you desire the felicity of the people, detach them from the Cross?" Who can tell, I say, if at the sight of a cross, a ray of hope does not penetrate his soul? Nevertheless what numbers of young men of good dispositions have fallen into the toils of the secret societies, and are dragged by them into the conspiracies, and all the crimes which involve the ruin of their country and the destruction of thousands of their fellow-citizens.

Such is Guiseppe Mazzini! Having been perverted in the University, where he pursued his studies, he afterwards plunged headlong into the secret societies; and being a young man of brilliant intellect, of a warm heart and indomitable boldness, he set a high estimate on his abilities, and valued himself in proportion to the pertinacity with which he adhered to his designs, and the zeal with which he promoted them and rendered them formidable against all opposition.

As monarchy and the Church are to the societies a rock which stems their impetuous and raging waves, so in accordance with the articles of Weishaupt, they wage

against monarchy and the Church a war more obstinate and more ferocious than it is in the heart of man to conceive. Mazzini may, as the head of a sect, be as atrocious as the terror which his name inspires; but we do not believe that he ever with his own hand took the life of a single unarmed victim, and perhaps of the many atrocious murders which contaminated the cities of Italy from the year '47 to '49, not one was ordered by his own lips. In confirmation of this, we read in the *Concordia* of December the 30th, that Mazzini wrote to Felici Orsini, in Ancona, the following words: "Assassination is not a Republic. Ancona is now the prey of organized assassination; it must be put down and punished." But Mazzini, without entering into these personalities, gives his attention to the general conspiracies: he rouses them from their slumber; cheers them in despondency, directs and resolves their doubts; rekindles their dying embers; stirs their torpidity to raging heat; and where the flames have already broken forth, he breathes into them a tenfold violence, until, like a furious tempest, they consume everything within their reach. On this account Mazzini will certainly be called to account before God and mankind, for all the evils and horrors which his seditions and revolts have accumulated.

Weishaupt, the founder of Illuminism, veiled his design, of dragging down thrones and altars, beneath the profound secret of his mysteries; whereas Mazzini preaches and sounds it aloud to the world. With a sincerity infinitely above the cowardly operations of those who, under the cloak of order, the laws, and public good, bind with golden bracelets the hands of monarchs, and

shackle the feet of the Church, while they reverently bend the knee, and say, with the smile of Iscariot: "Let Popes bless, and kings reign, but let them not govern," Mazzini, on the contrary, throws down the gauntlet of defiance, and menaces kings and popes. "No more kings, no more popes; the people is God: to the people offer the crown and incense; it is for You to yield; with You I wage war." His words are followed up by deeds. He is served, obeyed, and feared by his dependents, with a punctuality in the most arduous labors, which the tyrants of the middle ages never obtained from their satellites, who devoted themselves to their lords, for life or death.\* Hence, when Mazzinians have been overtaken by justice, cast into irons, and finally condemned, others rush into the vacancy, and display even greater audacity than the first; and when they, in turn, are seized, others again boldly press forward to fill their places; and so it continues without intermission or truce. Their activity and perseverance reflect shame upon those simple individuals, who supinely await the event—content, like women, to cry out, arms-folded, that the state is in danger, while they suppose that at the first sign of revolt, the Italian people would rush to arms, and crush

\* This comparison has roused the anger of the "*Moderates*;" they proclaim in the journals that we are Mazzinians; and that as it suits our purpose to speak of Mazzini, we give him the preference over them. We are sincere, and we advocate sincerity; we abhor the impiety of G. Mazzini, we detest the war which he waged against God, against the Church, against the legitimate governments, and every order in society, but we admit that he is open; whereas the "*Moderates*," while tending to the same end as Mazzini, conduct their operations with the most subtle and disgusting hypocrisy. Once for all let this declaration suffice.

the conspirators. Such a supposition is only another proof of their folly. One would fly here, another there; one would shut himself up in his house to say his prayers; another, to save his head, would join in their shouts of "Hurrah . . . Death." . . .

Mazzini, who knew all this, at the beginning of '48, despatched emissaries in every direction, more particularly into Tuscany with Torresini, and into Rome under Beltrami. In this latter place, after the disorders which took place at the beginning of May, they pushed their operations with vigor, and found themselves greatly aided by the ministers Galletti, Mamiani, and Campello. They founded their hopes on the success of the war in Lombardy and Venice, and looked forward to the accomplishment of their designs, with an appearance of Christian moderation. While secretly pursuing their designs, they would make an apparent reconciliation with the Pope, especially after the promulgation of the encyclical letter of the 29th of April. With treachery in their hearts, and a smile upon their countenances, they would address him as dutiful sons:—"Holy Father, will you deign (in your condescending affability, of course) to make room for us in the state government, and to retire to St. John Lateran's (but without putting yourself to inconvenience) to pray for us? We shall feel infinitely obliged. We will submit, with patience and resignation, to thy incalculable fatigues of government; we will toil and exhaust our energies for the good and the happiness of the dear people of the Church." What models of excellence and devotedness to the Holy See! Such charity and benignity, such pious and fervent zeal, surpasses even that of St. Bernard!

These devices they concocted partly in secret, and partly in public; but (as Mazzini wrote to Marrast at Paris) to weaken the army of Radetzky, he had already set on foot, by means of his secret emissaries, fresh conspiracies; he had instigated and organized new and terrible outbreaks in Hungary, and among the Slavonians, to dispirit the old marshal, to discourage his army, and to throw confusion into all ranks of the empire. Then sending Beltrami to Rome, with masterly skill he said to him: "My friend, be collected; beware of venturing a step before you have tried your ground. Guard against the rash and furious boasting of Torresini; the mad fellow rushes headlong, and risks the destruction of our nets, the moment we have them fairly set. Now that Tuscany is ours, keep up the flames in Rome: the enterprise is grand; but our biting files have so far consumed the old barriers of the Vatican, that already they are tottering to their fall, and a few well-directed blows would crumble them to the ground. Lay the axe to the root of the tree by corrupting the masses, and if we can secure a few knaves among the people, let them take their own course. There are still not a few who persist in the idea, that reforms are good for something. The fools! Everything or nothing! Do they, by any chance, suppose that after we have been struggling with such desperate energy for twenty years, they will quench our thirst with a draught or two of reform? In the first place, away with the foreigner from the sacred soil of Italy; and in the second, down with all the existing governments."

Such were a portion of the instructions of Mazzini to Beltrami, and to the other emissaries whom he sent in to all the Italian States, towards the close of '47, and

afterwards, in the beginning and middle of '48. But far different were the decrees of Heaven: Mazzini failed not, however, to raise the cry: "It is the will of God!" He was the herald, into whose ears God had whispered his secrets, that he might trumpet them to the world. "God wills it!" was re-echoed from Palermo to Milan. Every journal under the control of these wicked men, in Piedmont, Tuscany, Rome, and Naples, proclaimed: "It is the will of God."



## CHAPTER VII.

## THE TWO SISTERS-IN-LAW.

THERE were in Rome at this time two sisters, the wives of two brothers, who lived under the same roof. The parents and children of each family ate at the same table, occupying opposite sides, whilst the old father sat at the head; and the Canon, the brother of the two married men, at the foot. It was a magnificent house, furnished with every convenience; and the old man was fond of luxury and lived like a lord, although he was not of patrician descent. His father, who had been tenant on the large estates owned by some Roman princes, had profited much by his traffic in grain, cattle, and horses; with the latter he had often supplied the dragoons of the Pope. At his death, the son settled his business; and purchased on his account some large farms of the convents, which were sold very cheap during the troubles of '96. These he improved exceedingly; and drawing good profit from the improvements, he deposited his money in the banks, and drew from thence a profitable interest. His sons married ladies of remarkable beauty; one of whom was an heiress besides. It is hardly necessary to say that this made her haughty and proud, both at home and abroad. The wife of the second was some-

what handsomer, but more lovely than rich : she thought little of her beauty (a very rare thing in a lady), was pious and attentive to her religious duties, without neglecting her household. Her sister-in-law, on the contrary, was delighted with fashionable dress, setting off her beauty with every ornament that could draw on her the eyes of the frequenters of the balls and theatres, or the most fashionable assemblies in Rome.

These two ladies, who were somewhat courteous and affable by nature, seemed both in the family and among strangers to live in the greatest harmony and propriety, never gave any sign or spoke an unkind word in the presence of their husbands, nor transgressed in the least the strict measure of that external affection which was becoming in two sisters. However, the more discreet was a little sarcastic and somewhat sharp in her speech, when they were alone ; and the other gave way to certain caprices and haughty humors, proceeding from a proud and stubborn soul. Hence on every light occasion when the former threw out a sharp word, as it were by chance, the countenance of the other colored in a moment, and tossing her head or starting up, she burst into a sudden and quick resentment ; and immediately calling her Clarina, who was playing about with her little cousin, and arranging her hair, said : "Woe to you, if you ever go dirty or uncombed like a hypocrite !" The other, more mistress of herself, pretended not to hear, and was not at all discomposed, and sometimes even smiled.

During the stormy days of '48, the more worldly frequented the company of gay and comely young men, of little sense and less faith ; was continually enthroned

at the feasts and academies of music, among all those ghosts of unbridled disputants, who talked about the daily events of Rome. After a noisy symphony of Rossini, a light intreccio of Verdi, or a sweet melody of Bellini, politics started in the field; and there were heard sentiments and discourses so foolish and malicious that he was happy, indeed, who came out with even a small remnant of reverence for the Pope. Ladies are usually kind and sweet in disposition; and as they know better than men how to appreciate the sovereign good of domestic peace and security, so in times of public disturbances and changes, they are usually on the side of peace and ancient order. But if, added to the uncertainty of human events, religion is endangered, the pious sex are on strict guard against the fallacies, snares, and treasons of the wicked. Woe to him that touches a lady on so delicate a subject! Her wit is sharpened; and such is her daring, that most frequently the very words of the boldest are cut short by a severe glance.

Mazzini and the other agitators of the secret societies were well aware of this; and they knew too that faith and piety are deeply rooted in the souls of the fair daughters of Italy, and particularly of Rome. The Roman lady will be fashionable, exceedingly gay in conversation, vain, and even will occasionally act the coquette, but in her heart, it is rare that she does not preserve a living spark of her ancestral piety. Therefore, the cunning revolutionists employed the most deceptive counsels to make the women believe that the present agitation was entirely for the exaltation and glory of religion: that the reforms required of the Pope favored the worship of God as well as liberty; that even

if the civil authority of the Pope was lessened, he remained always the father of the faithful, nay, more free from temporal impediments: no, they should not doubt it; Rome would always be the queen of the Catholic world: ay, if the bad humors of the subjects, who were oppressed by the great power and ignorance of the clergy, were removed, it would become the happiest metropolis in the world.

The two sisters-in-law frequently bandied words on these matters: and Lauretta, who was altogether of the *White* party, often scolded Matilda, whom she baptized with the odious name of a *Black*.

"I know neither black nor red," said Matilda, "and you are wrong in bringing into our house, where the color of peace and harmony has always reigned unaltered, this foolishness of *Whites* and *Blacks*. If I were James, your husband—"

"And what would you do, if you were James?" interrupted Lauretta, sneeringly: "you would do better mumble your, 'our Fathers,' at St. Augustine's, and leave other people's husbands in good humor with their wives."

"Ah, I do not say—"

"You say enough, and James is a fool to let himself be led by the nose by your very genteel husband, Philip, who is a servile Black, who, woe to you, if you touch the Pope when he is by! I am not so poor, that if they should come to a division—"

"There, you are at divisions again!—One cannot speak her sentiments in holy peace, but you are all fire and flame: but to extinguish this it is only necessary to say something ill of the Pope, the Cardinals and Pre-

lates. Lauretta, it is time now to stop this. Who is there in your party, that holds the Pope and clerical government in so much contempt? None surely, except profligates. Oh! I am not afraid to say so—and scoundrels!”

“Ah! you uncharitable papalist! this is your sanctity! and I am sure, you do not confess one of these insulting words you utter against good Christians. But when the goods come to their shop, the priests have a moral for themselves. Whoever speaks ill of them, reveals their deceits, lays open their snares, makes known their ignorance, self-conceit, and weaknesses, is a rogue, a heretic, an unbeliever; and instead of charging their penitents against calumny, they spur them on, and pour upon their heads a deluge of plenary indulgences. Well done—”

“There is no shop-keeping, my Lauretta. The sin is in blaspheming holy things, not in calling him who blasphemes, a scoundrel. Goodness! to hear them,—it is the Pope who sins, because he rules in his own house: and they cry out, that he should confess his sacrilege, and if the confessor were conscientious, he would not give him absolution, until he had made restitution. I have heard this proposition with my own ears, and from those men of yours, whose well-trimmed mustaches stick to their faces like so much paste. You know who they are, and better for you and your soul, if you did not know them. The Pope restores the state, ha! Therefore, the state of the Church belongs to Mamiani, Galetti, Sterbini, Ciceruacchio—”

“Hold your tongue, you babbler! You prate as that crooked neck Don Stefano teaches you in the school of

the retrogradists,—mean liar as he is, and a fox in a cassock, with brass buckles on his shoes, and cloak thrown over his shoulder ; a hypocrite, a Tartuffe of La Moliere.”

“As long as you string insults together, you are right, of course !”

“No, no ! Now I come to an argument, that will break the head of your Don Stefano. The state of the Church belongs not to Sterbini nor Ciceruacchio, but to the people ; the Popes have no right over it, and Mamiani and others are representatives of the people, and chosen by the people to represent them.”

“Indeed !—’Tis a sin, Lauretta, you have not a suit of man’s apparel ; you would be a most excellent tribune of the people ; none could be better. But what would you say, if in our house we should all rise up in rebellion, and making a great noise before the chamber of our father-in-law, that we should say to him : ‘ ’Tis time to stop, father ; come, give up the keys, the money, the books : we have a right to the money-box ; the farms are ours ; the furniture, the silver, the gold, the jewels are ours by right ; the stewards, the farmers, the barns, the cellars, the stables are all common property ;—you have nothing more to do with them. Keep in your room, and say your prayers, and don’t trouble yourself any more about such things ! we impose the duty of attending to these matters upon James and Philip, and upon whom we please.’ What do you think of that, Lauretta ? And take notice, that after all, James and Philip are the natural heirs : but who has given the people the government of the state ? If they have authority over the Pope, and can take the government away from him, why should they not also have authority

to say to the Roman Princes: 'Gentlemen, that farm is ours, and we will administer the income; those fine palaces are ours, and we want to live in them and enjoy the house-rents; those galleries of statues, pictures, cameos, antique vases, are the patrimony of the Roman people.' What do you think of that, Lauretta? And if they should say: 'Madam Lauretta, these fine rooms, these rich, elegant parlors, these soft carpets, this noble furniture, these silk curtains, these divans, this piano are ours; go in peace.' And going down to the coach-house and stable, should choose the horses, bring out the carriage, and directing the coachman to harness up, as they wished to take a ride through Rome;—would you be content with your gay doctrine of the rights of the people?"

"No, madam;—you are out of the track, and change the question. We speak of priests, and you answer concerning the Roman princes. Let the priests say their masses, and recite their breviary, and leave the government to seculars. Christ has clearly said: 'My kingdom is not of this world.'"

"Certainly, and therefore Christ has said, that it belongs to Sterbini, Ciceruacchio, and the other Mazzinians! Just see how ignorant I have been! Till now, I thought Sterbini was a doctor from Vico, whose kingdom was in the apothecary's shop, and that Ciceruacchio was a dirty drayman, who presided over the stables and the taverns, on the Piazza del Oca: they are properly crowned kings! And all the other beggars, who aspire to the empire of Rome, are invested with the kingdom of the gospel! And the Pope must return to his nets! Enjoy your new kings, O Rome! boast of them; they

who are so rich, will pour treasures into your bosom ;— you will see what an overflow there will be in that treasury !”

“ There’s the malicious calumniator ! And you speak so of the protectors of the people ! of our benefactors ! of the founders of Roman liberty ! of those who are to redeem us from priestly tyranny !”

“ From priestly tyranny ! I would not like, Laretta, that we and our children should feel the liberality of these new Scipios.”

While the sisters-in-law were engaged in this wordy battle, and Laretta’s tongue was pained for a cutting reply to Matilda, James entered the room, almost out of breath, and said to his wife : “ Do you know, Laretta, I just met your brother Ally, going in all haste to the firemen’s quarters, near the Minerva, to ask the soldiers to hurry to his beautiful villa out of the Porta del Popoli, which was on fire.”

“ My God ! but how ? Tell me quickly, James—fire ! but how did it come ?”

“ On its feet, to be sure. The other day, Ally stumbled upon that good-for-nothing Frederic, who, with a party of crazy Mazzinians, was haranguing against the civil powers of the Pope, and magnifying the beatitudes which are flying around the seven hills from the lay ministry. Ally, at first, supped his coffee in silence, and the others vied with one another in the coarseness of their language : but when Frederic said : ‘ The brains in the nape of Mazzini’s neck are worth more than all the heads of all the cardinals, and the Pope too,’ Ally could not refrain from tossing his head, and showing his displeasure. At this, Frederic, turning on him like a dragon,



said: 'And what can you say to the contrary, you low *black!*' Ally answered quietly; 'I don't know why the priests should not have as much brains as lay persons, and be able to govern as well as other men.'

"'No!—because the sacerdotal chrism changes their nature, and turns their heads; and that continual chanting of the *Gloria Patri* ruins their mind. Let them lead the old women to mass, and in processions; but let them not attempt to govern states.'

"'Yet there were Popes, who taught the greatest kings and emperors to govern; and Cardinals, who had as their scholars the first ambassadors and ministers of Christendom. Read history—'

"'What history! We wish no more of these imbeciles.'

"Ally, seeing that they wished to pick a quarrel, thought it best to withdraw. In the evening, as he was returning from his usual visit to Aurelia, and just at the entrance of the lane Del Bollo, he saw a young man in a jacket, with his right hand in his bosom, ready to strike a dagger to his heart. But Ally, as brave as he is good, drew out of his pockets two pistols, and aiming them at the face of the assassin, caused him to retreat down the street, and turning the Del Pellegrino, he returned home. Yesterday, Thomas, the housekeeper of the villa, came and told him, that two of the boldest of Ciceruacchio's band passed by, and asked for something to drink, and in the mean time carefully examined the windows of the ground-floor; and while he went for wine, Mariana, his daughter, saw one of them look closely at the stable and the windows of the hayloft. When they had drunk, one of them asked: 'Is this really Signor Aloysini's villa?'

“Ally, however, did not pay much attention to this information, and this morning a boy came on horseback to tell him that the villa was on fire. It seems that during the night they leaped over the walls of the garden, and poured some turpentine on the stable-door, and having set it on fire, they escaped again through the garden.”

“The scoundrels!” exclaimed Lauretta, forgetting the invectives she had just uttered against her sister-in-law. “The villains! they treat the citizens thus! This is the security of a gentleman’s property—to burn their villas—to attempt their lives!”

“Wait awhile, Lauretta,” said her husband: “if things go on in this way much longer, they will take these silver candlesticks from the table, together with the knives and forks, nay, even the crucifixes and holy-water vases from the head of the bed, perhaps even our mattresses, and all our kitchen utensils. And God grant they may not plunder and burn the villas around Rome, in order to sell the tiles, and steal the leaden pipes of the fountains. Let them go on, and you will see.”

James was but too true a prophet, and Lauretta saw, not many months after, all these tragedies; for she was obliged to give her mattresses, with their purple satin covers, to protect the redoubts with which all the environs of Rome were hedged in during the siege; her gold and silver plate was seized, silver plate for table and toilet, and her mansion was robbed of all its pictures, its jewels, and its most precious ornaments.

And so great were the public and private robberies, that had not the old man beat down a great deal of his

plate, and concealed it in the wells and in the earth, Lauretta would now be eating with brass spoons and iron forks, adorned with bone. Yet, after such a lesson, there are in Rome women so far attached to the Mazzinian party, that they would permit even their pretty caps to be torn off their heads, provided they might have the satisfaction of seeing Mazzini reigning in the Vatican instead of the Pope, the father of the faithful, and the glory and pride of Rome.

But the truth is, that these women, whether of the middle and easy class, or of the lower, who favor Mazzini, are those who prefer licentiousness to the holy and pure freedom of the law of Christ, and this they do to free their conscience from the remorse which, on account of their base conduct, continually goads them. If the Pope would change the Gospel, and, as Mahomet made his pleasure the law of his law, would allow them to live as they pleased, these unfortunates would not provoke in words and deeds so wicked a change of government; but Mazzini, who, by proclaiming man a god and woman a goddess, sang to them his Pantheistic hymn:

“ Oh ! golden, happy law,  
When that is lawful which we please—”

so won for himself the good graces (which are now called *sympathies*) of these heroines, that they esteem him better than the Pope,—nay, as their God.

“ There you are,” said Lauretta, immediately; “ just like you *Blacks*, who go every morning to wear out the floors of the churches, to sigh before all the Madonnas, to dip your fingers in the little lamp of St. Augustine’s, and every week to blow through the grates of the con-

fessional, and then—and then don't scruple at all to call by ill names the ladies who prefer the government of Mazzini to that of the priests. Bad women! if you please; and do you not know that there are most virtuous and pious ladies who prefer Mazzini, Rosales, Beltrami, and De Boni, to all those *Kyrie eleisons* in big capes, who know nothing of government? Nor are pious and virtuous ladies only of this opinion, but very learned and holy priests also adopt it."

"Most excellent Lauretta, now that Matilda has gone to her chamber to look after her children, will you permit us to have a little private talk together? Nobody hears us."

"Well, what do you want to say?"

"Well, Lauretta, how long has it been since your last confession?"

"Get out, fool! What a question to put to a genteel woman! But I don't trust myself there, for fear of the *Blacks*. I have not been to confession since—let me see—oh!—since I have learned from some brave fellows that confession is no longer necessary for salvation."

"Pretty well, Lauretta. And that smooth-haired Mazzinian, who loves the fine arts, and goes very early to the sculptor in—you understand me;—while you pretend to James that you are going to mass, and pass by there to see how that fine statue is going on."

"You are impertinent, really."

"Excuse me, Lauretta, I was only joking. Oh! certainly, all the Mazzinian ladies are most pious and virtuous. But look awhile; all—you know it well—all look so seldom through the grates of the confessional, that if it depended on them, they would soon grow rusty,

and cobwebs would form festoons and curtains of the most beautiful kind around them."

"There it is! All the virtue of you *Blacks* is in confessing, in going to mass every day, in avoiding theatres, balls, and parties, and in being buried alive in the house with your children, as in the times of the fair Gundebert or the witty Burgandofora of Groningen. What blessed times!—Certainly those old beauties of yours would not have preferred Mazzini to the papal government: but the seasons are changed, my dear; now we want a Christianity that is *polished, humanitarian, fraternal*, that can get along without a father-confessor."

"Ah! then, those most learned and holy priests who hate the pontifical government (and they are so few that you can count them on your fingers), give as little trouble to the confessors as the Mazzinian ladies. However, we know what kind of sanctity and learning they have. You would not, I am sure, at the moment of death, wish to have one of them at your pillow, saying to you, in the name of Pope Mazzini, 'Lauretta, go in peace. You are a celestial goddess, and your home is in heaven;—for the Pantheists there is no hell,—hell is for the *Retrogrades* and the *Blacks*;—die, and fly to the reward of your virtues.' "

Lauretta looked down, and could not answer, because a little Roman faith yet ran in her veins; but, in Rome there were women in the days of the republic, and are yet, so seduced by the cunning fallacies of the Mazzinians, that to hear them pour out their poison on the pontifical government would fill you with astonishment, and among them are some who were supported, and are so yet, by the Congregation of Pontifical favor, by pen-

sions from the Apostolic Chambers, assigned to them by good prelates through love for their fathers, who had been in the service of the government; some, even, who cursed priests, even when a brother, who is a priest, supplies them with clothing, and an uncle, who is a canon, pays their house-rent, or a cousin, who is a prelate, educates their children, and either finds some way to bring their sons to fat offices, or places their daughters in honorable marriage; others, after having enrolled themselves in some band of Mazzinians to execrate the government of priests, came from them, and went to complain to some cardinals in order to obtain help, and, with that help in their hands, cursed their benefactors.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## ERSILIA.

ALTHOUGH Aser was still plunged in the detestable designs, and bound by the oaths of the German *Secret Alliance*, and a most active and watchful leader of the conspiracies, he had nevertheless acquired in his intercourse with the noble character of the Germans, that elevation of soul which scorns the baseness of treachery, detests perfidy, and holds assassination in utter abhorrence. He longed for the accomplishment of his long-cherished dreams, and devoted to it every faculty of his soul, but he would have attained his object by open means, by rousing the people to open war against monarchy. Throughout the war of Venice and Lombardy, he had everywhere borne himself as a valiant soldier; and as in his capacity of commissary of war and aide-de-camp, he was present at almost all the engagements upon the Sile, the Piave, the Bacchiglione, the Adige, and the Mincio, in all of which he displayed an undaunted courage and bravery.

His bold and daring nature prompted him to say to the Italian conspirators: "The greater part of you are deserving of contempt. How is it that you so loudly proclaim the independence of Italy, and in the mean

time you are sunk in luxury? occupying the seats of the Assembly of Rome, of Naples, Florence, and Milan, while you drive the generous and brave to the war? reputed yourselves so many Cæsars, while you are no better than Sejanus? Why, worse than Sylla, do you bury yourselves in your gloomy conventicles, to sign the proscriptions of citizens who never dream of your plots, and impel the detestable assassin to plunge his dagger into the breasts of your unsuspecting victims? And while we contend breast to breast upon the field of battle against the foreigner (who honor us even by defeating us), you devise, in the dark, your deadly schemes, which burst in the most cowardly manner upon the head of the peaceable Italian, who falls bathed in his own blood, pierced perhaps by a fellow-citizen whom he has loaded with benefits; by a relation, or even by one to whom he had been a friend from infancy? Shame! In Leghorn, Bologna, Ancona, Sinigaglia, and other cities of Italy, more Italian citizens have fallen beneath the dagger of the assassin, than before the cannon, muskets, and sabres of the Austrians in many battles; and more have met with such a death in Italy than in France, Upper and Lower Germany, Bohemia, and Hungary, although in those countries party fury is not less violent. What confidence can other nations place in the holy cause of Italian independence, when they see that you are rather assassins than soldiers? That we whet the points of our daggers with infinitely more assiduity, than those of our bayonets? That we bear in our bosoms the hearts of tigers, when we meet a fellow-citizen in some dark passage, but that we have the hearts of hares in open combat, and in the assault of entrenchments? Disgrace and execration be the portion of the cowards!"



These reproaches were of frequent occurrence with Aser at Rome, in the "Circolo Popolare," and in the cities through which he passed, and in his letters he conveyed the same sentiments to other places. Every time that he heard of a fresh victim of Young Italy, he broke forth into those generous invectives; and it happened not unfrequently that he was thus the means of saving the intended victims of the Mazzinians, when they divulged their intentions to him as to one of their own party. His indignation, however, was destined to be infinitely augmented by a circumstance of cruelty in which he was an eye-witness of the inhuman and infernal rage of the sectarians against those who excited their hatred by giving them cause to fear opposition to their designs.

One evening in June, Aser was engaged in an exploration of great importance to the success of a certain movement, and in beating the country with a body of riflemen, he came to a sumptuous palace seated upon a fine esplanade at the top of a hill; it was the villa of a Count, who was accustomed to spend there the spring and autumn in the pleasures of the chase, and other country amusements. That day the Count had returned to the city; and Aser, having quartered his soldiers in several rooms on the ground floor, was conducted by the agent up into the palace, and introduced into a noble apartment, together with the lieutenant of his company. The soldiers were served with abundant refreshments; and when they had finished their supper and emptied their flasks, they went out on the lawn to enjoy a mild evening breeze, which after the setting sun, played among the foliage of the neighboring wood.

At the distance of a bow-shot from the palace, an ancient castle of the fourth century raised its majestic and frowning battlements, which, with many of the peculiar weapons of defence used in those ages, was still in good preservation. Aser was standing in the midst of his men contemplating those ancient fortifications, when some peasants and a number of the nobleman's foresters said with a mysterious air: "Fortunate are they that find it."

"Find what?" asked the soldiers.

"Why, in that castle, gentlemen, a great treasure is hid, and all our old men maintain it most firmly."

"But how do your old men know it? And who put it there?"

"I'll tell you how it was," said a head-forester; "in the time of the Gallispani and the Austrasardi, a great battle was fought in the neighborhood, in which the Gallispani were worsted; and when they saw that the army of the Austrasardi had forced the passes of the hills and were descending impetuously upon them on all sides, they resolved, at least, to save their treasure: with this view, therefore, they went down into the deep and dark vaults of this castle and buried there a number of coffers full of Spanish doubloons. Just fancy what a pretty little prize of gold! My great grandfather related this fact to my own father when he was a boy, and said that a relation of his had helped to dig the holes, after which the Spaniards would have killed him; but he fortunately managed to get out of their hands."

"Well, why did not he or your great grandfather, and all of you make a search for it afterwards? It would have been a pretty good day's work for you."

"Yes, it's very fine talking, but who do you suppose would be so mad as to go into that infernal hole? Don't you know, that's the very road down into the devil's dwelling? Down there the spirits, jealous of so much gold, have seized upon those caverns, and woe to any one that tempts them; flames and lightning rush out upon him, the earth quakes, the foundations tremble, the depths of the moat roar, the buttresses of the bastions are rent asunder, and the hollow vaults crumble and fall upon the head of the rash madman that dares to set foot inside of those dungeons, or to strike his pick into the soil which covers those brazen coffers."

"Ah, ha!" shouted the soldiers, "they're afraid of spirits! afraid of ghosts and goblins!"

"Here we are, forty, and any ten of us would be enough to rout a whole army of devils, knock the horns off their heads, twist their tails off, and tear their nails from their paws. Up with you, make us a few bundles of reeds for torches, and come along!"

"But, gentlemen, do consider,—it's bad joking with the devil: if the lights go out we shall be left in the dark, and they'll string us up like sausages;—at least, you go before."

"Quick, you pack of lazy fools! bring us here the bundles, or else—"

The peasants ran to a pile of reeds and prepared the torches; in the mean time the head-keeper exhausted himself in eloquent appeals to Aser, to desist from so rash an attempt; the latter, however, had made up his mind to give this treat to his brave followers. When they arrived with the bundles of canes, and had lighted them at one end, "Forward," said Aser; "You, keeper, lead

the way;" and crossing the bridge of the moat, they entered the castle gate; then passing the fortified gallery, they found themselves in the court, before the immense mass of the main curtain. These were the places of retreat of the defenders, and the massive walls and defences, behind which they could retire from the outer works; they were, however, for the most part, crumbling with age, encumbered with fallen masonry, and overgrown with creeping plants and thistles. They pushed forward, through the interior compartments, and descended, in file, the narrow stairways which led beneath the foundations of the towers of the fortress, leaving behind, on the right and on the left, openings in the casemates, at the foot of the trenches, used as sallyports, in time of siege.

The riflemen passed on through those moss-grown and ruinous vaults, and already began to experience a sensation of shivering, caused by the cold and damp air, but perhaps, which might have in it also, something of fear. They advanced in close order, treading on each others heels, like people who feel secure, in proportion as they are more within the reach of help from others. At length, after many windings, they came to a very long and obscure passage, called by ancient Lombardiers, the "wolf's jaws." Within the massive masonry of the foundations, were contrived prisons or dens, seven or eight palms square, scarcely capable of holding a man at full length, and so low that it was impossible to stand upright, rendering it necessary to stand in a bent attitude, or to maintain a recumbent posture. Each of these sepulchres of the living had a small opening near the top, cut through the exterior rock, to admit a little

air and light, but when standing with the back turned to it, all seemed profound darkness. In those dens, prisoners of war, during the middle ages, and state criminals, were shut up, never again to see the face of the sun, but were left there to rot, after a death of horror, starvation, and misery.

While the treasure-seekers were examining those profound vaults, in the darkness and silence, and by the lurid light of the torches, which served only to increase the horror of the place, they suddenly heard, or imagined that they heard, a deep hollow groan. A mortal fear assailed them; the peasants, already, were beginning to draw back, but the rear guard of soldiers and the lieutenant stopped them, and Aser, drawing his sword, cried, "Let no one move, or he shall be a dead man."

Having imposed silence, he again listened attentively, and heard, in effect, a human sigh come from below one of those ovens or prisons; he took a torch of burning canes, and elevating it, he saw, in the middle of the pavement, a trap-door let into the stone; he stepped towards it and cried, "Who is there below?"

He heard a languid voice reply, "Help, Christians; come down the side steps; come and aid me."

Aser said to two of the boldest of the riflemen, "Follow me;" and grasping the old keeper by the breast, "You lead the way," said he. The old keeper turned pale, his gray hair stood on end, but he was compelled to descend the steps in advance. At the foot of about ten steps was a space which formed the interior of the bastion; on one side was a low door, fastened with a huge bolt and a bar, which crossed the door and shot into the stone of the steps. Aser tore away the bar, drew back the rusty bolt, and threw open the door. What a sight!

He saw stretched upon a bundle of straw a human creature, wasted and crushed, and in such a state that it was impossible to say whether it were a human being or not. The long, dishevelled hair fell over the face, partly concealing its ghastly emaciation. The rest of the person was but imperfectly covered by a ragged garment, which, rotting with humidity, scarcely hung together. The fingers of the squalid hands were terminated by long, curved nails, the wasted limbs were bare, livid, and covered with sores. The unfortunate creature helplessly crouched upon the disgusting heap of straw, and nothing was visible around except a pitcher of water, a crust of bread, and a brass crucifix, which was green within the joints and cavities, but bright and even on the surface, from long handling and kissing.

"Who art thou?" asked Aser, trembling with indignation at this heart-rending spectacle.

"I am Ersilia, a girl of eighteen, and have been shut in here for ten months." While she said this she closed her sunken eyes, unable to bear the flaring of the torches after so long a seclusion in utter darkness; and, at the first appearance of light, she had raised herself in a sitting posture, and endeavored to draw round her her tattered garment.

"Unfortunate creature!" said Aser; "what monster thus buried you in this sepulchre?"

The poor Ersilia covered her face with her hands, and said: "I know not for what reason I was shut in here: I know that all comes from God, and that he, in his infinite goodness, accompanies and comforts us even in the grave, with the ineffable sweetness of his grace. I ardently desired to consecrate myself to him in solitude;

it was the pleasure of Providence that I should fall into this place ; I have suffered, yes, suffered inconceivably. If you, sir, deliver me from this place, you will be the saviour of an innocent creature !”

Aser did not understand this heavenly language, and stood as if stupified before that living skeleton ; not satisfied, however, with this answer, he asked her again : “ But who shut you up here ? ”

“ Be assured, that he who sent me here is more unfortunate than guilty. I love him and forgive him. He had the misfortune to fall into the snares of the secret societies ; a most wicked friend enrolled him in *Young Italy*, and from that moment he displayed the most unnatural cruelty. I affectionately besought him, my only and dear brother, to renounce his impious oaths, to detest and abhor them. I assure you that I should have conquered, that I should have convinced him, had not the conspirators menaced him, and jealously kept him in the grasp of their execrable conspiracy. One night in the beginning of the September of last year, a company of them came from the neighboring city to this villa, and after supper dismissed all the servants. My brother had been in a delicate state of health for some time, and I was afraid that such late hours and fatigue would do him injury ; I was solicitous for him, as our parents were dead, and I looked up to him as to a father and a guardian. I was unable to sleep, and remained in the next room. I heard the noise of disputing, and one cried out :

“ ‘ No, the infamous wretch must die, the committee condemns him. ’ ”

“ I could hear the voice of my brother pleading : ‘ He

is the father of so many children, and has a wife who loves him so tenderly.'

" 'You're a fool,' said the others, 'let the traitor die.'

" At these words I gave a start, and in the shock struck against a porcelain vase, which fell and broke. On hearing the noise, my brother bounded into the room and said, with a stifled voice: 'What are you doing here, traitress? go to your room.'

" I rose, trembling with terror, and retired to my room, where, unwilling to go to bed, I knelt and prayed through the night with this crucifix in my hand. At dawn my brother entered, pale, livid, and foaming with rage. He rushed upon me, seized me by the hair, and pointing a dagger at my heart, 'Did you,' he demanded, 'hear that name?'

" 'No, Nanni, I heard no name whatever.' I fell on my knees at his feet, and embraced them, asseverating that I had heard only a few words, but without any proper name. Nanni became composed, he appeared to believe me, and caressed me; 'Let us take a walk; I need fresh air,' said he, and taking my arm he led me down the great avenue of poplars, and brought me to this castle. When we reached the esplanade, he brought me into certain interior corridors, where I found this head-forester, who seized me by the arm and dragged me, weeping and trembling in vain, down to this dark cavern, and shut me up; and every twenty-four hours he passes through that hole in the arch a little water and food."

Aser looked sternly upon the villain, and gave a shout so fierce that the base wretch was paralysed, and stood trembling like a leaf. "Ah, dog! the justice of God has overtaken thee!" exclaimed Aser, seizing him by the breast, and shaking him furiously against the wall. Then



he turned to the young lady, and taking off his military cloak, he covered her with it, and gently aiding her to rise, he placed her between two of his riflemen, who wept as they carried her out of that den. But Aser, aiming a terrible blow at the head of the villain, precipitated him to the bottom of the prison, and closed and bolted the door as he cried, "Test now yourself the horror of that sepulchre!" and having secured the door, he directed one of the riflemen to light the way with his torch, and they reascended the steps.

Their comrades and the peasants, who were waiting in amazement, at a sign from Aser, moved towards the entrance of those vaults. When Ersilia was conveyed to the palace, he called the steward's wife, and ordered her to take her immediately to her bed. He then learned from this woman that her master had circulated a report among his acquaintance that he had taken his sister to the house of an aunt in a distant city, and gave his friends to understand that he had frequent communications from her. Aser inveighed against the unnatural cruelty of all the conspirators, and cursed the moment when he enrolled himself in the ranks of *Young Germany*. He instantly wrote a few lines relating this horrible case to the bishop of the neighboring city, commanded an orderly to mount his horse, and sent him with the letter. The following morning, before dawn, the bishop's carriage, with his lordship and an aged priest, drove up to the villa, and bestowing his grateful thanks and his blessing upon Aser, he took the young lady, and intrusted her to the superioress of a convent.\*

\* This is the third case of a similar nature which has come to our knowledge, and to one of those victims of human cruelty we personally offered consolation.

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE ASSASSINS OF ITALY.

WHAT would have been the reflections of Aser (who nourished in his breast the courage of a lion in open battle for the cause of liberty, and abhorred the cowardice of assassination), what would he have thought a few months after the war of Lombardy, had he heard of the many cruel deaths of Italian citizens slain by assassins? The Mazzinian Journals proclaim that, the *Jew of Verona* is a calumniator, and a vindictive insulter of the vanquished. If these men really considered themselves vanquished, and would leave Italy in peace, Italy is so noble and generous that it would weep in silence over its murdered sons, its widows, its distracted mothers, its orphan children, its desolate families; but far from admitting themselves conquered and repentant for the evils in which they have involved Italy, they threaten it with a still more dreadful fate, and if they repent of any, they repent and gnash their teeth with rage that it still has eyes wherewith to weep, and a voice wherewith to lament.

From the charge of revengefulness every noble and honest mind will readily absolve him; for it is evident that such atrocity is recorded only as a light and guide to our generous and beloved Italian youth; our young

men, surrounded as they are by a thousand seductions which drag them into the mysteries of the secret societies, the scourge of nations in this age. Oh, that this exalted revenge could lead one young man, but a single one, from the danger which threatens him, into the post of safety! Would that all revenge were of this noble nature, that we might call it blessed, noble, and holy! The Mazzinian Journals themselves, while they complain of it, confess their abhorrence and shame of assassination; this affords us some satisfaction, and while we refrain from publishing the names of the assassins, we unanimously agree in execrating assassination, and exclaim against foreigners who call the Italians "a race of assassins," loudly protesting that for one assassin a hundred thousand Italians rise to express their abhorrence of him; and we declare that political assassination descended into Italy from beyond the mountains, where Weishaupt dictated the bloody articles of his secret code of Illuminism.

Assassinations, however, have taken place in Italy, and we calumniate no person by recording them, and by lamenting over them as the effect of that party rage which was enkindled in our country by ultramontane factions, and burned with a flame more fierce and devastating in the glowing Italian bosom than elsewhere. How many mothers, how many wives, and brothers and friends will receive comfort in their sorrow, from the sound of our voice raised in compassion for those victims, inviting Italy to mourn over them, and to show them that honor which is due to her loyal and virtuous citizens, who have fallen beneath the murderous steel of the betrayers of their country, who have polluted the bright face of liberty with the innocent blood of their brothers!

Shall it be said by the scornful and envious foreigner, that in Italy, there are Journals written by Italian pens, with the avowed object of advocating the cause of the assassin, of wiping from his face the blood which stains it, and of washing the merciless hand that plunged the dagger into his brother's heart, whilst it was beating with the true love of its country; and yet, if one man is found who, for the honor of Italy, excites her youth to the detestation of these black excesses, he shall be proclaimed a calumniator? Would to God that the public voice were mistaken, and that our own eyes were deceived; that there were no wives to put on mourning, no children rendered orphans, no mothers to weep over the blood-stained garment of her only son, the idol of her affection, the support of her gray hairs!

Those who escaped the ambush laid for them, who had the good fortune to survive their wounds; who, by a singular favor of God and their guardian angels, saw the blow aimed at them, arrested in its fall, are living witnesses that, if the attempt at murder was less unsuccessful, it was not the less atrocious. The Marquis Francesco Bourbon del Monte, a young man of the most noble and generous blood of Italy, the only child of his distinguished parents, an excellent husband, dear to his friends, compassionate to the poor, animated with true patriotism, was a colonel of the department of the National Guard near Ancona. When he received intimation that he should give his vote for the Roman Constituent Assembly, while he was on horseback at the head of his regiment; he replied: "That he had taken an oath of fidelity to his legitimate prince and father, the great Pontiff Pius IX., that he would not aban-

don his faith: that he ardently loved his country: that he consecrated to it his patrimony, his blood, and his life, but his faith he would never sacrifice."

A few days after this he was alone in his room, writing to his friends; he heard the door open, raised his eyes, and saw a certain abandoned young man advance towards him with his right hand concealed in his bosom. The Marquis, without changing countenance, said to him: "What do you want with me at this hour and unannounced?"

"I come," he replied, with a savage stare, "to receive your orders for to-morrow, which is the day of the review."

"Corporal," rejoined the Marquis, "I give my orders to the captain; go to him for them to-morrow, and you will obtain them." He was again advancing, with an expression of gloomy ferocity, when the steward, who had seen him secretly entering the palace, suddenly laid his hand on him from behind, and placed himself by his side, saying, "Have you anything here for your master?" The fellow instantly smoothed his angry countenance, and withdrew his hand from his bosom. The Marquis gazed steadily in his face, then bidding him good night, he dismissed him, and turning to his steward, gave him certain directions for the day following.

The murderer descended the stairs boiling with internal fury, and after crossing the portico, he was passing by the door of the Marquis's coachhouse, through which a groom was by chance coming out with a bucket in his hand, when the assassin, possessed by some raging fiend, "Since," said he, "I have been baffled in murdering

your master, I will at least do for you his vile slave !” And in a moment he plunged his dagger to his heart, and left the groom weltering in his own blood.

After the Marquis Bourbon del Monte had thus been signally protected by his good angel, who had shielded him from the knife of the murderer, he received another wonderful pledge of the protection of Mary. In grateful remembrance for the escape of their only son, the Marchioness, a lady of the greatest piety, and the Marquis Carlo, her husband, caused a solemn thanksgiving to be celebrated in the Cathedral of Ancona, before the miraculous Madonna of San Civiaco. The young Marquis determined to go in person on the occasion ; but when he entered the most crowded street in the city, one of the National Guards accosted him and conversed with him a few moments, as a sign which had been agreed upon by the conspirators. He then shook hands, and the Marquis had advanced but a few steps further towards the cathedral when an assassin pointed a pistol at his temples, but the pistol snapped and missed fire. Almost before the Marquis had time to make a mental act of thanks to the Madonna, another shot was fired at less than three yards distance, and the ball carried off a lock of his hair as it whistled past his ear. The young Marquis still advanced with a bold step towards the arch of San Agostino, under which the street passes, and a third pistol was fired at him, the ball this time passing the breadth of a hair above his head.

Thus this excellent young nobleman escaped unhurt from three pistol-shots, fired at the distance of a few steps, by three assassins, in the full light of day, in the most conspicuous place in Ancona, at the hour of the public

promenade, and in the midst of a crowd of people who were paralysed with amazement at such perfidy, but consoled at so signal a protection of the blessed Virgin. They accompanied their distinguished fellow-citizen to the Cathedral, to offer to his powerful protectress, the gratitude due for so signal an interposition.

Other cities of Italy were contaminated by the murders instigated by the societies. Forli yet weeps over the archdeacon of its cathedral, the pious Francesco Liverani, who was treacherously slain upon the piazza of that same church which he had so richly embellished at his own expense. The same city has also still before its eyes the lifeless remains of Luigi Finucci, firm and incorruptible magistrate, who met his death at the hands of an assassin in the middle of the public road, as he was returning tranquilly to the bosom of his family. It also saw on a public festival one of its piazzas flowing with the blood of the brave and loyal Halter, commandant of the second regiment of the Swiss, who fell beneath the stroke of an assassin, a victim to his fidelity and resolute maintenance of order and the laws. Another victim was Antonio Placucci, though himself one of the factions, and a member of the conspiracy, yet because he was not sufficiently cruel and ferocious, he was treacherously slain, and that at noonday, in the midst of a crowd of citizens, in front of the stores, and under the eyes of the people.

In Faenza was not Annibale Rondinini, a man beloved by his fellow-citizens for his piety, kindness, and charity, also a victim of assassination? And was not the inspector, Angelo Ballardini, also slain by a gradual death, having received, at intervals, thirty stabs of a stiletto,

before the eyes of his unfortunate wife, who clasped the knees of the murderer, and, wild with terror, conjured him to leave her husband sufficient life at least to confess his sins? The three brothers Borghigiani, were also murdered in the presence of their disconsolate wives, and their trembling children, who endeavored, with their tender hands, to ward off the furious blows of the assassins.

Young men of Italy! your noble bosoms shudder, when you read these inhuman horrors; but I ask you, do you believe that the unnatural murderers reached such a degree of cruelty and ferocity at one step? No; many of them are young men, who, a few years ago, were ingenuous, tender-hearted, and noble-minded—perhaps pious and affectionate, the joy of their parents, the delight of their friends, and the hope of their country. Who has rendered them thus inhuman, and cursed them with this thirst for blood? A perfidious seducer, who, with the words liberty, patriotism, and Italian independence on his lips, by degrees, dragged them into the Secret Societies, in which, bound by indissoluble oaths, they became more enslaved than chained wolves, and more ferocious than hyenas.

Oh, Italy, my beloved country! open thine eyes to their misfortunes! have compassion on the choicest portion of thy children, thy cherished and generous youth!



## CHAPTER X.

## THE BATTLE OF SANTA LUCIA.

MIMO and Lando had written to Bartolo, desiring to inform their mother of their approaching intention to return; but when they reached Padua, they were persuaded by the earnest entreaties of General Ferrari to continue the war under the Roman flag. They, in consequence, marched to Vicenza, where they remained in the garrison, until its capitulation, and returned to Rome about the middle of July, to throw themselves once more into the arms of their mother, and to share the caresses of Nanna. They inquired for their uncle and Alisa, and finding them absent from Rome, their impatience to see them, and to relate to them the interesting particulars of the death of Polissena, led them to Naples. They remained there a few days, admiring the splendor of that city, which is the most beautiful of Italy, and of the world; they then went by the railroad of Castellamare to Sorrentum, and immediately drove to the Syren, to join the company of their beloved relations, upon the attractive shores of that magnificent bay.

The day after their arrival was the festival of the Assumption of Our Lady; and they had learned from an advertisement in the papers, that the steamer, the

*Duca di Calabria*, would make an excursion in the Gulf, to take up, from the neighboring villages and villas, those passengers who wished to assist at the most delightful festival of Positano, and afterwards cross over as far as Amalfi, to give them an opportunity of contemplating that city. They gladly availed themselves of the opportunity of enjoying a trip which promised them so much pleasure, and in company with the two young ladies, Alisa and Luisella, and their fathers, they were among the first on board, when the beautiful steamer touched at the Syren. They admired, during the passage, those magnificent scenes, which present so many attractions to foreigners, and, on reaching the Positano, they were entertained by the inhabitants with a display of fireworks; after which, the passengers who wished to disembark were landed, amidst the sound of the most exquisite music, and the vessel continued its course to Amalfi. On arriving there, they landed and visited the ancient cathedral, which contains the relics of the holy Apostle St. Andrew. His altar is reached by a stairway, descending into the crypt, which corresponds with the great nave above. The altar is composed of the finest and richest marbles; and beneath it lies the brother of that great Peter, the rock upon which is erected the church of God, which can never fail. St. Andrew is represented upon the altar by a large and fine bronze statue, embracing that cross to which he aspired with such ardor, for the sake of Christ, and exclaimed, when he saw it, "*O bona Cruz, accipe me ab hominibus et redde me Magistro meo!*" "O good Cross, receive me from the midst of men, and restore me to my Master!"

When they had visited the rest of the cathedral, now

almost the only remnant of the former magnificence of Amalfi, they descended to the shore, and sailed in an open boat to Maiori, where they passed the night. The following morning, before sunrise, they were again rapidly skimming over the smooth waters, and soon doubling Cape Maiori, the Gulf of Salernum spread its ample bosom before them. The vivid and golden splendor of dawn diffused its brilliancy over the low beach of Pestum, which glittered and seemed to dance upon the trembling waves. After a light breakfast, Bartolo, who was burning with impatience to hear his nephews relate their adventures during the war, but who, in the midst of the delightful scenes through which they had passed in the preceding days, had found no opportunity of satisfying his desire, now said to them : " Were you only in Venice, or did you take part in the proceedings of the Piedmontese army before Verona ? Tell us something about it ; for in the Roman Journals we could glean only distorted accounts, florid fictions, and glaring falsehoods. We were told, at one time, that the Croats were routed and utterly annihilated ; then again, those same Croats, who had been dead and buried, sprang up again like mushrooms, and were again ready for battle. To-day, every bridge over the Adige was broken down, and the Austrians cut off on the left bank ; to-morrow, you find them, as if by magic, on the right bank, battling fiercely, now with the Lombard legion, again, with the Piedmontese ; but always, of course, swept away by storms of grape-shot, or cut to pieces by the Italian cavalry. In the evening, Verona was taken, King Albert entered in triumph, and the banner of the double eagle was torn down from the forts ; but, in the morning, the double

eagle had flown to the heights of Bussolengo, Pahsengo, and Cà dei Cavri, and was pouncing, like a thunderbolt, upon the eagle of Piedmont. Tell me what sort of fables are these? What saying and unsaying, what doing and undoing? It is a case precisely similar to that other monstrous falsehood, printed under our very noses, that *Father Perrone* advised the Pope to grant the Roman constitution, and the day after, shouted, 'Death to the Retrograders.' Per Bacco! these are morsels which take more than an ordinary throat to swallow."

"Uncle, listen a moment," said Mimo. "The Piedmontese are, beyond a doubt, brave soldiers; this is admitted even by the Austrians; and if you had read the Gazette of Verona, which frequently found its way into our camp, you would have seen, with your own eyes, that the Austrians lauded to the skies the valor of the troops from Piedmont and Savoy. This courtesy was not, however, extended by the Piedmontese generals to the Austrians, but they generally treated them as treacherous, barbarous, and cruel enemies, although, were it only to exalt their own valor, they could but concede that they met with great resistance from the army of Radetzky. However, my dear uncle, you need not wonder in the least at all the contradictions which you read in the Journals about the insurgent Italians, nor even spend a thought about such fables as were in those days published at random, making the Mincio sometimes flow backwards, and the Adige through the valley of the Brenta."

"Oh," said Bartolo, "I heard something of geographies which change mountains into rivers, and rivers into snow-capped and inaccessible mountains, and laughed

at them more than once in the Circolo Popolare in Rome. But of the barbarities of the Austrians, I believe that the dreadful accounts were but too true; their shooting the women, and running their bayonets through little infants, and their flaying alive poor, decrepit old men, are things which we can never sufficiently abhor; then, as relates to their burning unoffending people to death, and consuming entire villages, we need mention no other instance than the horrible tragedy enacted at Castelnovo, near Peschiera, until that time a populous, rich, and flourishing little town, but now wantonly reduced by the Austrians to a mound of stones and ashes, not a man or beast having escaped the fire."

"Gently, uncle, if you please. That even Piedmontese writers, who assume the tone of grave and solemn historians, should endeavor by such tales to frighten some old matrons, or some timid young girls, is not to be wondered at; but, to attempt to make us swallow them, who were eye-witnesses, is going a little too far, and becomes simply preposterous. If all those colonels, majors, and officers who write histories, had been wounded, and carried to the hospitals of Mantua and Verona, like the valiant and noble General d'Aviernoz, who, being disabled by a wound, was taken prisoner, like many other brave officers, they would testify loudly to the courtesy and extraordinary liberality with which they were received and treated by the Austrians."

"For my part," exclaimed Lando, "I can never forget the delicate and tender watchfulness of my dear Croatian heroine, Olga Ukassovich, whom I shall ever look upon as more than a sister."

"Why," continued Mimo, "many of our friends re-

lated to us the most wonderful cures effected by the assiduous care of the surgeons, and the patient and unabating charity of their priests, who spent whole nights by the bedsides of our comrades, performing every office of the most tender nurses."

"Shame upon those lying Journals!" cried Bartolo, "which never ceased railing against the cruelty of the Austrians. But how happens it, Mimo, that you have become all at once so much of an Austrian? You positively are more Austrian than Radetzky."

"Don't let that disturb you, uncle, but be assured, that I only do them justice, and I am by no means the only one, you must know, that has thus changed opinions; there are also innumerable Italian volunteers who were made prisoners, and who received from the Austrians a similarly kind treatment."

"Well, but the ferocity displayed at Castelnovo: I cannot get over that; I can't help shuddering with horror whenever I think of those poor country people, burnt alive in their own houses. Mimo, who were the authors of such a dreadful outrage? The Austrians showed themselves greater monsters than barbarous banditti."

"My dear uncle, I can sympathize with you in your indignation, for I myself saw the ruins, and, unable to restrain my tears, I was compelled to turn away my eyes. You ask who is to blame for such destruction, and I will tell you, or at least leave you to judge. Agustino Noaro, a Piedmontese officer, with a strong body of Lombard and Neapolitan volunteers, fell suddenly upon Castelnovo, and took by surprise a hundred Austrian foragers of the regiment of Geppert, whom

they made prisoners. Noaro entrenched himself within the place, and tore up the roads which lead to Verona, Mantua, and Peschiera; he broke down the bridges, fortified all the approaches with trunks of trees, digging trenches and deep pits at the entrance of every street, and throwing up high mounds within, which bristled with pointed stakes and chevaux-de-frise, so as to render all access with cavalry impossible. So far Noaro did all that a good and expert captain ought to do, but seeing that the peasants were attempting to withdraw from the place, with their wives, their children, and their cattle, he cruelly opposed their departure; he ought, at least, to have permitted the women, children, and old men to take refuge in Cola and at Laziza. But he refused, and with blows with the flat of their swords and the stocks of their guns, his soldiers forced them to carry soil, and turf, and beams, to the entrenchments. He even forced them to fight behind the defences, providing them with powder and ammunition which he had seized in the magazine near Peschiera, and sent persons to ring the alarm-bell in the tower of the parish church.

“The Taxis brigade soon arrived to dislodge the Lombards, and, meeting with a most obstinate resistance, the Austrians resorted to rockets, grenades, and bombshells, and, after partly ruining the defences with their missiles, and partly consuming them with fire, they assaulted the place, which they reduced, after it had been half burnt and destroyed. Noaro retreated with his men towards Lazize, and, by means of a long train of powder, blew up the powder-magazine, which, bursting with a tremendous explosion, and shaking the earth like a violent earthquake, levelled the other houses of

Castelnuovo, already half-ruined, upon the heads of the unfortunate remnant of its inhabitants."

"Yet," rejoined Bartolo, "to us they painted the Austrians as committing these atrocities for amusement, as roasting the women and children of Castelnuovo upon their spears, like the savages of Australia do at their horrible banquets."

"Mere tales to frighten children! Why, in the midst of all the blood and flames, even a kid, which had fled and leaped over the fosse, and was caught by the soldiers of Taxis, was carried by them out of the battle, and fed with grass. 'Poor little beast!' said they, as they caressed it. If Noaro had let the women, children, and old men go to a place of safety, the Austrians would have received them kindly, and comforted them in their distress. But while they misrepresent every action of the Austrians, they pass over in silence the real cruelty of the volunteers. You may recall to mind the barbarity of our legions near Treviso, when, meeting the Director of Police of Modena, and the Governor of Reggio, with the other unfortunate man from Este, they assailed them and mutilated them horribly, deaf to their cries for pity and mercy, and to their asseverations that they were good Italians, and not spies and traitors. All in vain! Like ferocious beasts they rushed upon them with their swords, gashed and lacerated them, and finally poured upon them a shower of balls, and dragged their dead bodies through the streets. We saw them with our own eyes, thus mutilated, mangled, and disfigured, their eyes protruding from their sockets, their mouths torn, and their fingers cut from their hands. The two generous and brave



young men, Marquises Patrizi, who had fought with such conspicuous bravery at Cornuda, at the sight of so atrocious and horrible a butchery, inexpressibly disgusted and burning with indignation, abandoned the legions, and refused from that moment to fight in the ranks of these furious demons. Alas ! uncle, what wolfish humanity ! And then turn it upon the Austrians !”

Don Carlo, turning to the brave Romans : “ Were neither of you,” he asked, “ at the battle of Santa Lucia, nor at the taking of Vicenza ?”

Lando replied that he was in Vicenza during both assaults ; the first on the 23d of May, and afterwards when it was taken, and bore witness to the Roman valor.

Mimo added : “ I can give you all the details of the battle of Santa Lucia ; for immediately after it, I was in the Piedmontese camp with Aser, and from the intrepid Roussy, the artillery officer who fought with such valor at the battle of Rivoli, at the foot of the obelisk erected by Napoleon, I heard all the most minute particulars—which have been familiarized by my conversations with some of the prisoners of Geppert who fell into the hands of the Piedmontese in subsequent combats.”

“ Good !” said Bartolo. “ Come, Mimo, you who have become another Xenophon, a Polybius, and a Vegetius in strategy, give us a detailed account of the fierce exploits of that battle, which, I have been told, had the semblance of a tournament, so bravely and with such knightly valor was it conducted and maintained by the valiant armies of Charles Albert and Marshal Radetzky.”

“ It was certainly so ; but if the Austrians, under great disadvantages from the insurrection of the whole

of Upper Italy, fought with such distinguished courage and were crowned with victory, the Piedmontese proved themselves no less bold and valiant, although commanded with less skill during the battle. In the first place, the generals of the latter were unacquainted with the ground, and while marching along the highways, and the roads of communication, extended in echelons, from Croce Bianca and Santa Lucia, they took no notice of the fields which, throughout the line, are of a stony nature, and the stones and flints and fragments of rock are piled up round the borders of the field in every direction, forming enclosures, diverging walls, and parapets, which prevented the extension of the columns, and baffled the operations of the artillery and the evolutions of the cavalry. From Cà de' Cavri to Sant' Agata, and thence to Lugagnano, as far as San Massimo, and on the left from the Filanda of the advocate Belviglieri to Bussolengo, those dead walls intersect and are piled upon one another, cutting up the country on all sides; while the vines, in festoons and rows, and the thickly planted mulberry trees, with their dense shade, increased the embarrassment: the line of battle ought therefore to have been formed in columns with narrow fronts, and in wedges, whereas it was extended in long files of little depth. The order of battle, besides these impediments, had also another defect, more serious than any other, namely, the neglect of the aides-de-camp in carrying with the requisite celerity the orders which they received to the generals, to whom they were to transmit the king's commands, to be drawn up in order of battle by six in the morning in the designated positions. These various movements were retarded by ignorance; and the rear-

guard and reserve were brought up too late to sustain the battalions, which gave way first on the left wing and then in the centre. With these introductory remarks, I proceed to the battle, one of the most brilliant and best contested which has been fought upon the plains of Italy, from the days of Massena and Napoleon to the present time. At daybreak the legions descended with animation, and elated with joy, from the heights between Goito and Pastrengo; the right wing in the direction of Santa Lucia, under the command of General Ferrere, with the brigades of Acqui and Casale, covered by the cavalry of Olivieri and supported by two batteries of cannon. In the centre, towards San Massimo, was King Charles Albert, confident in his strength, with Bava, his commander-in-chief, and surrounded by the brigades of Aosta, under General Sommariva, the Guards, under General Biscaretti, with the battalion Realnavi, and the company Griffini; the head of the centre was crowned by the vanguard, composed of the Sala cavalry, the brigades of Cuneo and Della Regina, commanded by the spirited Duke of Savoy, and aided by Generals D'Aviernoz and Trotti. The left wing was drawn out upon Croce Bianca, under General Broglia, with the third division, flanked by the cavalry of Count Robilant. The whole of the artillery was commanded by the valiant Duke of Genoa.

“Marshal Radetzky, sallying from Verona, led the invincible D'Aspre against the division of Broglia; opposite the right of Santa Lucia, the Austrian left was stationed. The valor of this division was animated to martial deeds by the eloquent exhortations of General Count Wratislaw, and the magnanimous young Archduke and future

Emperor Francis Joseph, and the Archduke Albert; General Clam posted the extreme left at Tomba; Marshal Radetzky drew up his centre opposite the centre of King Charles Albert. It was a fine and grand spectacle to see the accomplished cavalier of Italy matched with the most venerable old hero of the empire, a combat worthy of its famous theatre, in which bravery contended against prudence, ardor against coolness, the soldier-king and the daring warrior against the circumspect captain, and the wary but vigorous old man. Thus the line of battle occupied the whole bend of the Adige, between Chievo and Tomba, covering the ground before Verona from the trenches of San Zenone as far as Porta Nuova, and winding under the eminences of Croce Bianca and San Massimo.

“On the sixth of May, at that season when the fields are the most brilliantly enamelled with flowers, and the herbage most green, when the vines are budding, when the almond, peach, and apple trees are in the richest blossom, when the birds are warbling their sweetest songs, when the mild breezes are charged with perfumes, when the sky is serene; it was on this day and at this season, that men, whom neither sweetness of nature, nor the charms or place, nor season can soften, came forth with rage in their hearts to contend for the glory; the glory of slaughtering the greatest number of their fellow-men, to pollute with blood the smiling fields and the crystal streams. The battle commenced early in the morning, and the left wing cast itself impetuously upon Croce Bianca, to force the intrenchments of General D’Aspre. The brigade of Savoy, under General D’Ussilon pushed forward two battalions of the second regiment, and one

of the first, commanded by Colonel Mollard; but becoming entangled in the exceedingly intricate groves of mulberry trees, and the old walls, which break up and confine the fields, the impetus of their attack was weakened. When they reached the last of those piles of stone, they were assailed by a terrific fire from the artillery posted to receive them; their ranks were decimated, but they did not bend; many of the officers, to animate their men, fearlessly threw themselves among the ranks of the enemy, and with such impetuosity, that Carlo de Forax, son of the General, leaping with a sudden bound towards an Austrian lieutenant, wrenched his sword from his hand.

“Inundated, however, by a deluge of grape-shot and musketry, and harassed on all sides by clouds of skirmishers, who kept up an incessant fire upon their front and flanks, the columns of Broglia, after an hour of furious combat, were compelled to fall back. At this moment the intrepidity of Captain D'Ivoley was conspicuous: he had received a severe wound, but he still continued the contest; though his blood flowed freely, with one hand pressed upon the wound, he wielded his sword in the other until he received a second ball, which caused him to fall, still uttering words of encouragement to his soldiers. The Captains De Coucy and De Faverges were wounded at the same time, with many other brave men, who struggled fiercely to sustain the brigade of Savoy, which was by this time disordered, broken, and crushed by the onset of the Austrians; in the meantime, the left wing was totally routed under the fire of the columns, and the terrible charges of the Hungarian and Bohemian cavalry.

“While this bloody conflict was raging at Croce Bianca, the centre fell furiously upon the ranks of the Marshal; but fearless and immovable, the latter gave the vanguard so warm a reception, that to avoid the storm, they inclined in good order towards Santa Lucia. This movement partly uncovered the brigade of Aosta, which, like a parapet opposed itself to the sweeping torrent of dragoons that, in a compact mass, threw themselves upon the squadrons of the royal cavalry as they strove to withstand the furious shock. Those powerful and resolute men engaged hand to hand, brandishing their long swords, parrying and dealing cuts and thrusts with a fury that no defensive armor could resist. The dragoons of Aosta wore steel helmets, bound round the borders with shining seal-skin, above which rose, in glittering steel, the cross of Savoy; those of the Austrian dragoons were of varnished leather, bound with yellow brass: but such armor was of little avail to either party, for their thrusts and backstrokes fell with such crushing ruin that cheeks, jaws, and heads were cleft and gashed, shoulders and arms cut off, and breasts transpierced. They mingled in a confused medley, waving to and fro; at one time closing in dense masses, again opening in detached bodies; they wheeled, charged, and broke the phalanx into groups and files, with a din and a clashing of swords, and a terrific rush of horses, which seemed to involve them in inevitable destruction.

“The brave general, Sommariva, furiously pushed forward his brigade; but the commander of the Austrian artillery, turning his guns against his ranks, mowed them down, ploughing through them and tearing the wretched infantry in a horrible manner. In vain they

altered their front, formed in columns and rushed on obliquely; for the brigades of the Archduke Sigismund, and of General Wohlgemuth pressed upon them in every direction, in spite of the support of the powerful body of the Guards.

“The king, immovable in the midst of their furious fire, heard whistling round him the dense storm of balls, which passed through the hair of the carabineers of his escort and wounded their horses, yet with his eyes unceasingly intent upon the movements, the halts, the advances, the evolutions, he watched the cavalry and infantry rapidly mounting and descending those mounds of stone, as at the assault of parapets and trenches.

“He perceived, however, that the heat of battle had drawn the centre of the Marshal towards the left of Santa Lucia, where the Austrians, better acquainted with the ground than himself, had posted themselves partly in the Borgo and partly drawn up in ranks and in deep masses with the cavalry at both extremities, and the artillery in front and on either side of the village, behind the gabion and within the openings made in the walls. They had beforehand strengthened the houses with escarpments and barricades, with trunks and branches of trees, and in places with deep fosses, while the windows served as shelter, as openings for musketry, and as defences and retreats whence they could harass the enemy on every side. The Piedmontese, therefore, seeing the fierce assault, and desirous to force and conquer the position in order to fall upon the flank or the rear of the Austrians, there the rage and shock of battle became terrific, and there the valor of those two powerful armies was the most conspicuous.

“The troops of Generals Ferrere and Passalacqua had not yet taken up their positions, owing to the delay in communicating orders, wherefore a battalion of the Guards, urged on by their officers with cries of ‘*Courage men, forward!*’ hurled itself impetuously against the defences of Santa Lucia, and regardless of the fire of artillery and musketry, directed its course under the walls. Other battalions of the Guard having overcome the obstacles of the walls, trenches, and parapets, forced their way inside the defences and clambered up escarpments, copings of walls and palisades, with astonishing activity, clinging to every point of wood, every projecting brick, until they reached the window-sills, where they seized the barrels of the enemies’ muskets, and wrenched them from their hands: a gallantry and audacity which elicited, even from the Austrian generals, a well-merited praise: ‘How honorable and glorious,’ they cried, ‘to be opposed to such valiant adversaries!’

“But around the Cemetery of Santa Lucia, the shock and the onset of the royal troops were so fierce that the conflict seemed to have ceased in every other quarter except under those walls, the peaceful and sacred custodians of the dead, now made a fortification and citadel of defence between contending armies.

“The young Cavalier Torrazzi of Castelnuovo, was the first to rush intrepidly to the foot of the wall, and placing his feet and hands in the holes made by the cannonballs, he in a moment mounted to the top. The brave Guards, inflamed with ardor at this sight, rushed after him like leopards; the Ensign Lacosta sprang upon the wall and planted the Cross of Savoy upon its summit, which was soon inundated by a crowd of men, who, ever



ambitious of glory, escalated it in every part, and within the Cemetery, among the tombs and crosses of the dead, there ensued a bloody struggle at the point of the bayonet. The Austrians were driven out, but immediately, reinforced by fresh troops, they returned to the assault, and again obtained possession of the enclosure; the division of Arvillars, having joined that of Ferrere, they were a second time compelled to retire.

“In the mean time word was brought of the rout of the Piedmontese at Croce Bianca, whereupon the king, fearing that the columns of D’Aspre, in the ardor of victory would throw themselves upon his flank and rear, gave orders to sound the retreat. The Marshal, who, like a pilot, calm in the midst of the roaring tempest, observed every circumstance, the moment he saw the royalists abandon the fortifications of Santa Lucia, again sent forward his troops to take possession of them, to entrench themselves afresh, and to secure the defences. The compassionate and paternal heart of Charles Albert was torn with grief at the thought of the multitude of wounded who remained in the park of Fenilone, and who would fall into the hands of the enemy; he turned a severe look upon his generals, as his horse pranced furiously under him, and said: ‘Shall we then abandon so many brave men, who have shed their blood for me, to the mercy of the enemy? Who will cure those injuries? who will heal those wounds, Generals—Soldiers?’

“It was three o’clock in the afternoon when the Regina and the Cuneo brigades were seen coming up at full speed, with the Duke of Savoy at their head; ‘Sire,’ cried he to his father, ‘the brave men of Charles Albert shall never be left a prey to the enemy.’ On saying

this they threw themselves again, with a desperate onset, against Santa Lucia, breaking up and levelling the palisades and trenches. The cavalry of the enemy drove fiercely against the royal battalions, and forced their horses upon their ranks, cutting them down with their swords and trampling them to the ground. Still the Piedmontese, undismayed by the terrible shock of the imperialists, rallied, closed their ranks, and rushing like lions to the assault, for the third time charged with such fury that the enemy was again driven back.

“Then the Marshal, who, from the rout of the Broglia division had judged correctly of the issue of the battle, despatched his aide-de-camp Pimodan with orders to General Wratislaw to hasten with his entire reserve in order to retake Santa Lucia. The ground trembled beneath the tread of the cavalry, the roar of the musketry, the thunder of the cannon, the shock, the din, and the onset of that terrible struggle. The Archduke Francis Joseph animated his soldiers by his voice and sword, standing calmly in the midst of the balls, which flew around him on all sides, crashing against the trunks of trees, and scattering a shower of branches and leaves upon the combatants. While the Archduke Albert was debouching with his columns from a narrow pass, suddenly a Piedmontese battery, masked behind the mulberry trees, burst upon them with a heavy discharge of grape, which bore down everything before it; a cloud of dust, boughs, and brushwood covered the Archduke; a ball killed the horse under Count Wratislaw, another pierced the clothes of the Marshal’s aide-de-camp, and shattered the scabbard of his sword.

“The Austrians, however, swept onward and gained

the entrenchments of Santa Lucia; while Lieutenant Colonel Lutzendorf, with Generals Salis and Pimodan, dashed forward at the head of a battalion of the Archduke Sigismund's grenadiers, who with fixed bayonets rushed madly upon the royalists. Lutzendorf was killed in the charge, and General Salis was shot through the breast, and fell from his horse; and as he lay upon the ground he pressed the hand of the aide-de-camp of Radetzky—"My friend," said he, "have me carried" . . . He could say no more, and expired. At this moment the riflemen glided rapidly between the columns, and threw themselves upon the brigade of Cuneo; the Italians of Geppert followed them and fell beneath a terrific and concentrated fire: but a battalion of Prohaska, with the light troops of Count Koppal, burst upon the royal brigade and broke it; so that being thrown into confusion, it wavered, finally broke, and fled for safety upon the line of the centre. The Marshal again took possession of Santa Lucia, and the whole army of Charles Albert gave way, and filed off in full retreat. General Count Clam, who was on the extreme left, upon the Tomba, perceiving the defeat of the king's troops, pursued them rapidly to harass the rearguard.

"Thus terminated that famous battle, which, in the opinion of the intelligent and of men of judgment, was perhaps one of the best fought battles that ever took place upon Italian soil. A battle in which courage, bravery, skill, boldness, discipline, and knowledge of war shone simultaneously with the vivacity, graceful courtesy, and that warlike ardor—"

"Oh, pray have a little moderation, Mimo!" exclaimed Bartolo. "What courtesy and graceful vivacity can

there be in tearing each other to pieces, in maiming each other, and cutting off each other's fingers, arms, and legs, riddling each other with balls, decapitating, splitting, and chopping each other, heaven knows how ! Courtesy and gracefulness of mad animals ! you speak as if it had been a well-conducted dance, and a harmonious concert of music."

"What would you have, uncle ? Every one to his own taste ; and even in those charges, those assaults, that confused medley, some discern a dance, regulated by the measure, cadence, and the order of music, and give to that fierce engagement the name of a martial dance, because it is disciplined in all its movements with admirable harmony."

"Yes, sister Alisa ! don't you fancy you hear your old French dancing-master, scraping his violin, and crying to you, '*Allons ! Glissez ! Ballotez !* Point the toe,' &c. ; and here your fine cousin comes out with his dance of Mars, and describes it with a relish that makes his mouth water !"

"Those are conventional phrases, accepted by mankind as a figure of rhetoric by the rule of contrary ; thus, the *Stormy Cape* was called the *Cape of Good Hope*, to spare the fears of navigators ; so war is called a dance, instead of a butchery, a much more appropriate and suitable term. It so happens, that both the Austrians and the Piedmontese are agreed in calling the furious battle of Santa Lucia, a 'brilliant action.' In like manner the conflict of the 29th of April, was called a *chivalrous tournament*, when General Wohlgemuth was attacked near Bussolengo by the second division of the royal army."

"Wohlgemuth was alone, and sustained the terrific onset for four hours with marvellous courage, resting upon the Adige to prevent himself from being surrounded, but no succor arriving from Verona, he was obliged to recoil upon his left often, and proudly facing about with the light troops of Zobel and the Croatians of Kne-sevick."

"It is lamentable," said Bartolo, "that the Piedmontese should have met with such a terrible defeat, and that so many noble mothers should have to mourn over their sons slain or mutilated, or made prisoners of war! You can't conceive, my dear nephews, what anger and indignation swell my heart when I think of the slaughter and terrible butchery of our Italian youth, made a subject of mockery and sarcasm in all Rome by that Count Mamiani, who, as if it had been a victory, celebrated it with triumph, causing every bell upon the seven hills to be rung at midnight."

"It really resembled Christmas night, uncle. Everybody jumped out of bed, and ran to their window. 'What's to do?'—'What strange novelty is this?'—'The Capitol's on fire!'—'No, it's Montecitono!'—'God, what tribulation!'—'Nothing of the kind! it's the famous victory of Charles Albert: the courier has just arrived; the Austrians are routed; there is not a single Croat left in all Lombardy; Verona is the king's! Italy for ever! Death to the foreigner!'—'Tut! tut! was there any need to throw all Rome into a fit for that! The deuse take the bells! my wife's frightened out of her wits!'—'And my daughter has fainted; may the bells fall and crush the confounded rogues! Where is that Verona?'—'Why, away up yonder, no one knows how

far.'—'Is it on the other side of Naples?'—'Stuff, man,—it's farther than Narni, long past Terni!'—'In the name of wonder! and they're coming to lighten our purses for us, are they? If Verona's so far off, why, they can't hear all this clanging; confound the bells!' In the mean time, guns were fired from every window, balcony, and terrace; a roaring, and thundering, and re-echoing, which must have made itself heard at Albano and Monte Porzio."

"Do you remember, Mimo," said Lando, "those three demons that fired in our street? From the windows could be heard children screaming, women crying, old men coughing and groaning; it was horrible. All the time, troops of raving scoundrels were rushing through the streets, shouting to the bell-ringers, 'Ring, you knaves!' And because at the Gesu there was some delay, they began to thunder at the door, 'Ring! come out! up to your belfry, or else, ye villanous thieves, we'll come ourselves.' Poor old Cochetti put his head out of the window, and called to them: 'Have a little patience; let me dress myself, and then I'll go and ring!' Bang! a shot was fired at him, by one of the Ciceruacchians, and the ball whistled just over his hair, passed through a pane, and broke the architrave; had it been six inches lower, Cochetti would have had enough of ringing; they would have rung at his funeral the day after. But on the following morning, people were up early, and in the streets and piazzas, to learn what had happened, and to hear the news of this victory. Victory! yes, a defeat, a rout, an extermination, a flight, in utter and irretrievable confusion, leaving on the field, artillery, provisions, forage, and baggage; the soldiers

flying with headlong speed, trembling with terror, parched with heat, and fainting with hunger, marched; in small numbers, towards Milan, disheartened and almost lifeless, after sixteen hours of flight.”\*

While Lando was still relating this, the boat, which was taking them to Salernum, reached the beautiful cliffs of Citara, which are covered with trees of the most brilliant verdure. They spread their green mantle over the declivities with graceful beauty, and the snow-white little cottages, peeping from among the branches, give to that shore an admirable gaiety, and the most smiling variety. Citara, Raiti, and Vietri, stretch along the coast, curving and retreating down to the edge of the water, where the fishermen are seen gliding in their little barks, upon the tranquil mirror of the gulf.

As soon as the boat reached Salernum, they landed; and after paying an admiring visit to the vast manufactories for which that industrious city is noted, they went up to the ancient cathedral, which is honored by the sacred deposit of the body of St. Matthew, the Apostle, and illustrious for the sepulchre of the great and renowned St. Gregory VII., who died here an exile, a victim to his zeal for the honor of God; it was here, that his exhausted frame and his firm and invincible heart sunk to repose.

\* Some supposed that they have discovered an anachronism in this narrative, given by Mimo and Lando to Bartolo, of the bell-ringing of Rome; but these courteous monitors did not, perhaps, observe, that Mimo was at the battle of Santa Lucia, and Lando at the taking of Vicenza; the former was in May, the latter in June, while the defeat of Custoza was in the latter end of July. The two brothers were in Rome from the middle of July, and the bell-ringing of Mamiani was during the night of the feast of St. Ignatius, the 31st of July.

## CHAPTER XI.

## THE TAKING OF VICENZA.

AFTER visiting the other curiosities of Salernum, they proceeded to Cava, to see the ancient and famous monastery, which gave its name to the city, and all the surrounding country. When they were in the midst of a solitary and wild forest, they saw, towering high above the trees, the radiant crosses of the monastery, which hides itself within the embrace of a huge projecting mass of rock, that overhangs it with its immense compass, and serves in part as its roof. The rock near the church throws out an immense beak-shaped point, which descends boldly through the roof of the nave, forming a rugged mass, that seems ready to fall and sink into the pavement of the church, so well has the architect succeeded in suspending the arched wall around it, and in giving to that magnificent temple, the new and singular spectacle of that aerial hanging rock.

After they had examined the rest of this admirable retreat, taking leave of the courteous brother, who had shown them through the abbey, they pursued their way to Nocera, and turning a little to the left, they visited



the tomb of *St. Alfonso Liguori*. That amiable saint, to the most profound wisdom joined a burning charity and an appreciation of the laws of love and of the mild precepts of Christ. Alisa prayed to him, to obtain for her strength to subdue the affections of the heart, and to restrain them from breaking into extravagant, foolish, and fallacious fancies, which disturb the mind and distract the heart. Luisella asked the favor of a blessing in her approaching marriage with Tancredi, and the virtues, necessary for the responsible state into which she was shortly to enter.

At a short distance from Pagani they reached the railroad, and were rapidly carried to the station at Pompeii, where they intended to dine and then visit that wonderful city, which has been buried during so many ages, and now has once more almost entirely emerged to the light. After dinner they advanced along the hill and entered the narrow road which anciently led to the walls; they admired its pavement, which was composed of large blocks of stone, the elevated sidewalks, and the little arches which received the water in sudden falls of rain, and thus afforded a dry path to the citizens. At the end of this road or street they suddenly entered a large open space, and at once found themselves in the centre of the forum of Pompeii.

There the eye travels in amazement over the long vista of columns, the majestic temples of the tutelary deities, the imposing solemnity of the Curiae, the sublimity of the tribunals, the thrones of the senators, the halls of the assembly, the rostrums of the pleaders, the bases of equestrian statues, the rich busts of warriors, magistrates, poets, and other distinguished citizens. A

little farther is the palæstra, for the games of gladiators, pugilists, quoit players, and of racing; there are still seen the seats of the censors and the masters of gymnastics, who directed the youth, eager to acquire glory and to signalize themselves in the contests of the gymnasium. Lower down are the double theatre, the amphitheatre, the hippodrome, the swimming-baths, the porticoes of the public walks and markets, the military quarters, and the circus for chariot-races.

The whole city presents to the view of the observer a mournful spectacle of solitude, silence, and desolation; houses without roofs, long streets unenlivened by inhabitants, untenanted stores, workshops without workmen, fountains dry and joyless, ponds parched and gaping with cracks; everywhere are signs, inscriptions in Greek and Latin upon the shops and stores, while within, the niches are covered up with rubbish, the repositories broken in, the shelves broken down, the oil and wine vessels filled with mud, sand and pebbles, the ovens blocked up, the millstones split, the cisterns broken, and thrown upon the ground.

Nor does the exterior of the houses offer any consolation, although the majority of them are replete with every beauty and elegance which the exquisite and delicate Grecian could devise. Everywhere are most beautiful paintings and grotesque ornaments, prospective views, hunting scenes, fountains, valleys, novel and fanciful inventions boldly executed in tints and colors as lively and brilliant as if laid on only yesterday, and glazed with the most transparent varnish. All these rare beauties abound in the triclinia, the bedchambers, the galleries, the rooms, beneath the porticoes and

in the corbels of those ceilings which have withstood the enormous mass of ashes that covered, overwhelmed, and buried that unfortunate city.

The traveller who contemplates it, beholds all the luxury, pleasures, delights, ease, and voluptuousness, in which the wicked inhabitants of that city were formerly buried; unmindful of their own dignity, they abandoned themselves to vice and immorality, and God, in his eternal justice, blotted out this city from the earth, and entombed it with its walls, its piazzas, and its public and private monuments.

To-day she is prosperous; beautiful as a bride decked out for the feast; her citizens are in the midst of joy; her commerce is flourishing; her piazzas are overflowing with people; her courts are crowded; the games of her palæstra full of animation; her theatres crowded; her pleasures, joys, and merry dances unceasing and ever varying; her abandoned dissoluteness, unbounded and most abominable: to-morrow, this city, famed through all Campania and Samnium, supremely happy,—to-morrow she will be engulfed and suddenly buried, there shall not remain a vestige of her existence upon earth, until after the revolution of seventeen hundred years, when the genius of Charles III. shall raise her from her tomb as a testimony and a terror to nations that abandon their God, and cast him aside to wallow in carnal pleasures. To lead them to a similar state is the precise aim of the legislators of modern constitutions, quickened by the breath of Protestantism, which has in view a happiness purely terrestrial.

Bartolo and his company were all admiration in the midst of these novel and singular streets, crossways, and

narrow alleys, all long and straight, and ornamented at the intersections with fountains containing grotesque statues and tritons, through the mouths of which the water was conducted by pipes: and in the houses they gazed upon those beautiful square courts with jets of water, and cascades, and little ponds in the middle, for the purpose of enlivening and cooling the portico which surrounds them. The floors are inlaid as if with cornelians, onyxes, sardonyxes, jasper, amethysts, agates, and amber, presenting to the eyes garlands of roses and fanciful delineations interwoven in the most graceful and varied forms, which on being moistened with pure water display themselves in the most lively and brilliant colors. Here and there are squares of Mosaic minutely and most skilfully inlaid with pebbles and gems, representing, in the most beautiful manner, imaginative figures, animals, shells, fishes, birds and foliage, drawn and executed with the most exquisite art: everything upon those walls, those marble pavements, within those porticoes, breathes the elegance and richness of Grecian genius, and of the Attic school.

Gradually proceeding, they passed beyond the walls, where, bordering the road, stand the marble sepulchres of the Pompeians, erected to the memory of the departed, by those citizens, for whom the whole city was shortly to become a sepulchre, in which they were retained until smothered and crushed beneath the consuming ashes of Vesuvius. There are seen most beautiful urns of white marble, with inscriptions, sculptured foliage, and bas-reliefs: others are in the form of temples, cells, mounds, and obelisks; here are funereal urns, covered by the sindon of amiantus that enwrapped the

corpse as it burned upon the pyre, and contained the ashes and bones; there rises a little edifice sacred to the Manes; further on, an Acherontic column, and next a sarcophagus, sculptured with gorgons and furies at the angles of the lid.

While they were examining these curious remains, Don Carlo, perceiving that all the company, as well as himself, were fatigued and overcome with the heat, proposed that they should sit down and rest awhile beneath the shade of one of the monuments. All readily acquiesced, and when they were a little refreshed by the breeze which descended from the summit of Vesuvius, and, after cooling itself in the Sarno, played among the tombs, Bartolo, turning to Lando:

"Oh you," said he; "I remember that you contracted a certain debt which remains unpaid; acquit yourself of it now, my fine boy!"

"My debts are every day so rapidly increasing, that I believe, dear uncle, I shall never have it in my power to acquit myself of them."

"Pay off at least the last one; that, you remember, you contracted upon the Gulf of Salernum, when you promised, you know, to relate the taking of Vicenza. Beneath the shade of these tombs, under the walls and near the gates of this disinterred city, amidst the sad memories of its ruins, in the silence which reigns and broods over it, you can relate the heart-rending disasters of that beautiful and elegant city, the most graceful of the Venetian territory, which sustained so ruinous a shock of war, lamented so many palaces consumed and ruined, mourned for so many evils and so many deaths, such destruction and devastation in its beautiful streets."

“Yes, dear uncle, it is a subject that wrings the heart even to recall it to mind, and while I admired the bravery of the Roman volunteers, I could not restrain my tears at the horrible spectacle before my eyes;”—so saying, he took his seat opposite them, upon a portion of a broken column, and began his narrative.

“The assault of Vicenza cost us much blood; nothing in the war of Venice equals or even approaches it, although we know not yet to what straits the city of Venice may be reduced, should it persevere in the bold resolution to sustain a siege. Vicenza owed the obstinacy of its defence in a great measure to the Swiss, who occupied the batteries of Monte Berico, and who kept the Austrians so much in awe, that it was considered impossible to reduce those formidable and inaccessible fortifications.

“Monte Berico rises above Vicenza, and while it commands the whole city, it also constitutes its chief ornament. Upon its summit rises majestically a temple of unequalled magnificence, and shoots upwards from its elevated site a bold, elegant, circular cupola, terminating in a cross pointing to heaven. The temple is sacred to the Mother of God; has scattered in every part of it the richest productions of the most distinguished geniuses of Italy,—carving, stucco, sculpture, marble, mosaic, and choice painting of the most consummate taste, beauty, and skill.

“Both Monte Berico and the entire city had been fortified by the Italians and Swiss with every appliance of modern science. Upon the walls and at the gates of San Bartolo, Santa Lucia, Castello, and in force at

the Paduan gate, were posted the Roman legions, who, on the 20th of May, repulsed the first attack of General Count Thurn, who was marching from Fontenine with Nugent's army towards Verona."

"How!" interrupted Bartolo; "on the 20th of May there was merely an incursion of Ulans,—a trifling skirmish."

"It was such, however, that Count Thurn was compelled to retire in discomfiture. Being desirous on his passage, by way of a little diversion, to make himself master of Vicenza, the vanguard of the Banati of Temeswar, with a squadron of Ulans commanded by the young officer, Count Zichy, made an assault upon the first houses of the suburbs, but our sharpshooters receiving them with a warm salute from the windows, the Banati drew off. Then Zichy, leaping from his horse, seized a musket, and, animating his soldiers, led them back to the assault; he bounded up the first parapet of a barricade, but a ball struck him above the left eye, and, with his skull pierced, he fell back into the fosse.

"Hereupon Count Thurn himself brought up fresh troops, and renewing the assault, rushed into the houses which he took, and again advanced: General Prince Edmund Schwarzenberg joined him, and placing himself at the head of the column, encouraged his men under a storm of musketry, grape, and balls. Such was the fearlessness of these two brave generals, that their aids were slain at their sides. As they dashed forward towards the walls, they were met by our legions, posted in the gardens above, with a terrific fire; and Thurn was compelled to beat a retreat, and retire, hard pressed by General Durando, who pursued him with the legions.

This lasted until the grenadiers of Piret Kisky, with the heavy artillery, turned upon them, and compelled them to retire into Vicenza. On the 23d, hearing of our negligent supineness, they faced about, by order of Radetzky, and with their whole force fell upon us with the greatest impetuosity; but again meeting with a warm reception from Monte Berico in front and flank, and seeing the Swiss and the legions prepared to meet them, they considered it wise not to expose themselves further, and pursued their way to Verona.

“When Marshal Radetzky found himself reinforced by the army of the Tagliamento, he began to prepare his plans, and with his usual foresight, before coming to blows with Charles Albert, he resolved to rid himself of the garrison of Vicenza, which might assail him in the rear. With this view, after spending a short time in marches and counter-marches, and in reconnoitering the positions between Mantua and the Mincio, he, with a feint of encamping in the Mantuan territory, and of maintaining, at the same time, a strong guard over Verona, kept the king at bay. In the mean time, he ordered General Hess to make secret preparations for an organized attack upon Vicenza, and on the fifth of June he raised his camp, publishing a report that he was marching upon Padua, and detaching two brigades towards Verona, he caused them to defile within view of the advanced posts of the Piedmontese, to mislead the king into the belief that he had withdrawn his army into Verona. But lo! the two brigades had scarcely entered the city by the Porta Nuova, when General Culoz, with five thousand four hundred men of the garrison, issued by the Vicentina gate.



“Culoz made a forced march through San Bonifazio, and thence, what is almost incredible, he clambered up, with the whole of his artillery, across the mountains of Arcugnana, to fall from above upon Monte Berico. Such is the steepness of the ascent, the precipitous cliffs, clefts, rocks, and abysses, so rugged and impracticable, that even goats can scarcely find a footing. The soldiers crept up, clinging with their hands and feet; many were precipitated into the gulf, and were killed; the horses climbed along those narrow ledges, trembling and snorting with terror, as they found themselves with scarcely space enough for their four feet, hanging over the precipices. But the manner in which they dragged up the artillery and the heavy ammunition-wagons, we are not informed by the mountaineers. When the sappers were unable to level the rugged rocks to form a path of sufficient width, the carriages were upheld by main strength and with ropes, two wheels resting upon the narrow ledge, and the other two in the air over the abyss; if a horse fell, which rarely happened, the traces were cut, and it was at once let fall over the precipice. In short, after midnight on the morning of the 10th, the men and artillery of Culoz reached the crags which overhang Monte Berico.

“In the mean time Marshal Radetzky crossed the Adige, at Legnago, and arrived at Montagnana on the 8th, and on the 9th encamped before Vicenza. At dawn, on the following morning, our men, seeing from the walls of Monte Berico, the groups of Tyrolese riflemen, were struck dumb with amazement; but they soon recovered their surprise. ‘We’ll soon wing that handful of hawks, up yonder,’ said they, ‘and nail them up as scarecrows

on the gates and walls of the city.' But when they saw companies and battalions concentrating upon the steeps, they began to prepare for their defence, by placing upon the advanced works the Swiss of Latour, the third Roman legion, commanded by Gallieno, the riflemen under Ceccarini, and the company of Fusinato, commanded by Massimo d'Azeglio, a man distinguished for his valor, no less than for his pencil and his pen. The Austrians poured in dense rushing masses down the declivities, and over the rocks, impetuously, against the outer fortifications, drove our legions from the breast-works, and precipitated them from their defences, and like raging lions, assailed our batteries.

"In the mean time, those batteries which had been directing their fire upon the masses as they descended from the heights of Arcugnana, saw with amazement, numerous pieces of cannon perched upon the summits of the rocks, as if they had fallen from the clouds, for they had thought it impossible that human presumption could go so far as to attempt to drag them up among those broken peaks. Hence terror and consternation ensued among our men.

"Colonel Del Grande saw from a high belfry that a large portion of the fortifications, occupied by Gallieno and D'Azeglio, were already in flames, and D'Azeglio was wounded, while the Austrians were masters of the outer defences, and were rushing against our positions, in the midst of the most terrific fire.

"The Swiss fell back, and were warmly pursued; they again rallied and renewed the attack. At this moment, Del Grande ordered up reinforcements to the Porta Padovana. General Culoz, with the main body of his

troops, drove the Swiss back behind the trenches; and then halting, waited until the Marshal should attack the city from the plain below. His batteries were then drawn from the summits, half way down the hill, where they were worked upon the great esplanade, and from their elevated position overthrew and crushed everything before them. Colonel Reischac, with his soldiers, made a furious assault upon a formidable stockade formed of beams; the Colonel, with his usual daring, was among the first who leaped upon the summit; but scarcely had he touched the top when he fell pierced with balls. General Culoz brought forward his bravest men, and in a short time the whole fortification was in the hands of the enemy. Still no respite followed; the battle was renewed beneath the platform; the chasseurs of Koppal rushed forward to the assault, and precipitated themselves over the scarp, clinging to the twigs and tufts of grass, and the smallest object that afforded a hold. In this charge, Colonel Koppal and many other officers were mortally wounded; but Captain Jablonski having scaled the breastwork, the esplanade and platform, fell into the hands of the enemy. A universal shout of joy arose on all sides; the Swiss, abandoned (it must be confessed) by the legionary troops, retreated into the basilica and barricaded the doors; the chasseurs, with the Ogaliners, and other battalions pursued them; they battered in the doors, and a terrific struggle took place in the church. The Swiss met them in desperation at the doors, with levelled bayonets; they rallied behind the pillars, and entrenched themselves in the chapels and confessionals. The house of God was inundated with blood, which flowed over the marble pavement.

The battle raged upon the altars themselves, the holy images were pierced with balls, the columns were shivered, the stuccoes torn from the walls. The chapel of the Madonna, so rich, so precious, so much revered through the whole Venetian territory, was made a stronghold and bulwark against the assailants. Finally the Swiss fled through the side-doors, leaving the basilica strewn with dead and wounded, and filled with blood and desolation."

"Oh, most holy Madonna," exclaimed Alisa, "what bloodshed under your own eyes! What horror! And you, Lando, where were you during that dreadful confusion?"

"First, I hastened with the legion to oppose the enemy, when they had forced the outer fortifications, and when these were lost we rallied again, behind the inner defences, which we maintained for two hours against the Croatian grenadiers, who crowded upon us with overwhelming fury. Our soldiers were exhausted with thirst, fasting, and heat; and Gallieno sent me to forage in the villas round Monte Berico, to collect bread and wine to refresh the combatants. Oh, what destruction, Alisa! What ruinous waste of everything! The beautiful cottages, the sumptuous palaces of the nobles, had been, I don't say robbed, but plundered and devastated by the depraved legions, who thus repaid the courtesy of the people of Vicenza. In consequence of the suddenness of the assault of the Austrians, the citizens who had retired to their suburban villas, to escape from the quarrels and tumults of the soldiery, now found themselves destitute of every necessary. I found the larders plundered, the wardrobes overturned, the wine-

casks pierced, or with their stopples forced out, in the cellars, and the wine already wasted upon the floors. The presses, cupboards, chests, and safes burst open and the money stolen, with a rapacity surpassing that of Bedouins. The beautiful paintings of Titian, Tintoretto, Paolo, Giorgione, and Giambellino, which adorned the noble and rich apartments, were torn and pierced with the points of swords and bayonets, and hanging in shreds from the gilded frames; sofas and couches, covered with the finest velvet, had been ruthlessly cut and pulled to pieces, to see if money were concealed within. The splendid tapestry of Flanders was torn away; the frescoes of the walls were scratched; the large mirrors of Paris and Murano shivered; the splendid tables, inlaid with foreign wood and rare marbles, and ornamented with rich carving, reduced to fragments, and scattered over the bright mosaic pavements; the magnificent Vienna pianos, harps of ebony and ivory, the cut crystals of Morghen, Longhi, Bartolozzi, and Volpato, broken and crushed. When I saw that the fortune of Italy was desperate at Monte Berico, I ran down to the Porta Padovana, to join the legions and fight against the masses of the Hungarian, Bohemian, and Moravian battalions, who roared round our fortifications like lions. Notwithstanding the storm of balls which hailed upon us, not one of us moved from the post assigned him, more than if he had been rooted to the spot. Upon the countermure, within the gate, our Colonel Del Grande was struck dead, and Major Morelli was wounded by the same missile. The battalion of Ancona, the carabineers, and our own company, inspired by the captains, kept their ground like a wall

of bronze upon the parapets, at the trenches, and behind the palisades of the terreplain. None yielded, none grew weary, although fasting, under a burning heat, and in the midst of a deadly struggle. But while the Roman troops were thus gloriously repelling the attack during so many hours, General Culoz, already master of the heights, the esplanade, and the great terrace of Monte Berico, planted, in battery, against the wretched Vicenza, seventy guns, of every calibre. If that city had contained nothing but the Olympic theatre, an admirable production of Palladio, and the marble palace of the Signoria, it ought to have been considered a sacred city, and reverently exempt from every attack; but it is moreover full of palaces, built by the master hands of Serlio, Sansovins, Palladio himself, and Sammichaeli, admirable and unequalled edifices; it has temples of wonderful architecture, and monuments of every beautiful and elegant art. But, perhaps, the fault lies with the Austrians!"

"No," said Bartolo; "the Austrians had been in possession of the city for above thirty years, and had embellished it. Therefore, the fault of such disasters is theirs who drove the Austrians to reconquer it; yet you ask: 'Whose is the fault?'"

"Imagine those seventy brazen volcanoes vomiting forth upon us fire, flames, balls, and bombs! The sun was darkened, so dense and black was the whirling cloud of smoke which arose from them. From the gates could be heard the crashing of falling roofs, of ruined walls, and of rooftrees and beams blown into the air. Groans, screams, and weeping on every side; the shells bursting through the floors and ceilings, tore through the main walls and

exploded in the places where the trembling families had taken refuge, the fragments carrying away their limbs and tearing their breasts: fathers or mothers were frequently killed before the eyes of their terrified or wounded children: and there were none to succor them. While the Roman legions fought desperately at the gates, and upon the walls, the Vicenzians, seeing their city made desolate and consumed by the batteries of Monte Berico, raised a white flag; and General Durando, disregarding the opposition of Galletti, who declared that not a foot of ground had been yielded, proposed a capitulation. Our comrades, Alberi and Ruspoli were sent to negotiate, and concluded with Marshal D'Aspre:

“1st. That the legions should evacuate the place with the honors of war.

“2d. That the garrison should not serve against the Austrians for three months.

“3d. That Vicenza should be recommended to the generosity and courtesy of the Marshal.’

“On the morning of the 11th of June, General Hess ratified and signed these conditions for Marshal Radetzky; and Colonel Casanova for General Durando.

“After mid-day, the legions marched out with flying colors. The Austrians admired the elegant uniforms of the legions, but when they saw the Swiss filing out before them, they could not refrain from crying out: ‘You are a phalanx of heroes!’ And even the wounded marched proudly on, with their heads bandaged, or their arms in slings, while the Austrian officers accosted them, and shook hands with them, praising their valor in the highest terms. Some, however, of the aids of the Marshal, at the sight of their departure, with drums beating

and arms in their hands, murmured at so gentle a treatment:—"Has all this blood," said they, "been shed that these theatre heroes should thus pass before our faces, triumphing with this vaunting air?" On that same evening, the army was put in rapid motion, by the Marshal, towards Verona; and on the following day, they met the King, who being as yet ignorant of the surrender of Vicenza, was hastening towards it with reinforcements; the Marshal drew up his army beneath the esplanade of the walls, and compelled him to retire."

"Ah, ha! the old fox!" cried Bartolo; "he knows a trick or two! He wanted first to be secure of Vicenza, to protect his rear, and then to bestow his attentions upon the Piedmontese, which he did with such affability, that they fled to Milan, and thence across the Ticino. But tell me, Lando, is it true that you were received in Rome, on your return, like the old Roman Consuls, who after conquering Gaul, Germany, and Britain, marched in triumph to the Capitol?"

"Most true. They came out to meet us as far as Ponte Molle; the Roman Senate, with the princes and dukes and countless crowds of people, placing crowns of laurel upon our heads, and showering upon us clouds of flowers from the windows."

"And what would they have done, if instead of losing Vicenza, they had stormed and taken Vienna itself? I heard afterwards, that in order to render themselves worthy of their laurels, they refused the quarters assigned them, and taking by assault the professed house of the Gesu, ensconced themselves in that citadel, which they did not find contested by the Croatian cannon: and they permitted themselves to murder, at the door of their



quarters, that unfortunate priest, Ximenes, who had come to embrace his two brothers on their return."

"Pray, uncle, speak not of it, in pity for Rome! Neither Mimo nor I, nor any true young Roman, ever set foot upon that ensanguined threshold, or in that sacrilegious den of miscreants, who pollute the walls with every horror, and make them resound with unspeakable blasphemies. I saw, with my own eyes, the paintings of saints and other holy objects, which had been secretly removed, by a good young man, from among them, after they had been torn and disfigured in the most ignominious manner; and such was the rage with which everything holy seemed to inspire them, that even the emblems of Jesus were broken off the sculptured marbles, and from every place where they were visible. Ah, uncle!"

Lando rose from his seat, and observing that the sun was descending upon the horizon, invited the company to leave Pompeii and to return by the railroad to Castellamare. They arrived there about dusk, and taking a carriage, they passed over Capo di Scutari, and descended through the sweet-scented gardens of Meta to Sorrentum. There the two young men entertained themselves a few days with their uncle and cousin, then returned to Naples, and after a few days spent at Pozzuoli, Baia, Capo di Miseno, Caserta, and on Vesuvius to see the crater, they returned to Rome.

Bartolo and Alisa remained during the greater part of September at Naples, to assist at the nuptials of Luisella and Tancredi, which were celebrated with joy and every sign of future felicity. Their friends and acquaintances declared that their marriage was the fruit

of the most ardent and delicate filial love; and a controversy arose as to which of the two had the greater merit in saving their father: whether Tancredi, who had rescued him, after he was wounded, and carried him through that terrible shower of balls from the barricades; or Luisella, who received him in her arms and guarded him with such well-advised foresight, from the new dangers that might beset him in his own house.

## CHAPTER XII.

## COURTESY AND GRATITUDE OF YOUNG ITALY.

BARTOLO on his return to Rome, spent a short time in his pleasant villa at Albano, where he was visited by many of his friends and acquaintances. He saw that the political horizon was more gloomy than ever; that the insolence of the factions was triumphing without restraint; that the Pope now possessed but a faint shadow of temporal power, and even his spiritual authority itself, if not openly disputed, was cramped in a thousand ways, by a thousand devices, and with a mute opposition, masked under a hypocritical modesty.

In the mean time Sterbini, the Prince of Canino, and Mamiani were attending the general conference of the societies at Turin, under the presidency of Mazzini, and every effort was made to force King Charles Albert to plunge again into war with Austria. Their partisans in Tuscany and Rome were equally eager for a renewal of the contest, although they displayed their prudence by leaving its dangers to others; for they themselves had matters of greater importance to attend to, and appeared greatly to prefer domestic quiet and prosperity. As far as their own warlike ardor, therefore, was concerned, it evaporated innocently in demonstrations, dinners, and torchlight processions. Mamiani had been succeeded

in the ministry by Count Rossi, who exerted all his influence, in defiance of the threats of the societies, in seeking to restore order and security. On the first of September, the first number of that infamous sheet of caricatures, called the *Don Pirlone*, was issued by the conspirators, and in conjunction with the *Pallade* and its compeer the *Contemporaneo*, lent its aid in hurrying Rome into the abyss which the societies had dug beneath it. The chief writers of the *Contemporaneo* were Sterbini, Agostini, and Torre, who set actively to work to counteract the efforts of the minister. Those three publications labored in company; they placed before their eyes the example of Leghorn, which had overthrown the legitimate ministry, and elected a revolutionary government under Guerazzi, Montanelli, Pigli, and other chief supporters of the secret societies. They urged the *Barbieri* of Mazzini, who were thickly sown in every quarter of Rome, to redouble their machinations and threatening demonstrations. Sterbini would shortly return to Rome, and Ciceruacchio had his lansquenets in full operation. Atrocious calumnies and every treacherous artifice were resorted to; and where these failed, an unsparing use of assassination supplied every deficiency. When Bartolo, therefore, entered Rome, he was deeply concerned to find matters altered so much for the worse, during his five months' absence—from May to October. He was amazed at the discovery that many even of his own friends, who had been most eloquent in their praises of the Pope, and most ostentatious in their demonstrations of love and respect, instead of having their eyes opened to their danger, had now ranged themselves among his avowed enemies. He went to see his sister-

in-law, to relieve the indignation which was suffocating him. As she saw him entering with a wild look and in a chafed mood: "Where," said she, "have you left Alisa?"

"Ask me rather where I have left myself; I am lost, and I am in vain feeling my way to discover where I am."

While Bartolo was conversing with Adele, Mimo entered.

"Ah! I have just been seeking you, dear uncle," he said; "and not finding you at home, I took a turn through the Piazza Colonna, through the Via de Condotti, and even into the Piazza di Spagna, to see you, as I wished to have a little conversation with you upon an affair of moment."

So saying, they retired to Mimo's room, and he continued:

"This morning I received a letter from Aser, from the hands of a young Prussian, who informed me that it was given to him with strict injunctions to deliver it to me without fail; it is of such a tenor that I think it requisite to communicate it to you. Here it is:

"MY FRIEND—You know that at the taking of Vicenza I was in Venice, making an effort to restrain General Pepe from entering upon a desperate course there; and to cool the intemperate rashness of Manin, who is urged by the old Neapolitan to bring down nothing less than final ruin upon that noble and queenly metropolis of the Adriatic. But finding that they prefer their own blind stubbornness (always, however, watchful over their own safety), to the lives, anguish, and extreme

desolation of so many fellow-countrymen, who are the most courteous, the most accomplished, and the most Attic people of Italy, mourning over the fate of Venice and of its precious monuments, I withdrew into Banato. There, among those unpolished but brave and hospitable Magyars, I remained some time, meditating at leisure upon the hopes, fears, deliberations, rebellions, and the war in Italy, from the year forty-seven until now. You know, Mimo, how ardently I longed for the independence of our country; fatigues undergone, money spent, property and person devoted to it with a resolute and constant heart, are proofs of this; but it is hard to confess it, I have been driven to the clear conviction that the Italian people neither know nor appreciate that true and divine liberty which renders states happy and glorious. You yourself have witnessed the drunken follies which have been committed in Rome, Naples, Tuscany, Piedmont, and Lombardy; and to all these insipid puerilities is attached the name of liberty. To me it resembled a swarm of released schoolboys, who rush forth jumping and shouting from school, exulting in a vacation which they have wrested from the master by dint of shouts, hisses, and childish rebellion. Then in war—heaven preserve us! Let us not contaminate ourselves, my friend, by the recollection of it. With the exception of the brave and well-disciplined Piedmontese army and that handful of valiant Neapolitans of the tenth regiment, the rest of the Italian volunteers—I speak in general terms—were a herd of licentious madmen, many of whom rushed to the cannon's mouth with the fury of the bear, which bounds against the pikes and spears of its hunters; and then they boast of their courage, as if

courage were a mad rage and not rather the greatness and nobleness of an elevated and resolute spirit, guided by wisdom and coolness of mind and heart.

“‘Now all this, if you will, was but the first ebullition of the moat in the vat, which bubbles, boils, and finally runs over foaming, and sparkling, forcing lees, refuse, and crudities of the grapes to the top, which intoxicates you if you approach it, merely by its spirit and vaporation. But this ferment and this frenzy spend their fury upon the people, who sink with exhaustion ; so much the more, believe me, in Italy, where the people are either indifferent to all these novelties, or impatient of them ; novelties which have been introduced, in the name of the Italian nation, by the very dregs and refuse of the populace of Italy. Notwithstanding this, however, the conspirators never rest ; they never cease to concoct new troubles and new disasters ; and learn now, that the darkest cloud is gathering over Rome. The Mazzinians are laboring audaciously to attain their object, by cunning, or by force and sudden violence.

“‘I beg of you to inform Bartolo of this in secret ; let him, without delay, look to himself, and that angelic daughter of his, Alisa—’ ”

“Oh, what would the man be at ?” interrupted Bartolo. “Is this anything more than the chitchat of those old bearded friends of ours ?”

“Listen, uncle,” rejoined Mimo.

“‘At Rome you are on the eve of a great coup-d-main. The Mazzinian faction is tired of *Statutes* and *Constitutions*, and has resolved to cut them short. It will gild with fine words its resolutions, but it has already resolved upon the destruction of everything in Italy.

Proudhon, Ledru Rollin, and Blanc precipitated matters with headlong speed in France; Mazzini is desirous to show them that he can bring to perfection in Italy, that, which ends in smoke in France, Austria, and in Prussia. Already Leghorn is in readiness; Genoa stands prepared; Rome, which is less well-informed, will see the deadly plot burst upon it on a sudden. Tell Bartolo to leave Rome and to withdraw to some more tranquil country, for example to Vevey, or Roll, upon Lake Lemane, but the best place would be Geneva.' ”

“Why really, Aser threatens us with utter ruin!” exclaimed Bartolo, half in jest and half in terror.

“Uncle, I don't know what to make of it, but here Aser adds something which throws a little light upon it.

“It has been decided by the Mazzinians to dispose of the Pope, the Cardinals, the Prelates, and the entire clergy; they will either effect this, or they will resort to unheard of atrocities. You good people don't know these fiends; they are capable of blowing up St. Peter's, the Vatican, the Quirinal, and whatever else you have of beauty and excellence in Rome, and if they stop short of that, it will not be through good will; learn that you have in Rome more barrels of powder than you have cupolas and belfries, and more boxes of stilettoes than of torches and candles. You also, Mimo, do not permit yourself to be taken unawares: place your money in safety, and let Bartolo do the same; let him remove his best effects from his suburban villas; let him sell even his horses, and withdraw in good time. To-morrow I start to the Hungarian war. Salute Lando. Adieu.

“Your friend,

“ASER.

“PANSOWA, Oct. 2d, 1848.”



When Mimo had read this obscure letter, Bartolo was divided between two opinions, either that Aser had received some ill treatment at the hands of the leaders of the *Circolo Romano*, and therefore imputed to them such detestable intentions, or he had been misinformed on the affairs in Rome, and drawn these sinister conclusions.

“No doubt,” said he to Mimo, “these men harbor the worst designs, but the Pope is at present more secure of his authority than under the ministry of Mamiani, who had really cast him aside like an old vestment; but the minister, Rossi, seems truly intent upon restoring order and a firm government of the state,—upon clipping the wings of the press; encouraging the good; strengthening the police; disciplining the soldiery; and raising up the financial credit.”

But Bartolo overlooked the fact, that if Pellegrino Rossi was well-intentioned, his enemies were only the more resolutely bent upon his ruin. They had now returned from the grand conference at Turin, and Rome was immediately a scene of excitement and confusion, never surpassed. The intentions of Rossi were falsified, the fears and credulity of the simple populace were as usual worked upon, to aid in their own ruin, in the downfall of the minister. Every species of calumny was busily disseminated among them against him; and the leaders of Young Italy soon devised a more expeditious means of accomplishing their aim.

At Turin it had been resolved to strike a final blow for a republic in Rome, and to overthrow every obstacle that opposed it; at Leghorn, at a banquet given to the Roman envoys, of the most furious of the conspirators, it was resolved, “that if the minister, Rossi, persevered

in thwarting the operations, now led almost to a successful issue, he should be removed at every risk;" at Frascati, at another banquet, the nail was driven home.

"Let Rossi die by the knife."

"When?"

"At the opening of the chambers."

"Where?"

"Either in alighting from his carriage, or in ascending the stairs, or at the entrance of the hall of the Assembly."

"Who shall strike the blow?"

"One will not suffice, a thousand accidents might occur to baffle his attempt; the failure would destroy and banish every hope; let there be three."

"Who?"

"Let them cast lots, and let fate decide."

Above twenty assassins were held in readiness for every crime; each of them, already stained with blood, of flinty heart, deadened conscience, to whom life or death was equally welcome. On the following night they were brought together in a cave on the Esquiline; the leader of the conspiracy made his appearance, threw their names into a box, shook it, and before drawing cast his eyes around upon them with a firm gaze. Catiline on the night when he had gathered round him the murderers to whom he wished to commit the death of the senators and the conflagration of Rome, stood before his satellites, with a countenance not more livid, with eyes not more grimly lurid, than this monster.

The new Catiline, with eyes glaring upon them:

"Young men," said he, "Rome—Italy is in your hands! liberty must flow from the points of your dag-

gers! Sprung from blood, it will be more glorious; purchased with steel, it will be more strong! Present your daggers; cross them, and say: 'He who draws the lot, and turns faint-hearted, for his cowardice shall have these points in his heart.' Swear!"

They joined their blades, crossed them, clashed them together, and swore:

"Death to Rossi!"

Then the man of death raised the box, drew out three names, dismissed the rest, and remained with the elected murderers. The ancient cave communicated through a fissure with another, like it, large and deep: the leader raised the torch, led them to the aperture, and they passed within. They saw at the further end, another man, also with a torch, standing upright awaiting them. Upon the ground they perceived a large sheet spread over an irregular heap; he who had the torch gave it to one of the three to hold, took a corner of the sheet and uncovered three human bodies piled upon each other; he said to the other two assassins:

"Take up this body, and place it upon this slab."

The man was a surgeon of the sect; and he thus instructed the three murderers:

"If you wish the victim to drop dead at your feet, you must let your blow fall direct upon the carotid; divide that artery and you break the thread of life, and the man expires instantly."

So saying, he took the hand of one of the three, and pressed his finger upon the neck of the corpse, and added,

"That is the carotid, strike and separate it."

The murderer raised his dagger, and with an over-hand blow, pierced it exactly.

"Bravo! Wonderfully done!" cried the wretch. "You would make an accomplished phlebotomist. Here with the other corpse. Now you strike; there's the carotid; notice well that it's near the tendon; direct your aim under the ear; you can't miss it. So! Well done!"

The same experiment was made with the third corpse.

"Now, my bold fellows," continued the surgeon, "you have to look out sharply, in striking the blow, that the cravat and collar be not in the way; let one of you strike the minister unexpectedly on the back, to cause him to turn to see who struck him. In the act of turning the head, the carotid stands out; strike sharply, draw out your dagger, mingle with the crowd, and walk away."\*

While in that dark vault they were holding that infernal school, the last and most unfailing argument in the reasoning of the secret societies, the other conspirators wore a certain remarkable cast of countenance, as they walked about Rome, haughty, arrogant, and insolent, as if they meant to say to the faithful and modest citizens, "Rome is ours."

Some informers secretly gave Rossi to understand that there was a plot laid against his life; they related what had been decreed at Turin, what had been resolved

\* In the *Bilancia* of Milan (13th March, 1851), it is stated that only one corpse was taken from the hospital of San Giacomo to the Capranica theatre, and that there the experiment was made at midnight. We heard the same account given in Rome; but as it is related above, is thought to come from a better source.

at Leghorn, and what had been concluded at Frascati. The Count replied, half in scorn, and half in disgust :

“From the vile we must expect vileness; the loyal soul overcomes them.”

In the mean time the Pallade and Don Pirlone threw out certain obscure hints, with the view of sounding and preparing the people, distinctly enough, however, to point out to the conspirators the day and the hour, namely, the 15th of November, about noon. Don Pedro, on the 13th, was peculiarly facetious.

“The poet,” said he, “if you remember, says that

“‘From the cradle to the tomb ’tis but a little step.’

On this occasion he is wrong, and there is no redress ; we must change the position of the words, invert the phrase, and write it in these precise terms,—

“‘From the tomb unto the cradle is a little step.’

And we have also the Scriptures, where we are told, *Beati mortui qui in Domino resurgunt*. In reference to which expressions, I speak, I say, I think ; for from to-day until the day after to-morrow are two days, unless I mistake. Two days easily glide away ; ’tis but a little step ; no doubt of it,—’twill pass.

“‘Give the signal ; who goes there ?  
Deputies ;—all’s well and fair.’”

And a little further on, the traitor, shrugging his shoulders, says, as he casts a side look at the bystanders,—

“I know nothing at all about it. Ask those that

know it; look about; ask some one else, for I don't know a word about it."

And thus he proceeds to talk of discordant music, of yells, screams, hisses, of carrying in triumph through Rome. Does the world present a similar example of preconcerted villany, deceitfulness, and serpentlike subtlety?

The 13th had passed: Count Rossi had taken every step, posted sentinels at every entrance, cleared every ambush, and stationed guards at every point of access. Rome was full of carabineers, who had the password given them, and a secret sign to protect them against every deception, and to detect every subterfuge of the conspirators, and turn it against them. But still the snare hung over the head of the Count, who trusted to the carabineers, among whom there was more than one conspirator. On the day following the fourteenth, the opening of the Chambers was to take place; and the minister had already prepared an address to the Deputies; he recapitulated in it what had been so far done, laid down the steps which were to be taken for the future, pointed out the measures, occasions, and opportunities, for dissipating the ill-conceived suspicions of many, for restoring the order which had been shaken by past license, for encouraging the disheartened, and exciting the indolent to renewed activity. He had already read his speech to the Pope, who approved of it, and doubted not its good effect; but who did not dissemble to Rossi the difficulty of the undertaking, the treachery of his adversaries, and the uncertainty of the result. Rossi replied: "Holy Father, God aids the cause of justice, and directs its counsels to a fortunate issue.

Holy Father, grant me your blessing, and at the risk of my life, I will persevere unflinchingly to attack iniquity, and to defend your authority, and the glory of the Holy Roman See."

The night preceding the 15th, was spent by the conspirators in secret arrangements, in delivering secret instructions, and in indicating their exact posts to the actors in the tragedy. A distinguished lady (however she might have obtained her knowledge), had written early in the morning to Rossi, revealing the plot:—"Let him not go to the chambers, or he would not escape death." Rossi was unmoved. He presented himself to the Pope, to receive his blessing, and then to set out. The Pope was sad, and said: "Count, do not go; those faithless men are capable of everything." "They are more despicable than they are perfidious," replied Rossi; and he descended to enter his carriage. At this moment, Monsignor Morini suddenly accosted him, breathless and pale, and said: "Count, your obstinacy will cost you your life; death awaits you on the steps of the Chancery."

"Monsignor," he replied, "my duty calls me, and God protects me."

He left the Palace, accompanied by Righetti, the representative of the financial department, and turned towards the Chancery, where he supposed that a number of the carabineers were already posted in disguise. The piazza contained a crowd of agitated and furious people. "Here he comes, here he comes! The very man!" was whispered among them at his first appearance. The carriage passed beneath the portico of the palace; the minister descended the carriage steps with a tranquil and

fearless air : he saw numerous groups gathered here and there, and passed through the midst of them ; but when within a few steps of the stairs, he heard loud hisses and groans from the wretches ; still he passed on without heeding them.

As he raised his foot to the first step, he felt a sudden blow in the side ; he turned round to see who had struck him, and the point of a stiletto was driven into his jugular vein. He pronounced the words, " O God !" still went up three steps, and fell insensible. The crowd of conspirators pressed round him : from behind some one cried—

" What is the matter ? " Many voices replied : " Silence, silence ! 'tis nothing."

Righetti and a servant lifted up the victim, carried him into the first chamber at the head of the stairs, and placed him on a chair. He gave one sigh, and expired.

A voice announced to the Chamber the death of the first minister. No one turned his head, no one raised his eyes, no one changed countenance ; as if some one had said, " At Constantinople the Grand Vizier is dead." Every one continued his conversation, or his writing at his desk. The ambassadors and ministers, indignant at such infamy and shamelessness on the part of the Deputies, went out of that den of assassins, followed by the deputies from Bologna, who were the associates of the murdered minister.

Rome was amazed and horror-stricken at this atrocious deed, which stained it with blood, in the sight of every civilized nation ; but the conspirators, insulting the public sorrow, that same evening bore in triumph through the Corso, by the light of torches, a villain, who repre-



sented the assassin, raised upon the shoulders of a ferocious mob, that pointed to the raised hand of the murderer grasping a bloody dagger, and sang, accompanied by bands of the National Guard, carabineers, and all sorts of soldiers arm-in-arm with the people :

“ Blessed be th’ heroic hand,  
That Rossi slew with freedom’s brand.”

You shudder, compassionate reader ! But not satisfied with this, with the wild gesticulations of cannibals they carried the murderer beneath the windows of the desolate widow and of the sons, singing the triumphs of assassinations.

In the mean time, the conspirators took advantage of the grief of the Pope, the confusion of the government, and the terror of the city ; and meeting at the *Circolo Popolare*, Sterbini, Pinto, Spini, and the other chief conspirators, suddenly formed themselves into a *Committee of Public Safety*, and despatched orders and directions to all the offices, to the commandant of the Castle, to the militia, and all meanly cringed before them. Well aware that theirs was but a theatrical authority, they resolved to compel the Pope to give them his sanction, and thus invest with legitimate power, in the eyes of the world, a ministry, composed of men of their own choice. They drew up a list of such as were in the interest of the conspiracy, to present to the Pope ; but with that peaceable and obsequious manner, which a strong band of brigands uses towards the unarmed traveller, from whom they demand his purse. Mamiani, Galletti, Sterbini, Campello figured at the head of the list of worthies unanimously elected, and if the Pope refused his consent . . . . Why . . . . Hem ! . . . .

Galletti was sent at the head of a deputation to submit this document to the Pope. They were followed by an innumerable crowd of National Guards, dragoons, carabineers, custom-house officers, soldiers of every arm and grade, a paid drunken and ferocious mob. Galletti audaciously and hypocritically presented the demands of the conspirators. The Pope's reply was that he would not accept the law from his subjects; Galletti fawned and conjured; the Pope was immovable. Then the brigand, showing himself upon a balcony, excited the raging mob by his gesticulations, and signified to them that the Pope was their lord, and would receive no law from his subjects.

A tremendous shout was the reply of those furious men; Galletti returned to the presence of the Pope,—“Let him console the excited people.”—“To-morrow,” said the Pope, “they shall learn my decision.” Again the fellow presented himself to the mob, and cried, “To-morrow!”—“No, instantly!” To say this and rush to arms, while those who were already armed assaulted the palace, was the work of a moment, like the bursting of a mine. The Swiss shut and barred all the gates of the palace; the rebels set fire to the gate opposite the Quattro Fontane, and attempted to scale the windows. The Swiss fired to disperse them, and here commenced the conflict. A miscreant ran to the Pilotta and shouted: “Here with the cannon; up, to the palace!—help! pull! forward!” A cannon was dragged up to the piazza of the Quirinal, pointed at the door, and the match lighted, ready to fire. As it was supposed by the most enraged that the Pope would come forth upon the balcony (from which he had so often blessed them), to

allay that fury, and to pacify and calm them, an assassin was lurking behind the statue of Pollux, with his carbine pointed, ready to fire at the heart of the Pontiff the moment he should advance to the railing. And perhaps his magnanimity and paternal solicitude would have led him to do so, had not the Archangel St. Michael, the shield of the Church of Christ, and of its head, inspired him with other resolves. The riflemen of the University ran to the convent of San Carlino, and from the top of the belfry fired down at random into the palace, and took aim at all that approached the windows. Monsignore Palma, Latin secretary of the Pope, exposed himself in endeavoring to see the fire which had been set to the gate below; that instant one of those murderers shot him in the forehead, and stretched him lifeless beneath the window.\* Other dignitaries of the palace were wounded, and threats were heard in the streets, that unless the Pope yielded to the demands of the conspirators, he himself would be treated like his minister had been. I heard with my own ears: "If the Pope does not yield, he is a dead man, for we would slay him even in the arms of the Eternal Father." Impious madmen! God has him in his keeping, and will crush you to dust, and scatter your ashes to the winds.

Is it possible at this day to doubt, or can we have more conclusive or more clear and evident proofs of the guilty designs of the secret societies? From rejoicings for pardon, protestations of gratitude, tears of emotion, offerings of their blood and lives to supplications for a

\* The excellent and learned Monsignore Palma had been made secretary of the Latin letters recently. At the time of his death he had resided only fifteen days in the palace.

few reforms; from reforms to immunities; from immunities to liberty; from freedom to licentiousness and disorder; from disorder to every species of iniquity and villany down to the assassination of the first minister of their generous sovereign, even to menaces of death to their munificent benefactor and father.

Such are the steps by which you have gradually ascended in this story of the Jew of Verona, my gentle reader; so far have you followed me in this long and toilsome path; you have seen with what specious assurances, what gilded falsehood, what cloaked fraud and felony, the secret societies conducted their arts to the universal deception of Italy, which at first applauded those mild and good-tempered seditions, that subsequently broke out into commotions, mutinies, conspiracies, and furious assaults. It was the design of those conspirators to arrive by these subtleties at a republic; and, when they finally succeeded, when the supreme control in Rome was in their own hands, they erected in the Capitol, as the tutelary deities of this republic, *assassination*, *robbery*, *sacrilege*, which are, and always have been, the obscene *Trimurti* of the secret societies, to which they are all consecrated with an execrable religion of blood.

From Weishaupt to Mazzini the history of Europe is but the development of this worship, to which are dedicated all the ample ramifications of Illuminism, which buds, flowers, and sheds among every nation its fruits, desolation and the extermination of all order, all law, civil, natural, and divine. France was the first to taste their poisonous effects, which afterwards diffused their venom through every part of Europe. Next followed the violence and agitation in the republics of South America,

in great part originating from the secret societies. Afterwards the troubles of Portugal and of Spain, which still endure ; and, finally, in our own Italy, fortunate only in this, that so far the iniquitous plant has not taken profound root, and if it has sent forth flowers and produced some fruit, every one knows how bitter and acrid was the taste.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE APOSTOLIC PILGRIM.

DURING the atrocious assault upon the Apostolic palace of the Quirinal, the ambassadors and envoys of the Christian monarchs had hastened to offer their protection to the sacred person of the Pontiff. Among these were the Duke d'Harcourt, Ambassador of France; Martinez de la Rosa, Ambassador of Spain; Count Spaur, Minister of Bavaria; De Migueis Venda da Cruz, Minister of Portugal; Count Bontenef, Minister of Russia; Liedekerke, Minister of Holland; Figueiredo, Plenipotentiary of Brazil; De Maistre, Secretary of the Legation of Belgium; de Canitz, Secretary of the Legation of Prussia. At the sight of the cannon pointed against the door, and of those furious men breaking into the most cruel extremities, they advised the Pope, in order to put a stop to the excesses of the rebels, to concede what they were seeking, in so detestable a manner, to wrest violently from him. The Pope turned with a firm appearance to the envoys, who reverently stood round him, and said: "Gentlemen, you see the atrocious violence which is offered me by the rebels; I consent through absolute necessity to their iniquitous request, to avoid further shedding of blood. I protest in your

presence, and before your sovereigns, that I am perfidiously forced to do it."

On the following day, not content with such an outrage, those felons, with renewed fury, sent a further intimation: "Let the Swiss retire from their guard over the palace; let the Civic Guard take their place; they who had fired upon the people were no longer worthy to watch over the prince; Rome could not suffer it." The faithful Swiss, deprived of their uniforms and arms, were restricted to the Vatican; the Civic Guards had the arrogance to post themselves, not only at every gate of the palace, but at the foot of the stairs, and even in the antechambers of the Pontiff, as spies, and as braggarts, who held the Vicar of Christ besieged in the inviolable retreat of his private apartments. The alternate guards were carefully picked from the dregs of the most ferocious and hardened conspirators, who spied with Argus eyes into every movement, and invariably reported to their leaders whatever occurred in the palace.

In the mean time the Pope sent secret commands to the Cardinals, to leave no means untried to elude the grasp of their enemies, who were capable of any atrocity, in assailing the Holy Church, and in seeking its extermination. They therefore lost no time; one, who was already marked for the dagger by the societies, fled in the dress of a huntsman, another as a grazier of Sabina, who still preserve their ancient costume of goat-skins; and the other two in the dress of the Ernici, with sacks of bread upon their shoulders. It would be vain to attempt a description of the difficulties, dangers, deceitfulness, snares, and treachery of every sort, encountered by the princes and prelates of the Holy

Church, under forms which have not, perhaps, been surpassed in atrocity, during any persecution, since the days of Constantine. Within a month after their almost miraculous escape, their palaces were plundered of every object in gold and silver, of their precious vestments, chalices, and jewelled mitres; the rich furniture was cast from the windows; their portraits dragged in the mud of the streets; their horses stolen from their stables; their carriages drawn from the coach-houses, and dragged into the piazza, where the ornaments were torn from them and sold in the Ghetto,\* and the rest made into bonfires, round which the destroyers, with imprecations and howlings, danced like wild satyrs, or mad bacchantes.

The first intention of the Pope, after the assault upon the Quirinal, was to go quietly on foot to the Vatican; but when he reflected that not a small portion of the people had been gained over and corrupted by the rebels, he abstained from putting it in execution. His advisers, among whom were the ambassadors of all the foreign monarchs, proposed his secret retirement from the States; but he found himself placed in a dilemma. On the one hand, his departure would be an encouragement to the factions to perpetrate every enormity of rapine, horror, and bloodshed; on the other, he was informed that a rebellious mob designed, on the 27th of November, to wrest from him a solemn renunciation of all temporal power over the Roman States, that even his life was threatened, and that more than a hundred hired assassins were ready to effect the object of their execrable oaths.

\* The Jews' quarter.



Whilst the Pontiff was thus undecided, a letter arrived, on the 19th of November, from the Bishop of Valence, in France, with a small parcel, and conceived in the following terms: "Enclosed will be found the small pyx in which the Sovereign Pontiff, Pius VI., carried, suspended round his neck, the Blessed Sacrament, which during his journey formed his consolation under suffering, until his arrival at Valence. May your Holiness accept it as a memorial, and use it for your consolation, whenever God, in his exalted decrees, may dispose that you should need it." The Pope received a pleasing surprise from this incident, in appearance fortuitous, but which was ordained in the profound counsels of that Eternal Wisdom which appoints the number, weight, and measure of every event, even of the least important. He retired for a moment into the oratory, prostrated himself with a lively faith before the tabernacle, besought with tears the divine guidance, and arose with the full determination of taking his departure. On the 20th, Count Spaur, the Bavarian Ambassador, called on Cardinal Antonelli to inquire if the Pope had yet decided upon leaving Rome. Receiving a reply in the affirmative, the Count offered to be his guide as far as Gaeta, where a Spanish vessel was waiting to convey him according to his own desire to the Balearic Islands. The Count then held a long consultation with the Duke d'Harcourt, and determined upon the mode of proceeding in so delicate an undertaking as the secret escape of the Pope, and his safe conduct to Gaeta. They engaged Filippini, a gentleman-in-waiting of his Holiness, of tried fidelity, sagacity, and devotedness, to collect the objects which were strictly required for the personal

use of the Pontiff, and which would be necessary for the journey, and to carry them by degrees, under his cloak, to the residence of the Count, who was to secrete them in a strong-box in his private apartment.

Already, on the 21st, the Count had initiated his lady into the secret, and informed her that she would be required to concur with him in rescuing the Vicar of Jesus Christ from the fangs of the cruel rebels, who, unmindful of God, of their honor, and of all human probity, held him a prisoner in his own palace, and were revolving in their savage and furious minds, designs of death and of extermination to the Church. If God should grant them the favor of conducting in safety, beyond the confines of the Roman States, the august head of Christendom, he would be out of the reach of danger, free in his actions, and the Church would no longer groan under the mortal anguish with which it was constantly convulsed. The feelings of the Countess on this occasion may be imagined. This lady, the daughter of Count Giraud, displayed throughout these transactions a mind of masculine energy and firmness. She was excited, by the choice made of her to participate in the rescue of the Pope, to the highest efforts of her devoted soul, and with the most discreet zeal made every preparation for the departure.

In the mean time the Spanish ambassador had sent messengers to the coast, between Nettuno and Terracina, to give the signals agreed upon, as soon as the vessel should be descried in the horizon. The Duke d'Harcourt was to blind the sentinels by entering the papal audience-chamber as usual; the Cardinal Minister of State was to set out many hours before in disguise, in the

company of Signor d'Arnau, Secretary of the Spanish embassy, while Filippini was to prepare supper according to custom at the palace : everything was in readiness for the evening of the 24th. Count Spaur had already spread the report of his intended departure for the Court of Naples, to attend to affairs of the Bavarian government. The Countess Theresa had also informed her friends and household of her journey on the following day, with her son and his tutor, and that she would wait at Albano for the Count, whom business would detain in the city during the day. The Count informed his lady that he would take the road along the banks of Lake Albano, and would give her notice of his arrival ; he gave her instructions to join him beyond Ariccia. When the hour of departure arrived, the Countess experienced not a little difficulty in consequence of her brother, who was a member of the Noble Guard, insisting upon accompanying her on the journey, which he considered, during times of such confusion, exceedingly dangerous for a lady without protection. After some discussion, she quieted his fears and set out with four horses.

At five in the evening, according to agreement, the carriage of the Duke d'Harcourt drove up to the palace. Having entered the Pope's room and asked his blessing, he took a seat while his Holiness retired to lay aside the pontifical dress. Filippini, who was in waiting, had provided for him a black suit, such as is worn by priests. The Pope for a moment raised his tearful eyes towards heaven, then kneeling, with his face buried in his hands, he fervently prayed to God. What, at such a moment, must have been the prayer of the Vicar of Christ to the Eternal Father ! O my God ! thou beholdest me likened

to thy Only Son, who, in return for benefits, favors, and graces shed with such a bountiful hand among his people, reaped but a harvest of ingratitude, barbarity. persecution, and the agony of the cross. My God! behold thy Vicar, the head, the guardian, and the father of thy Church, driven out as a wanderer from among his children, to take refuge on a foreign shore, through the midst of a thousand snares and perils of death. Deign to lend thy aid, guidance, and protection. Mary, Mother of Jesus, I throw myself under the protecting wings of thy love. He then arose, continued his prayers standing, and fixed his eyes, flowing with tears, upon the clothes which did not belong to him. "Courage, Holy Father," said Filippini, drawing his attention; "your Holiness will have leisure to pray after awhile; now time presses." The Pope took off his purple stole, kissed and placed it at the foot of the crucifix, then with the aid of Filippini, he also laid aside his white dress. None can better conceive his acute grief during this act than they who have been despoiled of the holy habit, however poor and despised, which they had worn in the asylums of their vocation.

Having put on the suit of black, he returned to the Duke d'Harcourt, who having again cast himself at his feet and received his benediction, said, "Depart in safety, Holy Father; the Divine Wisdom inspires you with this step; may the Divine Power lead you to its happy accomplishment." The Pontiff then proceeded through certain obscure passages to a secret door, called the door of the Swiss, which opened on the stairs of the great hall; but having joined and given the signal to a faithful follower, who had been standing on the watch, it was

found that in the confusion the door had been left unlocked. Although this omission caused a great risk of detection, the Pope was not discouraged; Filippini hastened back, and having procured the key returned to the room, where he found the Pope on his knees in a corner, absorbed in prayer. There was now some difficulty in opening the door, but when it at last yielded, they descended the steps and entered a carriage. Here again we must admire the watchful care of Providence; for an officer of the palace who accompanied them, having opened the carriage-door and lowered the steps, knelt according to custom; but the Pope called to him in an undertone as he entered: "What art thou doing? Stand up, lest the guards see you." The poor fellow jumped up instantly, filled with confusion at his absence of mind. In the palace, it was necessary to admit more than twenty-four persons into the secret, yet (what is not a little surprising) all displayed such fidelity and prudence that none of the conspirators had the least suspicion of what was going on.

The Pope wore a dark mantle, a low round hat, and a large brown cravat over his priest's collar. Filippini carried under his cloak a three-cornered hat, a package containing official papers of the highest importance, the seals, a breviary, slippers, some linen, and a casket of gold medals stamped with the head of the Pope. On leaving the palace, Filippini, as was his custom every evening, saluted the two officers of the Civic Guard: "Good-night, friends!" "A very good-night to you, Filippini." "Addio!" and he drove down the Tre Cannelle. But, as every place was full of spies—and he had some fears of being followed by the conspirators—

he directed the coachman to drive through different streets, so that having turned towards the Forum of Trajan, he went up the Via Alessandrina to the Coliseum, and thence through the hay-barns to the Church of SS. Peter and Marcellinus, where Count Spaur was waiting in great anxiety on account of their delay. Here the Pope turned towards the church, from which he derived his former title of Cardinal, and after a lively aspiration to those two great martyrs, he entered the carriage of the Count, shook hands with Filippini, and then proceeded in silence towards the Lateran.

What sorrow moved the heart of the Sovereign Pontiff when he passed that Basilica, "*Caput et Mater omnium Ecclesiarum Urbis et Orbis*," of which, in November, 1846, he had taken triumphant possession amid the acclamations and joy of Rome, and with the happy omen of a people filled with enthusiastic love and gladness! Now, in the darkness of night, while silence reigned in the streets, during the solitude and terrors of a sudden flight, he saw the high obelisk erect and motionless, like a terrible shade, placed as a guard before the temple of the Redeemer, which seemed to say: "Depart, great Pius! may the Saviour protect thee; thy See is more immovable than the base upon which I stand; I shall pass away, but it shall remain." And the great Pius bowed to the cross, which rose aloft on the summit of the obelisk; he threw himself in spirit before the sanctuary, humbled himself in the presence of God, and after fervent supplications felt a divine strength and encouragement, which nerved him for the encounter of whatever misfortune might befall him. The carriage drew up at the gate of San Giovanni:—"Who goes

there?"—"The Bavarian minister:"—"Where to?"—"To Albano."—"Pass!"—and the Pope was beyond the walls of Rome. He turned, and looking upon it with a sigh, silently and sorrowfully continued his journey towards the Alban hills; but the Archangel who accompanied him, and who read, in the decrees of the Almighty, the future destiny of the first Pastor, knew that after a year and a half he would re-enter by the same gate, which now beheld him a solitary fugitive, in triumph such as never before graced the return of any Pontiff into Rome.

The Countess arrived at Albano in the morning, where, although in the most feverish expectation, she took every precaution for the success of their plans, causing even the lanterns to be secretly removed from the travelling carriage. At Rome, the ambassador d'Harcourt remained in the audience-chamber, until he concluded that the Pope must be at a considerable distance from the city. After the departure of the Duke, a prelate entered the papal apartments with a quantity of papers relating to affairs of State, and afterwards one of the secret chamberlains came to recite the office with his Holiness: also, at the usual hour, the evening meal was served; but, upon the announcement that the Pontiff wished to be retired, the attendance in the ante-chamber and the guard of honor were dismissed.

Count Spaur having passed through Ariccia, stopped at the fountain which is on the high-road to Naples, near the sanctuary of Galloro, and alighted with the Pope to wait for his family. They had quitted the carriage only a few minutes, when five carabineers, who formed the patrol on the road, rode up and immediately per-

ceiving the two travellers, politely asked who they were. "I am Count Spaur," answered the ambassador, "Minister of Bavaria, on my road to Naples in the service of my sovereign, and I am waiting here for the arrival of my travelling coach, with my family." The carabinieri answered that the roads were secure, yet made an offer to accompany them. The Count thanked them, but still they did not depart. The Pope was leaning against a palisade on the side of the road, and stood waiting with an appearance of tranquillity. At length the Countess arrived in a carriage drawn by four horses; but seeing the Pope and her husband surrounded by carabinieri, she knew not, in her perplexity, what to think, and when she observed one of them standing near the Pope, with his elbows resting on the same rail, she almost fainted through fear. She nevertheless stopped the carriage; the Count placed in it the small objects above mentioned, and the Countess, turning to the Pope, said, in her natural tone: "Come, Doctor, quick, step in." The Pope entered and took his seat beside the Countess, while the Count with his valet Frederigo mounted on the box, having each a pair of pistols within reach in case of need. The Countess sat on the right, with her son Maximilian in front; on the left the Pope was seated with the tutor, the Rev. Sebastian Liebl, facing him. They thus remained for some time in profound silence, and with almost suppressed breathing, from the reverence inspired by the presence of the Vicar of Christ. The Pope was the first to break this silence. "Courage," said he, "I carry with me the most Holy Sacrament in the very same pyx in which it was carried by Pius VI., when he was dragged from the midst of his



flock into France. Christ is with us ; He will be our shield, and will guide us in safety." At these words, all were suddenly prompted to fall upon their knees and remain there without uttering a word ; but the benign Pontiff, again encouraging them, began to relate the incidents of his escape from the palace, and the special providence of God in overcoming every obstacle and baffling the vigilance of his enemies. In fact, while the Pope, at liberty, was rapidly approaching Gaeta, the wretches who were hatching plots against him even in his own ante-chambers, were still playing the lion, with their muskets on their shoulders and their daggers drawn, imagining that he was still their prisoner and that they could offer him every affront that their villany might suggest. A prelate of the Chamber seeing the secret door open, exclaimed, in amazement : "The Pope has made his escape ! The Pope has fled !" "Silence," whispered Count Gabriele, seizing him by the arm, "silence, Monsignore, lest you bring instant destruction upon your own head." The terrified prelate said no more, and the sentinels, unaware of what had happened, continued their watch all night over the nest of the eagle, which had already taken its flight, and which mocked from on high, their infatuation.

At Genzano, the Count sent a postilion in advance, in order to prevent any delay in procuring horses at the post-houses ; at Velletri the carriage lanterns were lighted, and the Pope, after paying the first compliments for the encouragement of the Countess, turned to Don Sebastian and recited with him the *Itinerarium*\* and other prayers. At midnight, he took, by way of refresh-

\* A form of prayer prescribed for clergymen during a journey.

ment, part of an orange which had been presented to him. In crossing the Pontine Marshes the company yielded to a brief slumber. At five o'clock, they arrived at Terracina, and about half an hour after they crossed the frontier, without meeting a patrol or encountering any untoward accident. The Holy Father, on arriving at the boundary of his States, raised his eyes to heaven, and joyfully intoned the *Te Deum*, which was recited with united voices; he then said the divine office with the priest. Thus he was far beyond the limits of the Roman territory before the perfidious conspirators, who besieged his palace with their guards, suspected his departure; and in the mean time, the grovelling members of the Roman Assembly were conceiving their infamous designs against the Father of the Faithful, and consulting upon the means of depriving him absolutely of all temporal power, of expelling him from his palace, and confining him in the ancient cloister of the Lateran as Bishop of Rome.

That robber Pirlone even considered these matters as settled, and wrote jeeringly to his brethren of Naples: "We have had a 15th of May, the Gravina Palace, the Swiss, &c.; as with you, therefore, the 15th saw the opening of our career, but unlike you, we were not content that the beginning should also be the end; 15 is a number of ill-omen, the 16th was needed to accomplish the work, and we have not failed to bring it to a successful termination." Further down was the caricature of St. Peter, dressed in rags and with a fisherman's cap, seated on a little boat patching his nets; underneath were inscribed the words "Ancient Costumes." In the popular assembly were seen furious men stamping and

brandishing their clenched hands, and exclaiming, with rage in their countenances: "The Papacy must be utterly abolished; the Bishop of Rome will still be the Pope; at present, it is an indelible superstition which must be rooted out and the roots dried in the sun, lest it spring up again and bear leaves and fruit." Another, springing upon the table: "Thy opinion," said he, "is holy. Brethren, after to-morrow, let us again attack the hive; the head once crushed the whole swarm will be dispersed, and in spite of cymbals and frying-pans the bees will never again reunite to build their cells and honeycombs."—"Hear, hear! Hurrah for the Sovereign Assembly! Death to the Pope!" Poor creatures! what will you do, when to-morrow, awaking from your intoxication, you hear the words: "The Pope has fled, and is in safety!"

The Pope had written a few lines to the Marquis Sacchetti, Herald of the Palace, directing him to send information of his departure, by Galetti, to all the other ministers, to recommend to them the maintenance of peace in Rome, and intrusting to him the Apostolic palaces. At the announcement of his escape the demagogues seemed thunderstruck; they stood staring at each other as if deranged; they knew that their destruction was at hand, that they might now resolve upon some desperate course; that although, like one who has stumbled over a precipice into a raging torrent, they might possibly rise to the surface and float for a few moments, they would inevitably sink and be swallowed up in the abyss. Rome was in a state of perplexity; the people stopped each other in the streets: "What of the Pope?"—"Ha!"—"He has fled from Rome."—"Really?"—"It's

a fact.”—“But when? how?”—“Last night, no one knows how as yet.”—“It is said that he let himself down from a window in the Panatteria.” “That’s impossible! there was a sentinel in the yard.”—“No, he went through the garden, and in the gardener’s dress proceeded on through the gate, under the gallery of the Conclave.”—“Pshaw! There were more Civic Guards there, all the time, than windows; and they were staring every one in the face as if inquiring for his passports!” Another straggler said that the Pope had fled, disguised as the coachman of the French ambassador. “You’re a blockhead,” said a sterling fellow; “the Pope puts on no one’s livery; but those braggadocios with the red horse-hair, I’ll bet a bottle of Orvietto, let him escape under their very noses; the simpletons! It were well if they would in the same way let off some of their pride and boasting, which blinds them and makes them strut backward and forward with their guns on their arms, keeping guard over nothing but the sweepers of the palace. Hurrah for Pius IX., who knew how to escape from this Babylon of wretches, who had the impudence to walk about in his palace like chamberlains. What fools!” Hereupon, another man, more timid, pulled him by the sleeve to be quiet. “Where,” asked others, “has he fled?” The general opinion was that he had gone to Civita-Vecchia, on his way to France. “Last night the Duke d’Harcourt went on board the ‘Tenare.’” (This was true, though it was not bound for Marseilles, but for Gaeta.) Then would follow a variety of conjectures and false accounts. “The postilions have already returned from Castel di Guido,” said one, “and they received a great sum to drink his health.” Another

broke in :—"I have just been speaking to Sandrone, who rode as postilion. The Pope set out with two horses, and four others were waiting for him at the hostelry of Peppetto, at the second hill outside the Cavalleggeri gate, and he got a 'gregorina' to treat himself with, and the Pope was dressed as a French general."—"That's not true," cried a third; "will you tell me who know Menicuccio, the landlord outside the Portere gate, who saw him with his own eyes?"—"Is that a fact?"—"True, sir; we went about nine o'clock to Menicuccio's to drink a flask or so, and he told us for certain." Some said he had gone through the gate of San Paolo, some through the Pia gate, and others again through the Tiburtine gate on his way to Subiaco.

While such was the talk in the streets, stores, and cafés of Rome, the Pope pursued his journey without accident; at Fondi, however, one of the fore-wheels took fire from the rapidity of their course, and they were compelled to stop to throw on water and oil the axles. As the curtains had been drawn, and the Pope had taken off the brown neckcloth, one of the bystanders looking at him attentively, said to his neighbor: "That looks exactly like the Pope."—"Why you're dreaming!"—"I tell you that is the Pope: I've seen him a hundred times."—At this moment, the horses being ready, they started. So certain were the people that the Pope had passed, that on the following day, when the prelates Pacifici and Fioramonti, foreign and Latin secretaries to his Holiness, passed through Fondi:—"Monsignori," said some of the people, "you belong to the Pope's court; he passed through here yesterday; you are no doubt going to join him." When he arrived

at Mola di Gaeta, there came to meet his Holiness two gentlemen, who proved to be Cardinal Antonelli and the Chevalier d'Arnau, secretary of the Spanish embassy, who, with joy beaming in their countenances at the fortunate arrival of the Pope, followed him to the Villa di Cicerone, where he alighted. He immediately returned thanks to the Divine goodness which had been his guide and protection, and brought him safe from the midst of so many dangers, into a peaceful kingdom, governed by a king of such magnanimity and piety. About midday, a collation was served in a private room by Cardinal Antonelli, while the family of the Count sat down to table in the hall of the albergo. Thence he despatched a letter to King Ferdinand, announcing his arrival in his States, and informing him that he was on his way to Gaeta. This letter was intrusted to Count Spaur for presentation to his Majesty, and no delay took place before his departure.

He took the light carriage and the Spanish passport of the Chevalier d'Arnau, giving the latter his own Bavarian passport in exchange, and charging him to be his substitute in attending upon his Holiness, and to conduct him and the Count's family to Gaeta under the name of the minister Spaur. The Count started at two in the afternoon, and arrived at Naples about ten at night, where he drove to the residence of the nuncio Garibaldi, whom he requested to accompany him to the palace and present him to the king. The king on receiving the Pope's letter, showed the greatest emotion, even shedding tears of mingled grief and joy ; grief for the trials to which Christ's Vicar had been subjected by his ungrateful and perfidious subjects ; joy for the honor

of receiving him as his guest in his kingdom. He lost no time, but hastening to the apartment of the queen, who had already retired to rest, and of his sons, who were already asleep: "Up quickly," he exclaimed, "the Pope is at Gaeta; this very night we must hasten to throw ourselves at his feet and prove to him our exultation." The king then sent the masters of the palace to the wardrobe, and others to the merchant's stores, to collect every kind of manufacture of rich silks, linens, and stuffs for the use of the Pope. He himself drew from the royal cases every kind of gold and silver plate, services of porcelain, chandeliers and other rich ornaments. "Carry all on board," cried he, "and then we embark for Gaeta. We have the Pope! The Holy Father is with us!" His countenance beamed with gladness, devotion, and piety; he gave orders to a few hundred grenadiers of his guard also to embark instantly, and to follow in another vessel, that on the following morning they might do the honors, and serve as a guard to his Holiness. The passing and repassing of the officers of the palace, the lights flitting across the windows, through the passages and over terraces, and the commotion among the royal guards, brought crowds of curious people into the streets, which at that late hour had become almost deserted. "What's the matter?—What has happened?"—And the people crowded round the palace in such numbers that it was found necessary to double the guard. "Certainly," said they, "some sudden outbreak must have taken place in the Calabrias and in Basilicata: the king flies to Gaeta, the troops are commencing their march to suppress the rebellion." A thousand conjectures were formed at the same moment; but not a word of the real secret transpired in Naples.

In the mean time, at the Villa di Cicerone, the august pilgrim was on the point of setting out for Gaeta; but fearing lest the ample travelling coach would find some difficulty in passing through the narrow streets of the Borgo, two somewhat dilapidated carriages were hired, one of which was occupied by Cardinal Antonelli, the Chevalier d'Arnaud, and the Count's son; the other by the Pope, the Countess, and Don Liebl. Arrived at the gates of the fortress and having had their passports examined, they received intimation that they were expected to present themselves as soon as possible before the commandant; they entered and were conducted to a small albergo called the Giardinetto (there is no better in this out-of-the-way citadel), and made the best arrangements they could. The Pope had an apartment to himself; the Cardinal and the Chevalier two pallets in another small chamber, and the Countess and her son and Don Sebastian occupied two small rooms belonging to the family of the landlord. These arrangements having been made, the Cardinal and the Chevalier called on the commandant of the fortress. He was the Swiss brigadier-general Gross, who during the rebellion in Sicily was commandant of the citadel of Palermo, a man of austere military discipline, of such iron disposition and unflinching fidelity to his master, that rather than surrender his fortress to the rebels he would have blown it up with himself and garrison, had he not received peremptory orders to abandon it and embark for Naples. When he arrived there, and the king said to him, "I am well pleased with you;" he answered, "And I, sire, am by no means pleased with your majesty, which has recalled me from the place committed to my



trust." Such was the temper of the commandant Gross, to whom the two travellers presented themselves. Reading in the passport "Conte Spaur, Minister of Bavaria, his family and suite," he immediately addressed them in the German language. Their amazement may be imagined at this new turn of the discourse. They eyed each other for a moment; at length D'Arnau answered, "Sir Commandant, I have been so long in Rome that speaking only the Italian and French, I can no longer express myself readily in the German tongue." The sagacious old general immediately began to suspect that he was not the Minister of Bavaria, and that they who were in his company had no relation whatever with the Bavarian embassy. His first impression was to cast both into prison as spies. Considering, however, that his lady, his son and household accompanied him, he abandoned this idea for the present, and after their departure placed two sentinels in the yard before the hotel, and shortly after sent two police officers under pretence of a visit to their quarters. When they were announced, the Pope retired to his little apartment, while the Countess and the others conversed with them on general topics. They asked many questions on the state of affairs in Rome, on the situation of the Pope and the movements of the rebels. They begged pardon for their intrusion, which they endeavored to excuse by stating that several Cardinals had entered the kingdom in disguise, and thus rendered it impossible to receive them with the honors due to their exalted rank, and that it was their duty to keep an eye on all arrivals in days so inauspicious to the Church. While saying this they carefully scrutinized the countenances of the whole party, but failing to discover

anything suspicious, they at length retired in defeat, and received the taunts of the Commandant for their want of acuteness.

In the evening (it being Saturday) a request was presented through the landlord, that mass should be celebrated at seven on the following morning, at the church of the Annunziata. The Pope, compelled to remain incognito, remained in the house with Don Sebastian. With reluctance did he absent himself from the holy sacrifice, and he was much inclined to celebrate mass on a large chest which stood in his apartment; an act which would have recalled to mind ages of the most cruel persecutions; that it should be necessary for the Vicar of Christ, by the supreme power which God has conferred upon him in the Church, to celebrate the most august sacrifice without vestments, without altar, without candles or missal, with a glass instead of chalice, and, like the Greeks, to consecrate with leavened bread! Such was the extremity to which the Church was reduced, that a Pope, in the nineteenth century, in the midst of peace and freedom of Catholic worship, should be driven to do what the Linuses, the Clements, and the Cletuses had never found necessary in the catacombs during the persecutions of the most inhuman of the four Cæsars! In truth, the impious revolutionists of our times reduced the Catholic Church in Rome to a condition which was scarcely witnessed in the days of Nero, Decius, or Diocletian. In those days, at least in the depths of the catacombs of Ermete, of Callistus, Hippolitus, Pontianus, and other cemeteries of the martyrs, the venerable mysteries of our redemption were commemorated with as much splendor as circumstances would admit; whereas

during the Easter and Pentecost of 1849, amid the terrors of the ungodly republic of Mazzini, the holy basilicas were not only bereft of the papal ceremonial, but the cardinals, and bishops, and even the canons (most of whom had fled or were concealed in the remotest hiding-places), dared not officiate. In the basilica of the Lateran, on Whit-Sunday, the Canon Pergoli alone had the courage to offer the divine sacrifice, and in St. Peter's some other canon celebrated the holy mysteries at an early hour, and as if by stealth. On the other hand, abandoned priests, bought over by this so-called republic, which denied the existence of God, went through the holy ceremonies in St. Peter's adding mockery and sacrilege to the universal desolation. All the churches of Rome were deserted, and mass could be said with difficulty even on festivals; a small pyx, enclosing the Blessed Sacrament, was carried by priests in the garb of laymen; and woe to him who should divulge his sacred character; he was instantly dragged to the shambles of San Callisto, or the slaughter-house behind the Regola, or as the least misfortune, thrown into the prison of the Sant 'Uffizio.\*

At Gaeta, the Countess, with the Cardinal and the Chevalier, went about noon to visit the Commandant; the Pope remained to recite the divine office as far as

\* The fugitives from Rome published, in the Mazzinian journals, in Genoa, that what I have here written is a sheer calumny. I appeal to the testimony of the Romans, and declare, that not only priests durst not be seen in the streets and in the churches, but ladies, and even good and honest citizens and gentlemen. Facing my own hiding-place, stands one of the most celebrated and most frequented churches of Rome, and on many mornings, not a single person was seen to enter it. There were more assistants at my own mass, celebrated in a room, upon a chest of drawers, and more communions, than in many churches in Rome.

complin, with Don Sebastian. The Countess was relating to the Commandant the circumstances which had compelled her husband to depart suddenly to Naples, from Mola, with despatches to the King from the Pope, and that to save time he had taken the carriage and passport of D'Arnau, which had caused the misunderstanding of the preceding day, when a messenger entered in great haste,—

“Sir Commandant, the look-out at the citadel has signalled three steamers from Naples.”

The Commandant was greatly astonished, for the larger class of ships seldom anchor at Gaeta; he turned again to his guests, and entreated them to inform him of the contents of those despatches, and what news had been received from Naples and from Rome. They answered that the despatches were sealed, and that they came not from Naples, but from Rome, where the Pope was surrounded with danger. Hereupon, another messenger announced that the royal standard was seen floating on one of the vessels. The Commandant was stupefied; he again plied his guests with repeated questions, without extracting any further information. He was pouring out chocolate for his visitors, when another panting messenger rushed in.

“Eccellenza, the King is entering the port.”

“Gentlemen,” said the Commandant, “what mystery is this? Excuse me, but I must run to meet the King.”

And dropping the vessel which he held in his hands, he left them without further ceremony. The Cardinal and the Chevalier followed him to the port, where the King was on the point of landing from his barge on the mole. The Commandant hastened to do homage.

"Well," said the King, "where is the Pope?"

"The Pope!" echoed the Commandant, confounded, "the Pope, sire, is not here."

"How,—not here? He must be here!"

"Sire, he is no doubt then on board that French steamer (there was, in fact, the *Tenare*) which arrived in the night, when the fool-hardy fellow, contrary to every custom at sea, discharged a triple salvo, before lowering his flag, which I was not a little inclined to return with a ball! Thank God, since the Pope is on board, that such a thing did not take place!"

Cardinal Antonelli, advancing, disclosed the secret to the King. His majesty turned, laughing, to the Commandant:

"Bravo, my good Gross, you are wonderfully vigilant! You have the Pope in your fortress and you have not heard a word of it! Oh most watchful Commandant!"

Poor Gross looked around like one in a dream. In the mean time the King directed the Queen and the young princes to the palace, while he himself, in the midst of the crowd which every moment increased around him, advanced slowly to give time for the Pope to reach the palace. Already the cardinal and the Chevalier d'Arnaud had gone for him at the Giardinetto, and putting on his three-cornered hat and taking the cane of Don Liebl he made his way to the palace, where he had entered only a few steps, when the king joined him.

Who could find words to describe the noble and sublime spectacle of this meeting? The Sovereign Pontiff a fugitive from the cruel persecutions of those whom he had loaded with benefits, flying to the refuge of that generous crown; the pious monarch prostrating himself before his illustrious guest, filled with emotion, his eyes

suffused with tears, embracing the feet of God's holy Vicar, giving and dedicating to him himself, his family, and his kingdom, was a spectacle that the most eloquent pen would fail to describe, and which none but the most gentle and devout heart is capable of conceiving. The Queen, kneeling with her sons, presented her homage to the father of the faithful, and repeated the courtesies and cordial offers of the King. Having entered the palace, King Ferdinand pressed the Pope with the warmest invitations, dictated by filial love and royal courtesy, that he would take up his residence in Gaeta, and avoid the risk of a long navigation to a country far from Italy: that it would be invidious to give the preference to one nation over another, and to choose one would awaken competition and jealousy between those which aspired to the blessing and glory of possessing the head of the Christian Church. At Gaeta he would enjoy a tranquil and secure asylum, near his own States, in a mild climate, amidst a faithful people, within the walls of an impregnable fortress, possessing a battery of three hundred guns, and with the King and his army devoted to the defence of his sacred parson. Let him remain, and Italy, sanctified by his presence, would quickly be restored to peace; it would deem itself happy in the possession of the Sovereign Pontiff, glorious in having preserved him to more prosperous times, and would finally behold him, after so many storms, elevated to a more exalted state on the throne of St. Peter in the Vatican. The expression of these noble sentiments determined the Pope to take up his residence at Gaeta; he expressed to the pious and generous monarch the deep gratitude of his soul, pointing out the exultation

of the Church of God, the crown of merit prepared by the divine Saviour, and the blessings which he would shed from above upon the royal family and all his kingdom. Ferdinand received this condescension with a countenance beaming with gladness, and the Queen and her royal sons again casting themselves at his feet, could not return sufficient thanks, nor sufficiently attest their joy in the possession of the Vicar of Jesus Christ.

The King immediately made arrangements for the accommodation of the cardinals and prelates of the papal court, and abandoning his own palace to the Pope, he took up his residence with his queen and family in a royal pavilion not far distant, whence he paid a daily visit to his Holiness, dining with him, with the queen, and the princes, his sons. The Spanish steamer had delayed for a while its entrance into port, but upon the decision of the Pope to remain at Gaeta, it cast anchor in the roadstead, and took its station there for several months, together with the vessels which arrived from every Christian power; the port was filled with ships, presenting the most beautiful view imaginable. I, myself, after the entrance of the French into Rome, went to Gaeta, arriving precisely at the time when a fine American ship entered the bay, the captain and officers of which had landed to pay their respectful congratulations to the Pope, entreating him to honor them with a visit to their vessel, which they declared would be thenceforward the most fortunate that sailed under the flag of the United States.\* The Pope received their invitation with the greatest affability, and the royal barge was immediately prepared to take him on board.

\* The frigate Princeton.

The mole was crowded with people ; it was near midday, under a burning sun, notwithstanding which, the King, with head uncovered, accompanied the Pontiff from the palace to the port ; and, although the Pope entreated him to put on his hat, he would not be prevailed on, and with his brother, the Count di Trapani, similarly uncovered, followed the Pope at the distance of a few steps. Having arrived at the port, he assisted the Pope in entering the barge, and declining the seat offered by him at his side in the stern, he stationed himself at the side facing his brother, both still remaining uncovered. Such reverential conduct filled the crowd of spectators with admiration, and many were unable to restrain their tears. The numerous vessels in the port now hoisted their ensigns ; their sails were trimmed, and the hands drawn up on deck, the masts and yards hung with banners of every color, waving in the breeze, the various devices of their respective governments. As the Pope's barge passed, the ships discharged their broadsides, the thunder of which resembled that of a great naval battle.

While the reverence and attention of the King became every day more conspicuous, ambassadors and ministers from every court crowded round the Pope, striving on the part of their different sovereigns, to show honor to his august person. A great number of the Cardinals, who had escaped from the hands of the conspirators in Rome, had gathered round the pontifical throne, and by their dignity, their virtue, and wisdom, contributed to invest it with brilliancy and majesty in the eyes of a wondering world, which rejoiced at the light shed around the head of the Church, even in the obscure retreat of this fortress, amid tribulation, poverty, and the supreme



desolation of exile. The honors that surrounded the Sovereign Pontiff formed indeed a luminous contrast with the scorn and unbridled license, the perverseness and madness of the rebels, who sought by every means to excite the popular contempt and malediction of the sacred person of their deliverer and father, and of the pontifical throne, which, in defiance of divine decrees, they flattered themselves they would drag into the dust, and exterminate from the earth.

At first the demagogues, confounded at the unexpected departure of the Pope, were stricken dumb; then stung with the reproach of being destroyers, they used every exertion for the maintenance of order, a result at all times easily attainable in a city where the inhabitants, with the exception of those instigated by the rebels to disorder, have acquired the character of being too peaceable, having permitted themselves to be trampled upon by a handful of miscreants, whom, but for their slothful negligence, they might have crushed and scattered to the winds. During the first days of their indecision they sent messages to the Pope, which were rejected before they had crossed the frontiers: by a thousand artifices they sought hypocritically to allure him within the snares of their false promises; but when they perceived the impossibility of obtaining a hearing, they began by exclaiming that the Head of the Church, the great Father of the Faithful, was held a prisoner by the tyrant; that his acts, his protests, and the abrogations which he pronounced at Gaeta against every edict, form, law, and statute of the usurpers of the Roman State, were surreptitious, and therefore valueless, and of no authority; and woe to those who should dare to render

them obedience, fidelity, or homage! The better to convince the people, Don Pirlone designed a coarse caricature, representing the Pope suspended in a cage from one of the bastions of Gaeta, and the King turning a barrel-organ, and looking up to him, with the words: "Now sing away!"

Step by step they plunged into a career of detestable treachery. A provisional government was formed, then the Roman Constitution, and finally the Republic, accompanied by a solemn decree from the consistorial advocate, Carlo Armellini, conceived thus:—"The Pope is deposed from all authority, power, jurisdiction, and temporal headship in the Roman State, which is restored to the Roman people, its sole ruler, the source of all authority, the principle of all power and the essence of all law. The republic will recognise the people as its god; to the people it consecrates itself in the plenitude of godly worship, as its servant and votary; in its defence the conscript fathers are ready to shed the last drop of their blood."

While Rome was disgraced by these impious and insipid fooleries, and the miserable demagogues were declaiming from their rostrums and from the Capitol, the whole Catholic world was sending to the Vicar of Christ, in his banishment at Gaeta, proofs of the deepest veneration and most profound homage of faithful hearts; it sent forth its protestations, acknowledging and reverencing him, not only as the Head of the Church, but, also, as the Supreme Ruler of Rome. Letters were despatched to the glorious exile from the most remote corners of the earth; from the islands of Oceanica, but yesterday, as it were, converted to Christianity; from

the Marquesas, the abodes of cannibals, and from Australia and New Caledonia, to comfort the Pontiff in his afflictions, to exalt him in his humiliations, to honor him in the insults and opprobrium heaped upon him by his barbarous and cowardly subjects in Rome. China, Tartary, the Indies, Armenia, Mesopotamia, Lebanon, Moldavia, Servia, Egypt, Algeria, the States of America from Canada to Chili, Europe from the extremity of Norway to Cadiz and Lisbon, all, in every language of the world, praised and glorified the invincible Pontiff, pouring forth the veneration and love of their hearts in expiation of the hatred and insults of the conspirators of Rome, whom God has consigned to the ignominy, detestation and the anathemas of the entire world.\*

The sovereignty of Rome, which was thus insanely disputed by the revolted subjects of the Pope (an immemorial sovereignty, which is more ancient than the celebrated donations of Pepin and Charlemagne), notwithstanding the vociferations of the Mazzinians, who proclaimed that it should never again be restored, has been, by the unanimous voice of the European powers, most solemnly pronounced the "*most ancient, legitimate, incommutable, and imprescriptible possession*," that the right of property can boast of among all the nations of Christendom. To this day, although they have seen with their own eyes the Pope reinstated by the Almighty and by the Catholic powers, in full sovereignty on

\* All these letters have been published in Naples, at the press of the *Civiltà Cattolica*, and remain a perpetual testimony before the whole world of the veneration and love of the episcopacy, clergy, and the princes of Christendom for the immortal Pius IX., the Vicar of Jesus Christ upon earth.

his throne, they still persevere in their obstinacy ; denying the existence of the light which dazzles them ; like madmen vociferating that Rome is still the dominion of the Triumvirs, and wondering, from their lurking-places, when the red cap of the republic will again rise on the Capitol, and the tower of Quirinus once more raise its head.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## INDIGNATION AND DEPARTURE.

ON the evening of the assassination of Count Rossi, Bartolo was at the house of Adelaide. He was sunk in profound sadness ; even Alisa was unable to banish his dark melancholy by the most tender caresses. He was absent and insensible to the conversation of those about him. At length turning to Mimo, with a heavy blow of his hand upon the table : " Most true ! " he exclaimed, " Aser wrote to you like a prophet. This is the grand stroke which was to fall upon Rome : ' they will have no Cardinals, they will have no Pope,' are the words of Aser ; significant words ! Mimo, sell my horses as well as you can ; as for my plate, I can at least save its value in weight. Gigi, the appraiser of the Monté, is a sterling fellow ; for his friends he would pass through fire and water, and if I say to him, ' Gigi, here is my plate, take it in pledge, at what you think is its just value,' he certainly would not deceive me to the extent of a single ounce, and so I should leave it in an inviolable repository."

" Why, my dear brother," said Adele, " what is all this you're saying about horses, Monté, and Gigi ? You are mixing up words at random, and without connexion."

"The connexion, our dear Adele, was given us by Aser, and you also would act wisely if you withdrew from this den of wolves. No, no, I would not stop in Rome even in a portrait, for I foresee calamities bursting upon it like a deluge. What is sacred to these monsters, if not the life of a minister? They want lay ministers, forsooth! Was Rossi a priest, was he a monk, was he a Jesuit? Yet they assassinated him as if he were a Jesuit; because, to be faithful to the Pope is to them Jesuitism, which deserves the dagger."

Alisa was alarmed. "But, papa," said she, "what has Aser written to you? What are his fears? What new idea is this?"

"Aser, my daughter, is a good friend to us; he wishes us out of danger of the storm which is brewing over us; he writes, 'Save Alisa.' You must know that he is in the secret of all the machinations, affairs, and plots which have been brewing for years back, and he can indicate almost the minute and the instant of the mysterious developments of all the most secret intrigues. Adelaide, take my advice, come with us, and you will in a short time have cause to think yourself fortunate."

"That is a matter that depends upon my husband, who, you know, would not lightly determine upon leaving Rome. If he will not, however, agree that we should go ourselves, I shall persuade him, at least, to let my sons retire from the midst of this hurricane. Although, children, you are undeceived respecting the iniquitous intentions of many, yet your levity, youthful impatience, and above all other evils, human respect, are still strong in you, and give me to fear that in an evil hour some imprudence may drag you again into misfortune."

"Yes, dear mother, permit us to go with our uncle, we are in actual danger here, for already has Nardo proposed to us to perform, I know not what duty of the Civic Guard at the palace. Nardo is an unscrupulous knave, that has a hand in every mischief, and he hinted to us to bring our muskets loaded with ball. I therefore got rid of him by telling him that my wound was inflamed afresh, and that Mimo was troubled with the toothache, and intended to go to-morrow and have it drawn."

"Very well," replied Adele, "then to-morrow, my boys, you will do well not to leave the house; those monsters, with their loaded muskets, are worse than brigands; and they are now contemplating some treacherous trick which will end in mischief."

Bartolo was returning home with Alisa, and as he lived in the Corso, he fell in with the uproarious mob, which was carrying in triumph the murderer of Rossi, shouting and yelling like demons. With unspeakable indignation, he entered his house, where shortly after he heard their shouts of "Hang out your lights!" and the servants were everywhere seen hurrying to the windows with lights and lamps; and if any delayed, because their masters were absent, or through fear, they were saluted with hisses and horrible hootings of "Death to the Blacks!" accompanied by volleys of stones against the windows. Bartolo, like the rest, was obliged, with a heart swelling with indignation, to hang his silver lamps from the windows, and to look with his own eyes upon that ruffian brandishing his bloody dagger, as he was borne on the shoulders of a porter of the Ripetta, surrounded by the mob of soldiers, toll-collectors, and Civic

Guards, dancing and singing "Blessed be that hand," &c., which terminated with, "Death to the priests! death to the Cardinals!" and more than one voice shouted, "Death to the Pope! Death to Christ! Hurrah for Christ democratic!" The simple people in Italy, who read the history of these horrors, make the sign of the cross saying: "Is it possible that human depravity can ever lead men to such iniquity? It is out of the limits of human probability." And they call this poor Jew a tissue of false inventions, woven by malignity and envy: a halter would be too good for him! The poor Jew shrinks within himself, and shrugs his shoulders, muttering in reply, "I await you at the Republic: and if ever you have heard of robberies, cruelty, inhumanity, and sacrilege that will bear any comparison to enormities perpetrated by the Mazzinians in Rome, the Jew will submit in silence to all this abuse, and even more; and if the rogue still maintains, still affirms, still shouts at the top of his voice, that the secret societies never gave and never can give to Europe anything, except every species of excess and crime, he is not prompted by mean servility, but by a desire to enlighten the Italian youth, inveigled by those treacherous wolves that pretend to be their friends."

"Well, well, Jew, thou hast said it over and over again, until we are driven distracted."

The Jew is not disheartened because he is not listened to; and if there are persons who, in order not to hear him, hold their ears with both hands, he is certainly not to blame for it. He has so short a time to live now, that he thinks it unnecessary to kill himself with crying, "The wolf! the wolf!"



It may be imagined that Bartolo, with his lamp hanging from the window, looked on with a heart filled with consternation; but it would be impossible to express how his blood boiled, when he heard the report of musketry at the Apostolic palace, and was informed of the danger of the Pope, and the furious attempts of the conspirators. His violent agitation and disgust ended in immediate preparations for departure. He took every precaution to place his property in security, and provided himself with bills of exchange for Genoa and Geneva. On the 25th, when he heard of the flight of the Pope, he devoutly returned thanks to Divine Providence, and said to Alisa,

“The Pope has fled; the Pope is in safety. God will help us also.”

In the afternoon, with his daughter and his two nephews, he set out for Civita Vecchia, and, on the following day, went on board a vessel which weighed anchor for Leghorn. Finding that city more like a den of wild beasts, than a peaceful commercial city, he made no stay, but returned on board, and set sail again about four in the afternoon, and arrived at Genoa about nine the following morning. They there spent a few days in admiring the stupendous grandeur and richness of its churches and palaces; then passing through Novara, they travelled onward to Arona on Lake Maggiore. There Bartolo was dissuaded from continuing his journey over the Simplon, both by the beauty of the place, and the warnings of those who were acquainted with the road. He would find, they said, the snow fallen in great quantities among the mountains, and his daughter would be unable to withstand the rigors of the cold, at the height

of four thousand, five hundred and forty-eight metres,\* which is the elevation of the Hospice, with one thousand, five hundred more, to the top of the perpetual glaciers, which redouble the intense cold of those summits. Bartolo, therefore, making choice of a hotel upon the banks of the lake, determined to pass the winter in certain apartments that received the sun, and which were reflected in the limpid waters, while they afforded a view over the length and breadth of the lake. In clear weather, they visited the rock of Arona, where stands the gigantic statue of St. Charles, who was born there, and whose room, now made into an oratory, is still shown with great veneration. Alisa sometimes went there alone, and, seated in some delightful spot, she enjoyed the rays of the sun, a view of the lake, and the gracefully undulating hills, and she inhaled, with delight, that air which was breathed by so great a saint; she invoked his intercession for the exiled Pontiff, for the peace of the Church, and of Rome. Poor Alisa! her thoughts would then wander to the banks of the Danube and the Moldave; she pictured to herself the terrible battles of the fierce Szeklers, and the wild Ottokans; her heart throbbed and trembled at the dangers to which Aser was exposed, whom her fervid imagination represented engaging the "Red Mantles" of Jellachich, with their curved scimitars and long mustaches; shuddering with fear, she threw herself on her knees, and besought St. Charles to defend him in the terrible encounters of that ferocious war. She was discovered in this position of prayer, by her

\* The metre, in itinerary measure, is equal to 3·2808992 feet English.—TR.

cousins, who seeing her sad, pale, and in tears, said to her :

“ You really are too melancholy and sorrowful ; let us hope in God, and live in gladness.”

When the lake was not troubled, Bartolo, with his daughter and nephews, would enjoy a delightful excursion upon the lake ; one day to Belgirate, another to Stresa, another to the Isole Belle (beautiful islands), and even as far as Pallanza, Intra, Magadino or Bellinzona ; sometimes they crossed over into the Varese, wandering among those beautiful places, and often by the road of Novara, they went to Oleggio. When the time of the Carnival arrived, convinced that his company would take pleasure in a visit to Milan, he obtained passports and transported them there over the bridge of Bufalora.

## CHAPTER XV.

## THE REVIEW.

MILAN still bore the resemblance of a conquered and disheartened city; it had not yet resumed its natural gaiety, and the air of festivity which belongs to it; like an invalid recovering from a bed of suffering, he long bears evidence of his disorder, delicate and exhausted by the raging fever with which he has been consumed, and brought to the verge of the grave. Bartolo, Alisa, and her cousins were unceasing in their praise; they extolled it as one of the most beautiful and incomparable cities of Italy, for it could justly be compared to a noble lady, who is beautiful and graceful even in her sorrow. They set out to view the beauties and new wonders of Milan; commencing with the marvellous splendor of the Duemo, they extended their course to the Arco del Sempione, and on their way it so happened that they passed through the Field of Mars precisely at the hour of a general review of the Austrian garrison. Alisa was delighted with the sight of the regularity and precision of their movements.

“Oh, father,” she cried, “what fine soldiers! how skilful, how boldly erect, and how beautiful their uniforms! I thought you told me that the Austrians were at

Milan; where are they then? And those fine, tall, straight men with their great bearskin caps, who are they?"

"Who are they? My daughter, those are the Austrians."

"Why how can that be? 'Pallade,' 'Don Pirlone,' the 'Contemporaneo,' and all the other journals of Rome, Tuscany, and Piedmont, represent them as filthy, ugly, and crooked; with patched clothes, old cobbled shoes, out at the toes and worn off at the heels; their old overcoats dropping off their backs piecemeal, and their linen disgusting, and hanging over their waistcoats; whereas, these are stately, well-made men, and their uniforms are neat, spotless, and new."

"Those were only a few playful stories, my daughter, in comparison with the shameless calumnies which those heroes of ours daily propagate."

"But tell me, father, the Croatians must be shut up yonder in the Castle, are they not? To prevent them from making incursions into the streets of Milan, to steal the children which they roast and eat? Poor creatures!—oh, the monsters!"

"Really, Alisa, you must be dreaming to-day. Those tall, fine-looking men, in such perfectly neat attire, are Hungarians and Croatians."

"Moreover," added Mimo, "those two battalions there are the Ivini Croatians of Carlstadt; those companies towards the Castle are the second regiment of the Ottocians of Ottochaz; that splendid battalion in the centre is of the Banats of the twelfth regiment of Parascowa, in the Temeswar: those are men for you of a gigantic race! How muscular, and what a proud, undaunted

appearance! There, upon the left, are the Oguliner, all of the Croatian race, powerful, hardy, bred to battle, unyielding in their posts, and hardened to fatigue; we felt all this in our encounters with them on the Tagliamento, near Treviso, and before Vicenza."

At this moment the troops ceased their evolutions, and the columns halted for a moment; two generals, with the Governor and their aids, in a separate group, on horseback, were engaged in conversation, and congratulating the colonels on the rapid precision and discipline with which the troops performed their movements, when a graceful cavalier was seen leaving the circle, and advancing at a canter towards Bartolo's carriage. The young officer wore a nobly-ornamented hussar's uniform, the short mantle of the finest lambskin was thrown over the left shoulder, and fastened at the neck with a chain of gold; the high hat was fronted with red felt and platted cords, terminating in tassels hung over the ear; the vest was embroidered with ears of wheat down the facings, and tassels of thick cord issued beneath the shield-shaped buttons. The pantaloons were of brilliant scarlet, also embroidered, and braided with flowers and designs beautifully thrown up and arranged with exquisite taste. By the side of the cimier hung a sabretache adorned with embroidery and devices, and suspended by three long straps of red morocco, fastened with gold buckles. The noble bearing of the cavalier, as they saw him advancing to address them, drew the attention of Alisa and the others. As he approached, they could distinguish his countenance lighted up with a smile of joy, and when he joined them, and greeted Lando with a hearty shake of the hand, Lando exclaimed

with sudden warmth: "What! Olga?" The graceful aide-de-camp, pleasantly bowing to Alisa, Bartolo, and Mimo, said: "Lando, how do I find you here? And this lady is your wife? I declare you have shown a marvellous taste!"

"No," replied Lando, "this is my cousin, and this her father and my uncle, and this is Mimo, my brother. They all know that I owe you my life; we have a hundred times recalled, with grateful applause, your courtesy and unbounded kindness towards me. I have you ever in my heart, for you restored me to the embrace of my mother and of my relations and friends."

"Lando, at present I cannot stop any longer. Where are your quarters?"

"At St. Mark's."

"Very well; to-morrow we will meet again." She pressed the hand of Alisa, who was in an ecstasy of admiration, and left them at full gallop to rejoin her general. Our Romans watched her, as she departed, with breathless wonder, such was their astonishment at her sudden appearance. On the following day, before they had set out to visit Brera as they had pre-arranged, Olga, folded in an ample white military cloak, suddenly entered. They welcomed her with real joy; and Alisa, seeing her bend to salute her, blushed deeply, and cast down her eyes, for her dress was not that of a lady. Bartolo and her cousin could not restrain a smile, and Mimo said, jokingly: "Oh, Alisa, do you suffer yourself to be kissed by officers who wear cimeters,—are you not afraid?"

"Yes," replied Alisa, "I am afraid of the cimenter, but not of Olga, who saved the life of Lando; for if

she strikes the enemy with her cimeter, with kindness and gentleness of heart she assists the wounded, and cures them of their wounds." While she was thus complimenting her, Olga took her seat by her side, and laid her cimeter across her own knees; Alisa, with friendly familiarity, took hold of the hilt, and endeavored to unsheath the blade, but she had scarcely seen the edge when she uttered a cry of fear, and withdrew her hand. "How do you manage," said she to Olga, "to wield so heavy a weapon, and how can you have the heart to use it against others?"

"You see, beautiful Alisa, the temperament of Croatian young women is very different from that of the young ladies of Italy; and, wherever you find a nation whose women are trained to war, you may conclude that the men are simple in their manners, temperate, free, continent, patient in poverty, inured to fatigue, and faithful in the performance of their duties."

"So I said in Rome to many of my friends," added Lando, "and I strove to prove to them that they were guilty of injustice in heaping contumely upon the Croats: but do you know what happened? At the Caffè de Specchi a Lombard harshly reproached me, saying: 'You show yourself an enemy to Italian independence,' said he, 'by praising the Austrians; you are an Italian, and you ought to blush when you give expression to such eulogies of the enemies of Italy. Italy is enslaved solely through the Austrians.'"

"Oh, my dear Lando!" replied the beautiful Olga, "believe me, the Austrians are not in the least to blame, if the Italians, with all this violence and uproar, do not work out their independence from the Alps to Sicily.



The Austrian sabres and swords don't cut any better than those of the Italians, nor are our cannon-balls made of iron, while theirs are of tow; but the cause of their defeat and discomfiture is solely in themselves, in none but themselves, and the Austrians have no share of the blame whatever. How can you suppose that a corrupt people should ever take the right course to acquire independence, when they do not know what liberty means? It is not by clamors, curses, and perjury, that nations effect their freedom; and since we are speaking of curses, I can repeat one of my own composition, which causes every Italian who hears it, to hold his ears. It is this: 'Until the Italians become Croatians, they will never make Italy a self-governing and confederate nation.'"

"Olga, what are you saying?" exclaimed Bartolo.

"I say, and I repeat it; that if the Italians do not revive their faith and adhere closely and legally to the Holy Church; if they do not banish the effeminacy, levity, and luxury which consume them; if they do not return to the sobriety and temperance of their magnanimous ancestors, and above all other things, if they do not lay aside hatred, envy, and municipal interests, and also their Brofferi, Guerazzi, Mazzini, and their Mamiani, with the entire troop of '*moderates*' of Piedmont, Tuscany, Rome, and Naples, they may sing '*La Bella Franceschina*,' for they will never accomplish their ends. What I mean by becoming Croatians is, that they should be *men of one belief, of one way of thinking, of one will, of one mode of action*, and not children that change with every wind. You now see the Roman republic, which boasts of its liberty, while it imprisons, oppresses, impoverishes private individuals; plunders

the public, and persecutes the Church. You will see where this comedy will end. But, gentlemen, let us turn from these gloomy subjects. Lando, what are you engaged in now? Did you keep your promise at Loretto?"

"Did I keep my promise! To be sure I did: I assure you I prayed to the Madonna for you, and I caused ten masses to be celebrated at her altar for your happiness, and for the benefit of Janni, Babba, and all your worthy family: nor did I consider that I had yet cancelled the debts which your generous kindness had imposed on me; I, therefore, caused a golden heart to be made, within which I folded a slip of parchment containing your name and my name, beneath a representation of the manner in which you saved my life."

Olga was much affected, and said to Lando: "You Italians are gracefully amiable even in your acts of piety; I thank you." She then added: "And the Pope, did you see him after your return? When I reflect that those grovelling wretches supposed that they were securing their liberty, by forcing the Vicar of Christ into exile, I said, rejoicing in my own mind: 'These people are sharpening upon the whetstone of St. Peter, the sword of all Christendom, which will mow them down and strew them over the ground, like the grass of the fields.'"

Alisa rose from her seat and entering her own room, took from a small casket a large cameo set in gold, representing the majestic countenance of Pius IX., and carrying it to Olga, she said to her: "My good friend, accept this portrait as a pledge of the love and admiration which I bear you." Olga rose reverently to her feet, and receiving the venerable image she pressed it to

her lips and to her heart, and turning to Alisa. "This precious gift," said she, "shall accompany me as long as I live, and afterwards it shall be handed down in my family as a perpetual monument of your friendship."

Lando presented her with a beautiful and rich chaplet of malachite enchained upon gold, and blessed by the Sovereign Pontiff, a present which Olga most dearly prized; he also requested her to give, as remembrances to Janni and Babba, two large silver medals stamped with the portrait of the Pope. Bartolo also wished to give the young heroine a little gold statue of Our Lady, representing the Conception, upon a globe of lapislazzuli and a pedestal of the whitest alabaster of Volterra. Then Mimo, as a young soldier, made her a present of a pair of Paris pocket-pistols, richly mounted in gold, and each terminating in a boss set with a fine ruby. Olga said to him in a pleasant tone: "Mimo, if God ever permits me to use these in defence of the Pope, you shall see that I am able to point them truly at the proud forehead of his enemies."

As she said this, they all rose, and together with Olga visited the marvellous palace of Brera. On their return, as they chanced to pass before the Greppi Palace:

"Why," asked Alisa, "is it thus pierced and dilapidated?" Olga turned to Lando and Mimo:

"You see, my friends," she replied, "a fresh argument in support of what I asserted at the hotel, with regard to the notion which the revolted Italians form of liberty. That storm of balls was fired at Charles Albert by the Lombard heroes, who, after inducing him to sacrifice justice in a war against the emperor, their legitimate sovereign, finding that fortune had not smiled

upon his arms at Custoza, and afterwards before Milan, would have repaid him with death, and proclaimed him the betrayer of Italy, for which he had sacrificed himself, his royal sons, and the flower of his army. What an amiable people they are ! They fought with words in their tribunes and in the piazzas of Milan, while Charles Albert was exposing his life, and then their gratitude led them to stone him with the utmost rage. And these same Italians rave even yet about the independence of Italy, and dream of another attempt, dead as they are to faith, and to every noble and generous sentiment of the heart. If you, Lando and Mimo, were to proclaim aloud this great truth, you would have a thousand indignant voices reproaching you as Italian renegades : but I a Croatian as I am, may sing it out to them in a sounding cadence, and at the top of my voice, and if they refuse to hear it, theirs alone is the loss."

When the Carnival was over, Bartolo returned to Arona, and began to prepare without delay for his departure across the Alps.

It was near the end of March when he commenced his journey to Switzerland, and when he reached Baveno, under the granite cliffs, and beheld these precipitous rocks piled up perpendicularly, and their rugged flanks from which were quarried the majestic columns of the Basilica of St. Paul, he sighed as he gloomily recalled to mind that, according to common report, this stupendous edifice was consumed by fire set to it by the sectarians, who have sworn the destruction of all that is holy and great in Italy : and he doubted not that the

republicans entertained designs of burning it afresh, even before the Roman Church should see it completed, after spending upon it so much treasure, labor, and solicitude. He judged rightly: for it is a fact that it was not only the intention of those fell destroyers to burn down St. Paul's, but they had actually loaded a boat with tar, tow, and turpentine, to effect their purpose, which fell into the hands of the French, who had received timely information and hastened to take possession of the Basilica, and kept over it the most watchful guard. From Baveno they ascended towards the valley of Ossola, which opens through narrow, abrupt, and long passes, between the woody declivities of the Alps, crossed in all directions by rivers and torrents, which water and fertilize its pastures, and clothe them with succulent and sweet-scented herbage, for the support of the innumerable flocks which it contains within its bosom. From the enchanting hills of Domo, its orchards and its beautiful plains, they passed on to Crevola, and alighting from the carriage, they looked down over the parapets of the remarkably high bridge which spans the valley, and cast their eyes upon the dark torrent that roars and fumes against the pillars of those great arches, and fills the spectator with fear and astonishment. Thence striking into the first limits of the immense heights of the Simplon, they entered the narrow pass of the valley of Varzo, a scattered village already half washed away by the impetuous torrents, or overwhelmed by the falling masses of rock, which, crashing down upon the cottages, have left no trace of their site but a precipitous and rugged declivity.

In the narrow valleys beneath Iselle, the boundary of

Sardinia, they passed through several galleries excavated in the sides of the rocks, which overhang deep precipices, where Napoleon, who planned and constructed that stupendous passage from Switzerland into Italy, finding it impossible to build up a road upon walls, blasted the rocks, and burst through the barrier which had been hitherto esteemed insuperable to foreign arms. From those depths the eye rises terrified to the formidable summits of the mountains; and when those are scaled, the traveller finds other immeasurable piles of mountains, which seem to have had their foundations cast there by a fresh creation, that piled them upon the others, and thus suspended them in upper space. But when again these rugged barriers with their broken flanks and immense forests are overcome, other still higher barriers, and peaks still more broken and abrupt, rise, threatening and terrible, from the secondary ridges, launching upwards the peaks, bergs, and pinnacles, of the eternal glaciers, into the stormy clouds which perpetually envelope them.

Notwithstanding this, parts even of the highest of these mountains are crowned with enormous beech and pine trees, which are felled by the mountain woodmen, and thrown from the cliffs into the valleys below, where they are received by the torrents, and borne downward to Lake Maggiore. It sometimes happens that immense trunks are caught upon some jutting rock or ledge, and then the woodmen, with a rashness that seems incredible, let themselves down by long ropes attached to the edge of the precipices, to dislodge them; thus they are seen suspended in air like eagles or vultures, to the terror of the traveller who turns away his eyes with fear and trembling.

In the midst of those mountains, rising one above another in such fearful gradation, the Monrosa descends and flings itself headlong from the immense glaciers with which they are crowned; from those heights it gathers its waters and precipitates them into the abysses of the ravines of the Simplon on the left of the traveller. Bartolo turned his eyes around like one who imagines himself about to be buried in the whirling waters of an unfathomable ocean, and who looks up and beholds, curling fearfully over his head, the heaped-up waves about to rush down upon him and engulf him. Alisa shrunk back and closely folded herself in her cloak, terrified at the reverberations of the glaciers, as from time to time they suddenly burst, with the roar of thunder, while the sound rolled in deafening echoes among the long passes and hollow abysses of those mountains. But when they reached the last gorge of those Alps, opened by Napoleon between two precipices, she alighted from the carriage to contemplate, upon the first bridge, the abyss of that dark ravine, at the bottom of which a torrent precipitates its waters, and half-way through the terrific gulf, dashes among the rocks and disappears, losing itself in noiseless spray and mist. She then crossed the bridge and entered the gallery, which in the centre bends to the right and through a large cleft receives the light that falls upon an engraved inscription, cut in large characters: "Napoleone Imperatore aperse col tesoro d'Italia, l'anno MDCCCV." Opened by the Emperor Napoleon, with the treasures of Italy, in the year 1805.

At the Pass of Gunz, the Swiss frontier, they stopped to see the aerial leap of the Cascade of Alpirubach, which

pours down between its shattered sides over the broken cliffs, its dark sheet, dyed with the obscure tints of the surrounding wood of larches and yews, which it reflects to the eye of the beholder. Where the sun's rays fall upon it, the most beautiful prismatic colors are produced; and where it plunges among the rocks, it foams, roars, and rages, and creates a strong wind, which blows the spray to a great distance around. They then continued their ascent; the frozen masses of snow increased, and it was at length necessary to take the carriage apart and place the body of it upon one sledge, and the rest upon others, together with the baggage. Thus they crossed the most lofty summits, where for many miles there can be seen no trace of vegetation; not even the most hardy trees of the Alps can bear the excessive cold and the terrible storms which reign there. Above, on one side, the glacier of Roospod raises its crystal masses; and on the other sparkle the deep-blue crevices, peaks, and levels of the glacier of Balmen Glycer, presenting a terrific scene with its stormy lead-colored clouds, that whirl among its steep peaks and over the uneven sides of those dark-brown crests. Around are solitude, silence, and mountains upon mountains of snow; and beneath, precipices, cataracts, and furious torrents, which are heard hoarsely roaring down among the dense clouds which roll over those dark and bottomless abysses.

At the Hospice, which raises its high walls in the midst of the snow, and shows itself on all sides like a light-house of safety for the benumbed traveller, Bartolo alighted; and lifting Alisa, who was stiff with cold, in his arms from the sledge, he carried her within to the stove, where, with a cup of hot tea and a little brandy,



she was shortly restored. Thence they pursued their way, and traversed the plateau of those upper regions. They beheld, stretched out beneath them, another expanse of broken ravines, which finally discharge their torrents into the Rhone, at the foot of the city of Briga. While they were winding down the steep declivities, a mass of snow suddenly detached itself from the glaciers of Balmen Glycer, and driven by its own weight upon other mounds of snow beneath it, carried them down, collecting, accumulating, and compressing them into its flanks; and as it descended, it bore down everything in its course. Mountain oaks and forests of pines were uprooted and hurled down beneath it, or swallowed within its mass; while rocks were cast from their foundations with a fury and a tempest that shook the surrounding mountains. The postilions, accustomed to these avalanches, rapidly threw themselves beneath the broad gallery which runs along the immense wall-like side of the mountain, and waited there until the falling ruin had passed over and rolled into the precipices. They then issued from the other opening, traversed the second gallery, and descending at a rapid pace, arrived at the post-house of Berixal, two-thirds of the distance down the great declivity of the mountains. Alisa, with the terror inspired by the avalanche, the piercing cold, the fatigue of the journey, and the dread of those whirlwinds and rushing tempests, was pale, exhausted, and trembling, and with difficulty managed to walk into the warm rooms. The kind attentions of the people, and the restoratives and refreshments which were lavished upon her, gave her strength for the rest of the day's travel. They continued their route down the

descent of Briga, where they arrived in about the space of an hour, chose their hotel, and remained all the following day. The morning after, they travelled along the valley of the Rhone to Sion ; thence to Martigny and St. Maurice, so called after the leader of the Thebean legion of martyrs, who preferred to sacrifice their lives rather than their faith in Christ. After passing the frontier of the Catholic Canton of Vallese, they crossed the Rhone into the Protestant Canton of Vaud ; and coasting the extreme circle of the lake, through Aigle and Villeneuve, they finally reached the beautiful city of Vevey, where they resolved to make a short sojourn to recover from the fatigues of their Alpine travel.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## THE ELECTION IN ROME.

As soon as the Carnival was over, Bartolo returned again to Arona, where the most distressing intelligence waited him from Rome. He learned, with surprise and regret, that his native city, on the 9th of February, had declared itself a Republic, on the triangular basis of robbery, injustice, and sacrilege. A young man had written to Mimo an amusing account of the Roman constituency at the election of representatives; and although the soul of Bartolo was sickened at the recital, still he could not refrain from indulging in laughter at the language of those braggadocios of the popular circle.

Having, with many pompous words and high-sounding phrases, announced to Rome that the day long foretold had finally arrived; the day on which the people would assume the attitude of freemen; when they would become masters of their own actions, they invited them to come forth to the ballot box, and cast their votes for those, whom in their sovereign will, they thought most competent to represent, in the National Assembly, their liberty and their greatness.

Knots of persons might be seen collected on the corners, endeavoring to read the invitations to vote, and

those who were unable to read, inquired of others, what was the meaning of the bills which they saw upon the walls. A pork-dealer answered: "Who knows? They talk of employing hands," mistaking the meaning of the word *votare*, which signifies to vote or to employ. Another raises his head above the crowd before him, endeavors to catch a few words of explanation, which the old assistant of the hospital of San Francisco, was giving with scholastic gravity.

"Ah! look here!" said he, to a number of masons and other laborers, who were returning from their work: "look here; we, the Romans of Trojan blood; we once ruled the world: the whole world—"

"America, too!"

"Be silent, you simpleton! America was not then a part of the world."

"Ah, beg your pardon, Signore. But it was born afterwards then?"

"If it were not then living, it was born afterwards of course."

"Well, well! we the masters of the world, have been till this day slaves to the Pope, and to the priests. Now we become free again and masters of ourselves—and of the world too—is it not so?"

"Yes, but slowly, and step by step, my friends. This bill tells us that we must choose our representatives; that is to say, the members of the Assembly, who are to frame a free and independent government for us."

"And in this government who is to rule?"

"Somebody must do it in the name of the nation."

"Pshaw! we had the Pope, who ruled in the name of God! And this nation, who is he? Is he a prince?"

"Why, simpleton! the nation is yourselves; the Roman people, the noblest of mankind."

"Ah! this nation then will make us nobles, counts, dukes, and marquises; but will he give us plenty of money?"

Another inquired: "Now, sir, just tell us, if the nation commands, and we ourselves are this nation, then everybody commands, and who is to obey?"

"It is the law that commands and will enforce obedience from every one."

"Oh, then after all we are to obey! Why we might as well have continued to obey the Pope, who was so kind, so generous, and so good." And one by one they departed in silence to their homes.

In the mean time persons were engaged in putting upon the walls of the churches and other buildings through the city, large sheets of paper, containing the names of the citizens of the several wards. It was really amusing to see the crowds of people gathered around these show-bills, each endeavoring to find his own name.

"Ah! there it is, printed down in full, my Christian name, family, and profession."

One who could not read would say to his neighbor: "Mr. Canon, will you be so good as to look in ward Regola, for the name of Toto Stricca?"

"But, my friend, Toto is commonly used for Antonio, and Stricca is probably a nickname; you must tell me your family name."

"Certainly, my family name is Guardo."

"Well, then, your name is Antonio Guardo: let me read: 'Ward Regola, parish of St. Paulina,'"—and here

Mr. Canon would repeat to himself several names as he run his finger along the column. "Ah! here it is! Antonio Guardo, a meat-seller by trade."

"That's it!—and my wife, too, is she there?"

"Oh, no, my dear friend; the names of the men only are here; the women do not vote for the representatives of the people."

An old man, who was standing by, said to him in an undertone:

"You will see, Mr. Canon, that from so many votes a woman will finally come forth, *Madam Republic*. She is almost visible on this bill. Take notice, if you please, of the titles which are added to the names. This, everybody knows, is Prince Don Marcantonies, and directly under him is the keeper of his stables. This is Don Carlo, and beneath his name is that of a porter of a grocery. This is an archbishop, and under him is Pippo, the rag-gatherer. This is a cardinal, and by his side, Cencio, the coal-dealer. The Cardinals go hand in hand with the populace; the Princes of the Church are set down as the electors of the representatives, who are to take the government from the hands of the Pope.

To call such a high profession, just as you would say—an apothecary by trade, or a smith, a tinker, or a tailor. It reminds me of a tract in the life of Louis XVI. of France, which I read in my youth, when his murderers asked: What is your name?—*Louis*. What is your family name?—*Capet*. What is your profession?—*A king!* And Rome now witnesses the repetition of such infamous deeds. Crowds of her curious citizens come to the corners to read and laugh; but if they do not have cause to weep and hang their heads in shame, it will be well."

In a few days after the names were placed before the public, it was announced that each one should repair to the polls, and cast his vote for the representatives of the people. Sterbini, who was a candidate for minister of public works, had bought the votes of all the workmen of the city; he also brought into Rome the men who were working on the road at Torre di Quinto; they entered the Gate del Populo with their picks and shovels on their shoulders, and deposited their votes at the polls of Monte Cirtorio. The same means were resorted to, to gain the votes of the poor men of Beneficenza, who were engaged in digging up antiquities in the Roman Forum. The common soldiers, too, voted as they were directed; and also the public officers, who did not wish to lose their salaries.

Amusing scenes frequently occurred at the gates. When the field-hands, on their way to the vineyards outside of the wall of the city, arrived at the gates, they were not permitted to pass until they had voted.

"But we are day-laborers, and you will make us lose half a day: who will pay for it?"

"Be silent!" replied the soldiers, "you shall not go out before voting!" And the poor laborers were compelled to return and vote.

The City Guards went through every corner looking for persons to send to the polls. Those who went round with wine and brandy, were caught at the corners of the streets, by the collars:

"Did you vote?"

"I have not sold it all; my bottles are pretty full yet."

"You simpleton! Have you voted for the Assembly?"

"The Assembly! I don't know him. I never saw him!"

"Here, fool! here's a ticket; carry it to the Palace of Salviali, and vote!"

When the countrymen came in with their baskets of salad, cabbage, &c., they were accosted at the gates:

"Come, before you go to market, you must go to the polls and vote!"

"What poll? Ah, bless me, I'll go about my own business."

"What, you blockhead! come with me, this moment, to the polls."

"And the donkey too?"

"Yes, both of you!" And they would strike the poor gardeners with the flat of their swords, and hurry them to the polls.

They also dragged to the polls the fruit-dealers, fish-mongers, rag-gatherers, and those who bought old iron; also, the lowest characters from the Ghetto, Piazza Navona, and the Piazza Mentanara.

It the mean time, persons read aloud from every corner, "that the people were fully capable of appreciating their own dignity; that they were prepared for the change; they were not wanting in civil wisdom; and with an eye fixed on the glory of the rising republic, they were to go forth in the attitude of freemen and vote for their representatives."

To swell the vote, the worthy guardians of the people's rights, sent the same persons to vote in several wards. They also found out family names of a new stamp; tickets were presented in the name of persons already dead, or who were yet infants in their



mothers' arms. Many of the Civic Guards, instead of one ticket, voted thirty, and thus they made up the number of votes, which was the *sine qua non* of the Roman Assembly.

But the closing scene was truly amusing. When the judges, seated, *pro tribunale*, began to announce the votes, they came across many remarks quite unbecoming the gravity of a people, who had already shadowed forth the outlines of their future destiny. One ticket would read :

"I chose *Pope Sisto*, that he may hang you!" Another contained: "A vote for *Old Nick*, that he may roast you." A third: "I vote for *Mastro Tetta*, (the hangman)." These and many other amusing sayings were found upon the tickets, besides many bitter and pointed sarcasms, against the new race of tyrants of Rome. When the judges perceived this, they suddenly became hoarse, and rising up from their arm-chairs, they announced to the people that as many of the tickets were in very bad handwriting, they would count the ballots in private, and make the result known afterwards. When they published the result, it was ascertained, that the very persons, who had been previously announced by the Pallade, the Don Pirlone, and the Circolo Popolare, were the very individuals elected as members of the Assembly.

Mimo's letter ended thus: "My good friend, you know that we young folks are always ready for a laugh, and in truth we did enjoy ourselves exceedingly at the expense of these sturdy fellows of ours. I know that you and Lando would have been displeased had you seen us, but really you could not have denied, but that we

had an abundant cause for amusement. To force people to do, all at once, what they do not understand, is tantamount to cause them to fall into the most extravagant excesses. Mark the results: this was the beginning; the end, a red-hot Republic; she must be received by the firing of guns, ringing of bells, by processions, *Veni Creator, Te Deum laudamus*, High Masses, and many other demonstrations, far exceeding the conclusion of a Carnival or the election of a Pope. Farewell, Mimo: my love to Lando; tell him that I will shortly inform him of the proceedings of the Republic—one, undivided, and eternal.

“Yours truly,  
“ALDOBRANDO.”

Bartolo, on hearing that such enormities had been perpetrated by Christians against the Vicar of God on earth, was stricken with horror, and now reproached himself with blindness, when he refused to believe those, who predicted that the traitors, under the cover of hypocrisy, sought only to destroy every remnant of order in Rome that they might make themselves masters of the City of the Seven Hills. He was anxious to cross the Alps, and place them between himself and the shame and disgrace that had befallen Italy and Rome.

It was near the end of March when he commenced his journey to Switzerland; and after making some delay at Baveno, he continued his course across the Alps, as we have stated before, and finally arrived with his daughter, at the small and beautiful city of Vevey.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## THE PRECIPICE.

AMONG the highest and most wild and terrific steeps of the craggy mountains of Unterwalden, a daring hunter was nimbly leaping from rock to rock, or creeping, bent and warily, along the narrow ledges. His rifle was slung across his shoulders, a cap, of the skin of the marten, was fastened, by a leathern strap, under his chin, his powder flask hung at his side, and a dagger at his belt, which was buckled over a small dark-green jacket. He had discovered a herd of chamois that had bounded over a high peak opposite the steep rock which he was climbing, and carried away by his ardor to possess himself of one of them, he clung to every jutting point, every plant and root, and to the twigs of wild vervain which grew in the clefts and small cavities of those perpendicular crags.

Covered with perspiration, and out of breath, he drew himself up on the top of the peak, and like a hawk, watching for its prey, he scanned the horizon and discovered the herd of chamois, part of which was browsing upon the stunted ash trees which hung from the clefts among the rugged peaks, and part bounding from point to point, while another, like a scout or sentinel, stood

motionless, posted upon the highest pinnacle of those crags, with its four feet drawn together, its back arched, its short horns thrown back, and its eyes watchfully glancing in every direction.

The dexterous hunter slipped his rifle from his shoulders, took deliberate aim and fired; his ball pierced the animal's side, and he saw it fall into a profound chasm that yawned fearfully beneath those rocks. But what was his amazement, when turning down his eyes to descend and recover his game, he found himself suspended, like a heron, in the air, and the rock so bare and perpendicular, that it descended almost like a wall into the abyss. In his eagerness to possess himself of his game he had overlooked the danger of his return. He found himself on that bare pinnacle, with hardly an inch of space to serve as a step in his descent; on all sides the rock was nearly smooth and perpendicular, only here and there was some trunk, or twig, or root to which he had clung in scaling it, but which scarcely afforded a foothold for a descent; and from the abyss, beneath, the roaring of a foaming torrent was heard, which falling from the glaciers, descended in fearful leaps from ravine to ravine, and, finally, discharged itself into the lake of Waldstetten. The young hunter felt a cold shivering run through him; pale and agitated, his knees exhausted, trembling, and tottering, he stood as if stupified, with his eyes fixed upon the rock, for he dared neither raise them to the sky, in which he seemed to be hanging without support, nor gaze downward into the dark gulf below, which filled him with shuddering horror. Recommending himself to God, and begging his assistance in this dreadful strait,

he took off his shoes, and tying them together by the strings, hung them across his neck. He then sat down upon the crest of that fearful crag, and planting his heel upon a tuft of hollyhock, he let himself slip down slowly and gently; beneath it was a narrow ledge, upon which he rested the other foot and again glided down; lower down was a slippery bed of moss, and striking it with the stock of his rifle, he made a notch for his heel, and thus, from notch to notch, from tuft to tuft, from bush to bush, he descended two-thirds of the crag. The sweat dropped from his brow, trickled down his cheeks, and bathed his whole body; he held his breath, and groans and sighs of dread involuntarily escaped him; in some places he felt his hair stand on end, and a cold shiver agitate his frame.

At length he reached a large lime-tree, that wound its serpentine roots into the crevices of a bulging rock from which it sprung, first in a horizontal direction, then its trunk turned upward and shot up its branches perpendicularly. The rain, however, had penetrated the fissures of the rock, which were rendered wider by the snow and ice in winter, so that the rock, already half detached, now began slowly and gradually to crumble beneath the new weight imposed upon it. The wretched youth clasped his arms round the trunk of the tree, seized with a horror, so sudden and terrible that he was unable even to ejaculate, "Oh God!" but after one glance into the dark abyss, he closed his eyes and fainted. He did not feel the rocks and the tree, as they gave way and fell with him into the torrent. The broken rock, on first separating from the side of the mountain, descended a short distance down the steep,

but dividing by the shocks and its own weight, it burst into fragments, and enveloped in its ruin, every projection that opposed its fall, and was plunged, with a dreadful sound, into the water. The torrent, at the sudden rush of the impetuous mass, boiled and rolled towards its source, and spouting upwards high jets of foam, hissed and roared until the rocks of the surrounding ravines, and the profound caverns, resounded with its echoes. The eagles and vultures, which were brooding in the holes of inaccessible rocks, disturbed and terrified at the sound, stretched their wings, and with screams of terror rose high into the air, and moved in wide circles above the abysses of those mountains, dreading to alight; the wolves howled, the bears fled panting from their dens, the deer and mountain goats ran in fear through the forests; but the tree and the hunter plunged into the deep, and were carried away in the furious whirlpools of the torrent.

This unfortunate youth was Aser, who, nearly a month before, abandoning the desperate war in Hungary, in order to enjoy a little repose, and to give some recreation to his agitated mind, retired, first to Lucerne, and afterwards to Schweitz, and among the mountain villages of Unterwalden. He had left Pulkowa, where the people sided with the Emperor, and entering the territory of the Magyars, he travelled from place to place, to discover the intentions of the magnates or chiefs and barons of the Magyar and Hungarian nation, in engaging in so destructive a war against the Emperor. He found that their motives were directly at variance with the democratic views of the secret societies of the whole of Europe. For the Hungarian barons, so

far from seeking by all this violence and conflagration of war, the liberty and equality which were the ostensible object of the democrats, were contending, on the contrary, for the prerogatives of the ancient nobility of the kingdom, which possessed supreme control and lordship over the vassals upon their lands.

Mazzini was hostile to Austria, as the perpetual upholder of the ancient European institutions, and the determined defender of all legitimate authority against popular rebellion, and by a thousand incentives had stimulated the Hungarian and Magyar barons to shake off the yoke of slavery, as he called it, of the empire. But Mazzini and his colleagues, whose sole aim was to divert the attention and the strength of Austria, fell short in their calculations. For they took into account neither the military skill of the Austrian generals, nor the prowess of their armies, nor the rapidity of their movements, nor the confusion, inaptitude, and inexperience of the revolted Italians, who were scattered before Hungary took up arms, and before Transylvania, with the other Slavonians had joined in the revolt. In the second place, they showed a want of sagacity in interpreting the character of the Hungarian and Transylvanian barons, who were directly opposed to their republican aspirations. Mazzini, perhaps, supposed that Hungary was peopled in all its parts by Hungarians, and that the Hungarian people called for a free government, for the promulgation of its own laws, and for its deliverance from all foreign power, as well as from the authority of its own magnates; but Mazzini was, on all these points, laboring under a serious mistake. Hungary is peopled by barons, and a few other people

of the race of the Huns and Magyars; all the rest of the population is adventitious and of foreign lineage, attracted there by the luxuriance of the country, the abundant rivers, the wealth and munificence of the magnates, the internal and foreign commerce of its cities and plains. Hungary swarms with Servians, Suavians, Dalmatians, Slavonians, Wallachians, Bohemians, Transylvanians, Bosnians, Croatians, Greeks, Russians, and Germans, who form a strange mixture of blood, language, dress and costume, each of them preserving his own, mingled with a little of every other, with that multiplicity of opinions and desires which belong to the interests of those nations taken singly.

The war in Hungary consequently originated and was kindled by the magnates alone, who never contemplated, in throwing off the yoke of the empire, the institution of a popular liberty to which they themselves were adverse, and which that badly-cemented admixture of races never desired; but their design was to rivet upon the people and the peasants, that slavery from which the Emperor had enfranchised them, by abolishing their vassalage to the barons, and placing them under the secure protection of the laws. Yet the Mazzinian, Don Pirlone, on the 1st of March, 1849, stupidly drew his reverse of the medal, in which he represented a Hungarian felling the Emperor with a club, holding him beneath his right foot, and saying:

“Glory to the people, and death to tyrants.”

If the Hungarians had overcome the Emperor, they would have again become the vassals of the grand feudatories of the kingdom, who had formerly possessed full and entire control over both the people of the plains and



the people of the cities; and therefore, now that they have succumbed to the Emperor, they enjoy a liberty, which, as victors, they never could have possessed.

Aser saw through the designs of the barons, and was indignant: for he looked upon liberty in a far different light. He perceived that Mazzini would reap from this war no other fruit than the disquiet which it would introduce into the empire, and the magnates none but the enslaving of the people. His mind was torn with feelings of anger and disgust; for in the wars of Italy he beheld a licentiousness of liberty, which enfeebled it and deprived it of efficiency; he saw the country finally fallen into the most cruel snares of a few demagogues, who would lacerate and destroy it, in order to plunge it into a slavery the most vile and abject. The wars of Hungary, he perceived to differ in their apparent causes, but not in their effects. For he justly reflected, that if the Hungarians had fallen back into the power of the magnates, it would have been for them, at least, a return to their original masters, who would consign them beneath the shade of their castles, as an ancestral and patrimonial proprietary, reconstituting the patriarchal government under the authority of the paternal magistracy of oriental nations, whereas, on the contrary, the Italians would have fallen into the clutches of the demagogues, to be flayed by these unsparing tyrants, who, sprung from the lowest dregs of the people, sought to assume the attitude of princes, and to lord it over their superiors.

Aser visited the castles of the magnates, both those of the Magyars as well as the Hungarians of the highest nobility, and became confirmed in his opinions; for the barons sought not to conceal their designs beneath the

mask of hypocrisy, nor to veil them in mystery, nor to obscure them by an endless labyrinth of words and pretences, but openly and loudly declared that they wished to restore the paternal baronies over their ancient vassal peasantry. In the castles they looked with honor and reverence upon the portraits of their ancestors; their trophies, taken from the Ottomans, still hang in the halls; every corridor, portico, and entrance-hall, is hung around with ancient armor, pennons, helmets, halberds, and the terrible "Pallasch," or national sword. Everywhere the family escutcheons are painted in brilliant colors, with the mottoes and devices of the knights of the tournament; and here and there are seen the prizes and rewards of the conquerors in the tilt, coronets and crests, bucklers and coats of mail, neckpieces and visors, all polished and shining, and plainly testifying to the chivalrous tastes of the lord of the castle. These are things calculated to strike with the ague the Mazzinian of Young Italy who should chance to see them. The attendants all appear in the colors and livery of the baron, and upon the outer wall of the castle the warder keeps guard, with his halberd on shoulder, and his large pouch hanging from his belt, painted or embroidered with the arms of the barony. When evening comes, some even yet raise the drawbridge, and the castle moat is kept filled with water; others, at the rising of the sun, by firing a culverin or bombard, salute the standard as it is unfurled upon the top of the keep, or the other flags which flutter upon the towers at the angles of the castle. At table, the valets carve, pour out the wine, and present the dishes, with acts of respect and submission, as if to a crowned king; their liveries are decked out with a bravery of gold orna-

ments, buttons, and lace epaulettes, that displayed the vanity and the feudal spirit of the baron. The apartments are most richly adorned; Persian carpets, and Thibet furs cover the floors; ottomans of velvet, embroidered in high relief, and studded with gold and silver, offer a luxurious seat; ebony, ivory, and foreign and rare kinds of wood, are enchased and inlaid in the precious furniture, of the most splendid manufactures of Vienna and Paris; Japanese and Chinese vases, porcelain of Sevres and Dresden, with rare gilding and painting, are filled with perfumes of the most costly gums of Damascus and Aleppo.

Aser, from the midst of all this magnificence and pomp of the magnates, saw the conspirators of Young Italy admiring the republic and communism in Hungary, without discerning, in the pride of the barons and the reverence of the people, an irrefragable proof of their error. For the peasants accost their lord with hands folded upon their breasts, their heads bowed, their bodies bent, and their words abject, and terminating in the unvarying "yes," which never knows its contrary. The baron lays the imposts, disposes of labor and taxes, sets limits to his hunting-preserves, to the pastures and the forests privileged and reserved for the castle, assigns so many men as keepers to attend to the feathered game of his parks, so many to follow him in the hunt, so many to guard the herds of horses, and so many to break them in; the same is his control over the shepherds, farmers, and drovers, and in all this none are so bold as to contradict him.

The lively and elegant Tyrolese writer who describes, in the "*Journal des Débats*," the "Encampments of the

War in Hungary in 1848-'49," gives a specimen of the sweet and merry liberty enjoyed by the peasants of the Magnate Polocsai. In the middle of autumn, the young men and women are assembled at the castle; they are arranged by his orders in rows in the hall, the young men opposite the young women. The Magnate descends, pompously dressed in a suit resplendent with gold, and with diamond buttons; gold spurs are attached to his boots, and the large scarfs and ribbons of his orders of knighthood are crossed over his breast; he gravely places himself between the two ranks, and after a short review, turning to the first youth, he says:

"Andras (Andrew), Mariksa (Mary) was made on purpose for thee, thou wilt take her as thy wife. Thou, Janski (John), art so handsome, and such a stalwart young fellow, that Hanska (Ann), who is so strong and active a young girl, will be glad to have thee; thou wilt marry her,—thou couldst not find her equal in the world."

Thus glancing from one to another, while some poor girl, with beating heart, is praying to God that she may be awarded the husband of her own choice, this lord assigns to each one the partner he thinks fit, always accompanying his decision with abundant praises of both parties. In the mean time, the young girls lower their eyes, blush, and hang their heads, venturing, however, upon an occasional side-glance, to see if the husband chosen for them by their master be good-looking. If, by any chance, some poor Polski should say, with an attempt at boldness, to his lord, that Irene does not suit him, and that he would prefer the hand of Helen, the Magnate strokes his mustaches, rattles his spurs, and

gives a sign to the warder to bestow upon him twenty-five lashes, a dowry which must tend to make his dear Ilya, who is granted to him, dearer than ever.

Now this same Count Polocsai, with these very democratic notions in his head, was one of the first to excite the Magyars and Hungarians to the war of independence against the Emperor; and, of the same sort of republican counts and barons, Hungary is full. Still, our Italian rebels saw the republic bathing her dear countenance in the waters of the Save, the Danube, the Hun, and the Moldave, with the same joy as she was cooling it in the clear and delightful waves of the Olio, the Po, the Arno, the Tiber, and the Sebeto. If, however, Hungary fought for liberty only in appearance, but in heart for feudalism, such was by no means the motive in Vienna. Aser, after scrutinizing the preparations in Hungary, wished to see also on the spot if the liberty engrafted upon the tree of the empire was likely to produce less bitter and less acrid fruits than that of Italy. On his arrival in Vienna he was surprised to find that the Slavonians of Jellachich had not yet pitched their camp beneath the walls. He there beheld those professors of æsthetics infusing into the hearts of the young poets of the University of Vienna, not, indeed, a martial ardor, but burning coals of anger, rage, bestial and diabolical fury, which possessed them with a fiend-inspired malignancy that is beyond human conception.

After the fierce attack made upon the palace of the governor, and after the ferocious assassination of the Count De la Tour, they spread through the streets of Vienna like a torrent of flame that consumes all before it, and where it does not extend, still blackens, blights,

and scatters, by the impetuous and roaring tempest which precedes and accompanies it. Vienna had become like the crater of a volcano, which vomits forth fire, and smoke, and rocks, and pours its torrents of foaming lava down its sides, and dazzles all around with its desolating blaze. The Academies of the Great Hall had erected a new magistracy, which styled itself the "Democratic Government of Vienna," headed by Dr. Tausenau, Chaisès, Frankschütte, Messenhauser, Jellinck, and Eckart, fluent, loquacious, and reckless men, and, above all, turbulent, ready for every crime, violent, devoid of humanity, without law and without God.

They were surrounded by a crowd of poets, romance-writers, comedians, tragedians, dramatists, and critics, and with the whole arsenal of fiction with which their brains were crammed by the high-flown German literature. A war of metaphysics, waged, not for simple rights, but by inflamed opinions, is a war of the savage and the ferocious, a war less of men than of demons; for therein men use brutal force leagued with the fury of the passions; they abandon themselves to pride, hatred, revenge, and fury, which impel them against an opponent who disapproves of their ideas, or who combats them, to silence, stifle, extinguish, and exterminate them. That stormy sea of furious young rebels foamed and roared at the Hotel Zur-Ente, which they had transformed into the "Democratic Palace" of their government. Upon all the stairs were seen piles of muskets, the landings were encumbered with cannon-balls, while the riflemen of the Academy, exhausted with the strife, were seated upon the steps, laid at full length, or gathered up with their heads resting upon their knees,

pale, livid, blackened with smoke, stained with blood, dust, and sweat. In the halls there was an agitated passing and repassing, a hurried commotion, an uproar of declaimers, filled with projects, subtleties, stratagems, treachery, and every resource of desperation, that surpassed Pandemonium.

Aser introduced himself everywhere, reasoned upon all that he saw, and drew his own inferences and conclusions, that with all this medley of machinations, violence, and ungovernable fury, the rebellion in Vienna would fail, partly self-consumed, and partly crushed by the disciplined and calm valor of the imperial army. Although he looked upon the war of Italy as mere child's-play in comparison, he foresaw that, animated by the same spirit of confusion and hopeless darkness, it could terminate in nothing except slaughter, destruction, and overthrow, like a conflagration, which after a vortex of sparks and smoke, leaves nothing behind it but ashes, and blackened and crumbling walls. He discovered in those mutinous youths a mixture of ambition and sincerity, wickedness and feverish excitement, knavery and courage, deceitfulness and a mad and brutal rage.

While Aser was engaged in these reflections, with a heart filled with compassion for those young men who were infected with such ferocity by the fever instilled into their veins by the poisonous breath of the secret societies, he had learned, that after breaking the armistice, and insulting the white flag, which waved upon the walls of Vienna and in the imperial camp, the young Academicians had attacked by surprise the first battalions of Jellachich. Indignation and shame agitated

that generous heart, which cursed the treachery of the conspirators, who struck the blow with a hand concealed beneath the cloak of perfidy.

Immediately he heard, at a distance in the street, a dull murmuring sound, which increased until it resembled the roar of the sea lashed by a storm. He ran to his window and beheld a dense crowd of people advancing, at some distance, bearing upon a handbarrow one of the young riflemen of the Academy. One of the conspirators who had seen him fall dead with a ball through his breast, carried him out of sight, cut off his hands, feet, ears and nose, and opening his tunic pierced and gashed the body, and scattering dust and clotted blood over the disordered hair, began to shout: "Young heroes of Vienna and of our country, come! hasten! behold the infamous outrage inflicted by the Seressian Croats of the detestable Jellachich upon our brother, the martyr of the liberty of Vienna." Crowds of young riflemen drew round, and raising the body upon a bier, with the hands and feet placed near it, thus mutilated and bloody, preceded by a black flag, and muffled drums, they raised it upon their shoulders and marched through the most populous streets of Vienna.

What a sight was that crowd of people round the bier, lamenting over the unfortunate victim, shouting, and breaking forth into cries and tears of desperation! Men, women, and children burst into curses against the Imperialists; they raised their eyes to heaven with gnashing teeth, and threatening gestures; gentle maidens, forced their way through the crowd with dishevelled and disordered hair, pressed their lips upon the flags and sprinkled flowers upon the body, exclaiming:—



"Death to the tyrant!" Atrocious and frightful spectacle! The fury of the people redoubled; they rushed to arms and threw themselves upon the besieging soldiery, which, however, after a terrible slaughter, and streams of blood, and frightful destruction, took the city by storm, and overran it victoriously, across mounds of slain, through the ashes and contamination of the madness and infinite rage which consumed it.

Aser could no longer endure such a spectacle, and withdrew from Vienna in the full conviction that the agency of the secret societies is the agency of Satan, ✓ active and potent only in banishing peace from the world, and in destroying with its pestilential breath everything that it approaches. He turned his steps to Presburg, thence to Raab, Pesth, and Moor, where every precaution had been taken to render all access and surprise by the enemy impossible. Every ingepious invention of modern fortification had been exhausted, but notwithstanding all this, at the approach of the imperial army, Kossuth did not attempt to oppose its advance: "but at once abandoning those cities so well fortified and rendered impregnable, he threw himself into the open country, leaving them a prey to the enemy.

Aser divined the scope of this, for he soon discovered that the burgesses of Presburg, Pesth, and the other cities were adverse to the war, and Kossuth feared that the merchants, the artists, tradesmen, and peaceful and industrious people, accustomed to a life of ease and effeminacy, would cool the ardor of his soldiery, whereas upon the open plains, with a cavalry force so powerful and numerous, with the Tschikes or armed shepherds, the Homoeds or free corps, he would be able to make head

against the imperial forces, a plan of operations which succeeded admirably. How fearful was the spectacle of the battle of Schwechat, when General Moga with twenty thousand soldiers, mostly mounted Magyars, charged Szeklers, the Lickans, the Raisi, and the Ottokans of Jellachich, and at the first onset bore them down, crushed and scattered them before him. The Italian light cavalry of Kress thrice returned to the charge, and were as often repulsed with slaughter: but the cuirassiers of Auersperg, cased in their gray iron breast-plates and thick hides, with their steel helmets and horsehair crests, hurled themselves like a tempest upon the ranks of the Hungarians, and first arrested their course, then broke and routed them.

The din of arms, the clashing of swords, and the shock were fearful; the earth quaked beneath the bounding of so many steeds; heads and arms were lopped off, and breasts transpierced. The horses reared at the shock, their legs were entangled, they breathed fire from their nostrils, and the foam from their mouths covered the thighs of the enemy's horsemen, such was the fury with which the Bohemian cuirassiers hurled themselves among the ranks of the Hungarians. The battles of the middle ages were here seen renewed; for the broken ranks of the Magyars, scattered in complete rout over those immense plains, collected again in bands, groups, and knots, and returned to the contest, and continued the deadly strife, until they or their enemies were hurled from the saddle. Finally, the Hungarians were compelled to yield and retreat. This was the first battle in which the rebels measured swords with the Emperor.

The winter set in with great severity ; a heavy fall of snow covered the ground, and was followed by rain, after which came clear, frosty weather, so that the plains of Hungary were covered with a coat of ice ; still that fierce war continued to rage, as if in the months of the mildest season. The troops encamped in the open air, exposed to frost, were benumbed with cold, and their sentinels almost every night sank beneath the rigors of the season. Yet daily were the skirmishes and bloody conflicts continued upon the slippery ice. The horses sank to the ground beneath their riders ; their limbs, rendered brittle by the cold, were broken by the fall ; while the cavaliers were unable to grasp their swords with their benumbed hands, or to cock their pistols and carbines. It not unfrequently happened, that on the surrender of the enemy's soldiers, the hands of the victors were too benumbed to receive them ; many gave themselves up as prisoners, that they might be led to the camp-fires, such was their excessive suffering from the cold.

Aser, who had deeply penetrated the spirit which animates and governs the secret societies, during the wars, and particularly during the plots of the Italian rebellions, and whose opinion of them had been confirmed by the terrible commotions of Vienna, found that the contest in Hungary, although conducted with an air of chivalry on the part of the Barons, was no sooner joined by those two merciless sectarians, Bem and Kossuth, than it became an impious and inhuman war. The Transylvanians, torn by divisions and party rage, mutually destroyed each other ; it was a war of fathers against sons, brothers against brothers, comrades against

their ancient friends; of snares, stratagems, cruelties, rage, and detestable murders.\*

The Hungarian war abounded in deeds of valor, but also of infamy; for Kossuth had replenished the ranks of the legions with the scum of the kingdom, by breaking the chains of the condemned galley-slaves and the convicts, and by throwing wide the prison-doors to the thieves and murderers of every race. Those wretches, ever cowardly in open combat, greedy of booty, ferocious in revenge, insolent in their villany, never gave quarter to the enemy, who fought against them in the open field as loyal soldiers. Such indignities filled the generous soul of Aser with disgust: he, a thousand times, lamented his co-operation in the perfidious and detestable agitations of Europe, which, relying upon the good faith of the subtle agents of the German secret societies, he formerly contemplated with delight, as about to effect a regeneration to a true liberty, which

\* The "Messenger of Transylvania" gives the number of the victims of the rage and hatred of the rebels:

By the sentence of the revolutionary tribunals, the number condemned to death was . . . . .	449
By order of the chiefs of the insurgents without trial, were put to death . . . . .	779
In the hostile invasion of the rebels in various parts of the country, were slaughtered . . . . .	3611
In the battles against the rebels, were slain of the peasants alone, . . . . .	1263

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6102

There perished, therefore, 6102 citizens, for the sole crime of remaining faithful to the Emperor, their legitimate sovereign. Of those, 5680 were men, 363 females, and 59 children. Were any one to sum up the assassinations, deaths by famine, terror, or grief, in Italy, in 1848-49, he would find ten times more than in Transylvania.

would prove noble and auspicious to the people of all nations. But he now clearly perceived that in lieu of liberty they obtained war, poverty, disorder, desperation, and the overthrow and annihilation of every good institution, whether religious or civil. To these Aser added the remorse for so much useless slaughter, and for the streams of blood shed in the cause of liberty, and still smoking upon the soil of Italy, Prussia, Austria, and Hungary; blood which cried to heaven for vengeance upon the perfidious conspirators, who had caused it to flow in torrents, solely to gratify their own ambition, their avarice, and their hatred against God and against all that is holy in heaven and on earth. He wept for the oppression of justice, the betrayal of truth, the banishment of virtue, the trampled laws, the broken bonds of the friendly intercourse among the people, who were blinded by the deceitful persuasion of knaves, who cruelly abused the most sacred names of justice, truth, virtue, religion, the laws, order, and liberty, to entice and ensnare them within their deadly toils.

That blood called down imprecations upon the cowards who, secure in the dens of their execrable plots, fattened upon the exhaustion of the people, and mowed down the most precious and most dear lives of the incautious youth, to make of them a stepping-stone for their own pride, which with bloodstained and malignant foot trampled upon them, to exalt and to tyrannize over their fathers, the survivors of their slaughtered sons, who had died in battle to secure the liberty of their parents.

He heard the wild and inconsolable lamentations of mothers, who protested before heaven and earth, that their sons were torn from their arms by the robbers

who overran the world, to stain it with blood, and to strew it with human bones. What was left for the plunder of the impious, who, after robbing their sons of their faith, and their innocence of heart, had now deprived them also of their honor, and their lives? Aser heard this wailing, and shuddered with horror. One day, as he was riding in company with several commissaries, occupied with these sad thoughts, they suddenly came upon a large party of Honvoeds, who were making a meal on the provisions which they had plundered from the peasants, and with hands still stained with blood, boasting that they had, with their usual refusal of quarter, slaughtered two hussars who had fallen into their hands.

“We didn’t find it quite so easy,” said one of them, “to reach that young cadet, with the golden hair, and skin as tender and as white as the young girls of Vienna. What pretty little hands! He wore upon his finger a little ring, which must have been given to him by some sentimental little *Fraila*; see here, under the seal it contains a lock of hair. He was a fierce youngster too! When I chopped off his hands with my pallasch, one would have expected that he would at least cry, ‘Oh!’ but not a bit of it. Now, however, that I have stripped him in the shade and hung him up on a tree, oh, won’t he call for his mamma!”

He spoke of the young Tyrolese, Louis Bulow, who, while reconnoitering with some hussars of the Tyrol, had fallen into an ambuscade of the Honvoeds,—those brigands and assassins whom Kossuth had freed from their fetters, and enlisted in the war of independence. They had fallen upon him at a ford, and having slain two of

the three hussars that accompanied him, wished to make him confess where he had left his captain, but he was mute. They pointed their swords against his sides and pressed them slowly into the flesh, until he was covered with blood, but still he was silent. They then stripped him, cut off his hands, and hung him by the arms upon a tree.

Aser, in traversing the forest, saw him at a short distance, pale, his eyes closed, and gasping convulsively, and was approaching him to seek some means to rescue and revive him, when he saw, galloping furiously towards him, a large body of Seressian horsemen, who, on the information of the hussar who had escaped from the Honvoeds, were coming in search of him. This was for Aser the crowning touch needed to turn the scale. A war so savage and cruel had filled him with a remorse, which he sought to stifle in Italy; which had gnawed his heart insupportably during the excesses in Vienna, and which now in Hungary completely overcame him. Thenceforward, he resolved irrevocably to break off all communication with the secret societies, the pestilence, the malediction, and the scourge of God upon our age; a scourge so incalculable and universal, that no age was ever more severely chastised by the anger of divine justice, from the time of the deluge until now. Aser well knew that, however he might dissemble and conceal his present resolution, sooner or later it would cost him his life; but boldly and generously he preferred death to a life that feeds upon crime, that is drunk with blood, that delights in guilt. Under pretence of having business in Pesth, he thence traversed Austria, and, from province to province, reached the Canton of the Grisons.

Thence he wrote, secretly, to Mimo, in Rome, informing him that in order to enjoy a little repose, he intended to remain a short time in Switzerland, in the little Cantons, and among those good mountaineers to spend his time in tranquillity, after the many cruel experiences which had assailed his exhausted spirit. He directed Mimo to write to him at Lucerne, whence the letter would be transmitted to Uri or to Schweitz, according as he should give instructions to his agent; he also repeated his advice to use every endeavor to withdraw from Rome. This letter was received by Mimo's mother, in Rome, and forwarded to Arona, a few days after he had left, and thence to Geneva, where it was delivered to him by Bartolo's banker. In the mean time, Aser, among the mountains of Unterwald, while hunting chamois, fell down the precipice, and was plunged into the torrent.



## CHAPTER XVIII.

## FATHER CORNELIUS.

ASER, on recovering from the state of insensibility caused by his dreadful fall, opened his eyes, at first fearfully, as if he were in the deep black dungeon of the bottomless pit; he threw out his arms as if to grasp something, and his hands encountered what seemed the sides of a coffin. He looked round with uncertain and wondering eyes, and thought himself buried within a great monument of rocks. Above him he saw a broad slab of dark rough stone; on one side were cavities and projecting points; on the right was a gloomy space, which led the eye between other rocks piled upon each other, whence a dim light was reflected; behind them, again, were other hanging masses, petrifications, and stalactites, and far down in the distance was a very narrow opening, through which a sunbeam seemed to struggle and lose itself among the windings of other rocky passages. From that mysterious aperture, Aser again turned his eyes upon his own sepulchre, and saw then, at the foot of his coffin, within the cavity of a cleft rock, an iron lamp, which shed the pale light which enabled him to see the narrow tomb in which he was confined. His wonder increased when, beneath the lamp,

he discovered, seated upon a piece of rock, a venerable, hoary old man, whose snow-white hair fell smoothly over his temples and upon his shoulders; his full white beard descended in two large tresses below his breast; his countenance was somewhat pale, but full of vivacity; his mild and serene eyes were bent upon a book, and his lips moved in silence, which in that sepulchre was disturbed not even by his tranquil and slow breathing. Aser looked upon him with amazement, and the idea occurred to him that it was the patriarch Abraham, in whose bosom he believed himself reposing, removed from life, he knew not how,—for he had no recollection either of the precipitous rock, which he was unable to descend after his game, nor of the curved lime tree which he had reached,—nor of the crumbling rock,—nor of his being precipitated into the depths of the roaring torrent. But he gazed around in doubt and awe; nor could he explain to himself how he came to have hung round his neck a long rosary, to which was attached a crucifix, and his head bandaged, and his left arm bound up. He felt that his whole body was bruised, that his head ached violently, that one leg, from the knee downward, burned with a painful sensation, from being badly excoriated, and that his thigh seemed on fire to the marrow, and throbbed with excessive pain.

Terrified by this strange condition, he gave a distressing groan and endeavored to rise, but he found himself so crushed that he was not able; at his deep sigh, however, the old man suddenly rose to his feet, and placing himself by his side, kindly took him by the hand and said to him in German: “Take courage, my son: I perceive that you have recovered your sensation; for four

hours you have given no signs of life, and I have been keeping watch by you and praying to the Madonna of Einsiedeln to restore you to feeling, and to aid you with her powerful intercession, and obtain for you perfect health."

"Who are you, angel of preservation?" asked Aser, in a faint, trembling voice. "Who has sent you? Where am I? Do I still live? And if I live, how is it that I am buried as if dead? If I be already dead, how do I see and address you, and how can you speak to me of life and health? I feel all bruised and full of pain, almost unable to move a finger, nor can I recall by what circumstances I find myself in this painful and helpless condition."

"Yes, you live, my son; this is not a sepulchre, but a cavern, or rather a den, in the most profound bosom of a great cavern, which winds in dark labyrinths into the bowels of the mountain from which you fell into the torrent, together with the lime tree. At the stunning sound made by the mass as it fell from above, I ran out of the cave to see if any accident had befallen some shepherd or hunter of the surrounding mountains. I saw the tree lodge against a rock; and as the torrent broke in foam over it, I discovered through its frothing waves a portion of your clothes. I threw myself upon the brink of the raging water, clinging to the branches of the lime tree and detached you from it by force—for your arms were tightly clasped round it; and dragging you out of the torrent, I held your head down to free you from the water which you had swallowed in great quantities, and rubbed you briskly from head to foot: seeing, however, that you gave no sign of life, I took

you up and carried you to the mouth of the cavern, and there waited awhile for you to recover. Finding that this was not likely soon to happen, I carried you within; and ascending from rock to rock, and from cavern to cavern, I transported you into this hiding-place, which is unknown to every other, and can be reached only by long winding passages. Here I have lived in solitary concealment for a long time."

"Can I, then," said Aser, "have fallen from that terrible height without being crushed and broken to fragments! I must inform you, that in descending from an immeasurable crag, to the top of which I had madly climbed in pursuit of some chamois, I now remember that the rock crumbled beneath me; and fainting with sudden terror, I can recall to mind nothing from that moment."

"You have good reason to wonder, and you ought to bless God and your angel guardian, who stretched out their arms to save you in so dreadful a fall; for in measuring with the eye the height from which the rock had been detached, I shuddered with fear. And yet your only injuries were a contused wound upon your head, which was bleeding, a lacerated thigh and leg, and an arm bruised and excoriated; but you have no bone broken, nor joint dislocated. This you ought to ascribe to the signal protection of the most holy Virgin, and proclaim yourself thankful and grateful to her as long as you live."

"And how, my dear benefactor and preserver, do you live in this sepulchral cavern?"

The venerable old man then continued: "My son, I am a Catholic priest, and the pastor of a village not far

from this place. By your accent you appear to me a stranger, and from the medal and crucifix that you wear round your neck I judge you to be a Catholic; therefore I do not hesitate to tell you, that I live in this place of concealment to escape death, and to preserve myself, if it please God, until better times, for the good of my faithful and devout flock. During the unjust war which the impiety of the Radicals of the great Cantons waged against the Sonderbund of the primitive Cantons of the forest, I concurred with the Curates of Saarnen and Altorf in animating the mountaineers of Unterwalden, Uri, and Schweitz to maintain their liberty and their Catholic faith intact, together with the simplicity of our costumes, and that lively and sincere piety which was ever the ornament and glory of the smaller Helvetian Cantons of the mountain. You know that, abandoned by the entire Confederation, which was led astray and corrupted by the infernal spirit of the secret societies, unprotected by the Catholic states, which now ravaged and trampled upon, in vain lament over their supine indolence; left to our own courage and weakness, we beheld the whole power of Switzerland directed against us. God, my dear son, in the impenetrable secrets of his wisdom, prudence, and infinite goodness, permitted his faithful servants to be vanquished and overpowered by the impious, who, in us, war against Christ and his Church. Now, the impious Radicals, not satisfied with the cruel wrongs and insults which they have heaped upon us in the most execrable manner, lay their sacrilegious hands upon the altars, and condemn to death the anointed of the Lord, who most earnestly exert themselves and endeavor to maintain the holy fire of religion

and piety alive and vivid in the bosoms of the faithful. I, by the grace of God, participate in the honor and glory of being pursued by their bitter hatred; and they have employed a thousand means to bring me within their power, and to revenge themselves for the zeal with which I encouraged the people of our valleys to yield up all to the impious rather than their ancestral piety. What have been the deliberations and the exertions of my flock to shelter me from the treachery, ambushes, snares, and pursuit of our enemies? An old mountaineer, who was acquainted with this secret retreat—which is unknown to the most adventurous of the shepherds, who a hundred times have entered yonder vast and profound cavern without ever penetrating to this den—one night conducted me here for safety.

“Here, my son, I have lived a long time, praying and studying, frequently leaving it during the darkness of night to administer spiritual aid to the sick, to comfort them with the sacraments, and to encourage them in the agonies of death. I bless the marriages of the young, baptize the children, and, occasionally on Sundays, I secretly celebrate mass in some cottage, for a few of my chosen parishioners, who receive communion from my hands with tears of joy at the celestial consolations of the body of Christ. Every night an angelic young girl, with a divinely-inspired courage, undaunted by the terrors of darkness, the dangerous paths, the roaring torrent, and the howlings of the wolves, brings me in secret food for the following day; and I assure you, that as far as it is within the means of my affectionate and generous parishioners, I receive consolation in my solitude.”

So saying, the benevolent priest approached a small

recess, and drew from it a bottle of old German wine, and a glass, which he brought to Aser.

"This will restore your strength a little ; your exhaustion requires it."

Aser raised his eyes to his preserver, pressed his hand, and, as a grateful tear stole down his face, "I will drink," said he, "to your safety and happiness."

But the good priest seeing him unable to raise the glass, lifting his head a little, held the glass to his lips with paternal charity. This kind act still more melted the gentle heart of the young Jew. When he had drunk the wine, the hermit said to him :

"Do not suppose that I intend to keep you buried in this den, for you will need long and careful nursing to restore you ; after dark, Annetta will come with my provisions, and I will carry you to her chalet or cottage, where her mother will treat you as her son : in the mean time, try to obtain some rest."

The priest again took his place at the foot of the little bed, beneath the lamp, to finish the recitation of matins.

Three hours had not elapsed, when Aser, somewhat revived by a short sleep, chanced to turn his eyes towards the narrow passage through which he had seen the slender, trembling ray of light penetrating into the gloomy cave, and saw among the huge blocks certain glimpses of light, which were immediately lost amidst the gloom, and reappeared and vanished at irregular intervals. He then heard a low voice, and shortly after, he saw a young girl make her appearance through a cleft in the side of the cave, and enter that gloomy sepulchre with a lantern in her hand, which she had lighted

at the entrance of the cavern; she carried upon her head a small basket, covered with a napkin, which she deposited upon a small table, formed by a natural projection of the rock. Then kneeling before the venerable priest, and begging his blessing, the man of God said, with a benignant smile :

“May the Almighty bless you, my daughter, and give you an abundant reward for this work of charity.”

Annetta took his hand, and kissing it with grateful affection, said to him, “Father, my grandfather wished me to tell you that to-morrow is the fourth anniversary of the death of my father, who fell, wounded, during the battle of Lucerne at the bridge of Emmen, and endured such a lingering and painful death. But he died in my arms, and I and mamma closed his eyes. Poor father !” Her tears flowed a moment in silence, and she again continued: “My grandfather prays that you would come to-night to our chalet, and say mass there. I have everything ready, for you know I am the sacristan, and I have laid out the albe and amice for you.”

“I will go, my daughter, but I wish you to precede me a little, and tell your mother to prepare a bed in the room behind the kitchen, for I have here an unfortunate hunter, who fell from a rock into the torrent, and who will have need of her charitable offices: see there, he occupies my little bed.”

Annetta raised her eyes, and saw in the gloom a bandaged head, which caused her to draw back with sudden alarm. But Father Cornelius reassured her, and enjoining her to be careful not to miss the way, said that he would follow her immediately; when the good Annetta set out at a rapid pace on her return to her cottage.



Then the vigorous old man wrapped Aser in a blanket, and raising him in his arms, carried him through the innumerable windings of the rock to the mouth of the cavern. There he deposited him upon a rock, and bending his shoulders, took him up and continued his way along the edge of the torrent. He then approached a steep ascent, and entering a narrow path which wound through a dense wood of larches, through deep ravines, and rugged banks, he advanced with a firm step under the pleasing burden which his charity had imposed on him. The moon, which was almost full, penetrated in fitful gleamings through the dense foliage above them, spreading here and there upon the ground squares of a pale and trembling light, that only increased the gloom of the forest, and seemed to add to its solitude and darkness, while the wind moaned and whistled among the tall yews and fir trees, and mingled its varying sound with the distant murmur of the Alpine cascades, that descended in foam and spray over the rocks, to swell the waters of the torrent. Aser, though bruised and paralysed in every limb, could scarcely persuade himself that he was borne upon the shoulders of a Christian priest, and carried through the dangers of the forest tracks with a charity so inconceivable, to the manifest peril of his deliverer, who, although he was an entire stranger, treated him with the tenderness of a most loving mother, and with no less anxiety for his preservation. A parallel was rapidly drawn in his mind, between the unnatural cruelty of the philanthropists of the secret societies, the hatred with which they hunt down even their own brothers, their friends, and relations, their greediness of gain, and their thirst for blood, and

that strong and sweet Christian charity which hastens to the succor of the unfortunate, without inquiring for their name or character; which discovers suffering, and considers it alone a sufficient title to its compassion and assistance. While he was engaged with these good thoughts, they emerged from the wood into a small open space, and Aser saw upon an eminence, several lights sparkling for a moment and then disappearing, from which he concluded that they were approaching the hospitable cottage, and that it was through its windows that he saw those moving lights. When the priest, panting with exertion, arrived at length, he was met at the gate by Annetta, who carried the lantern before him to the door, where her mother was waiting to receive them. They endeavored to raise the sick young man from his shoulders, but the priest held him firmly, and said to them:

“Wait a moment, my daughters, I will lay him upon the bed myself; you, Madeline, carry the light before me.” She showed him the way, he deposited Aser gently on the bed, and, drawing the coverlet over him: “Excellent Madeline,” he said, “remember that he is my son; let him be in your keeping as if you saw in his person Our Saviour himself, who accepts as done to him all that we do in his name to our neighbor.” Turning to Aser, he added: “My dear son, Madeline will be a mother to you; you will see what a skilful and watchful nurse she is over the sick.” He then went out to greet the old man William, who, at the unusual age of ninety-six, still preserved a clear and vigorous mind and a generous heart, and was looked upon as the adviser and arbiter of the whole district. He found him seated on

one side of the kitchen, surrounded by his grandchildren, who were reciting to him their night prayers. Wolfgang, a fine, robust boy, the hope of the family, was in his sixteenth year; Edward was thirteen years old; Ida, or Ildeburg, eleven; and Trude, or Gertrude, a little girl of seven. These children were on their knees in a circle round their grandfather, who sat in his ancient arm-chair of walnut, his snow-white hair flowing upon his shoulders, and was passing through his fingers a rosary, which was bright with continual use, and to which was attached a small crucifix and several medals. In his youth, this old man had used the carbine in the defence of his country and his faith, with skill and bravery. In 1797, when the French republicans strove to subdue, in the name of freedom, those cantons which were already unrestrictedly free, William was among the boldest of the comrades of Aloysius Reding, the descendant of the victor of Morgarten, who, at the head of ten thousand shepherds of the little cantons, undauntedly opposed republican perfidy, as their sons after them joined with the Sonderbund to stem the fury of the Swiss Radicals. William had seen their priests, Marion Herzog and the Capuchin Styger, hurrying through their ranks, as their sons had since beheld Father Cornelius, and other ministers of God, infusing their courageous ardor into the bosoms of the intrepid defenders of their faith and liberty. They blessed the arms which William and his companions wielded with such valor at Wollran and at Richtenschwyl, near Lake Zurich, that they routed an army three times more numerous than their own. They also arrested the progress of the enemy at Kussnacht, at Immensee, and at Morgarten, shooting

down the impious regicides with an incessant and deadly fire from the high rocks, from the ravines, the mouths of the caves, and from behind the trunks of the firs, pines, and larch trees.

Father Cornelius, approaching the old man, stood reverently and in silence until they had finished their prayers. "Well, William," he then said, "what is the state of our affairs at present? And how are you?"

"We have fallen upon most wretched times, my dear Father Cornelius; the Radicals are roaring round us with open jaws, ready to devour us. Why, alas! have I lived to behold the slavery of my country, and the persecution of our religion? At Wollran, I received a bayonet-wound in my left side, and I was struck by a ball in the thigh at Morgarten, but not only did I not expire upon the field of glory and of faith, but, wounded as I was, I continued to fight against those wretches who had sworn the destruction of our liberty, of our churches, and of our priests. And lo! we have now come to a similar pass! In 1797, our enemies were, at least, foreigners, whereas, at present we have fallen into the fangs of these miserable renegades of Switzerland, our own brethren, who, while they call themselves Christians, have waged this war only to tear Christ from our hearts; but Christ lives and reigns in us, and will not suffer the impious sons of Belial of the secret societies to attain their insidious ends."

While William was speaking, his friends and relations began to assemble to assist at the celebration of the anniversary of the death of Rodolf. As they entered, they silently kissed the hand of the priest, pressed that of the old man, and then arranged themselves with an

air of sadness round the walls, standing, and with crossed arms reciting the rosary. Father Cornelius entered a room where there was a temporary altar, and there remained, hearing the confessions of the family as well as of strangers, until two o'clock in the morning.

In the mean time, Madeline was continually by the side of Aser, exhausting her skill and medicinal knowledge, and displaying that tender solicitude which her piety and compassion prompted for the unfortunate hunter. She first anointed his contusions, washed his wounds with wine, and applying an ancient balsam, bound them up; she then brought him some refreshments, disposed the downy pillows and cushions so as to afford the greatest relief, and requested him to endeavor to obtain rest in sleep. Annetta had everything prepared beforehand for mass, and had adorned the altar with vases of choicest flowers. The altar consisted of a plain table, with a cavity cut in the top to receive the consecrated altar-stone, and after mass the top, for fear of the searches of the Radicals, was lifted off, and turned down, so as to conceal the cavity, and present the appearance of a common side-table. She concealed the chalice and the altar-stone in a corner of the garret, beneath a quantity of old household furniture, and the ornaments and altar furniture she covered with a mound of husks of beans and peas.

To such subterfuges we were reduced also in Rome, during the times of the republic, when pious and generous families extended their hospitality, at the greatest risk, to any priest whom they desired to shelter from the cruel persecutions of the impious. The sight of a breviary was enough for those champions of liberty to

entitle them to abuse, invade, rob, and imprison the pious and hospitable entertainers of a priest. A priest's beretta, or cap, a breviary found in a straw mattress, and a few letters that further established his priestly character, sufficed for the arrest of Father Giovan Pietro Secchi, and for his imprisonment in an obscure and fetid dungeon, among thieves and villains; thence he was afterwards dragged to another prison through the streets, where every species of contumely and insult were heaped upon him; he was spit upon, hissed and hooted, and terrified with threats of instant death, and muskets were levelled at his breast to shoot him. I myself, for more than two months, during the siege of Rome, daily celebrated mass upon a chest of drawers, and with such secrecy and so many precautions, that two little boys, from ten to twelve years of age in the family, never knew it. It was a most touching sight to behold that modest family assisting at the Holy Sacrifice, and frequently presenting themselves at communion, with closed doors and locked gates, in a silence profound as that of the catacombs, in the times of the persecutions. After mass, the first thought of my most benevolent hosts was to strip the altar, to hide the chalice, and to conceal everything with the breathless anxiety of robbers who bury their booty. One day, a band of ferocious republicans plundered the effects of certain boarders who lived in the story above, whereupon the females of the family ran into my room, and finding, near the bed, a small copy of Thomas à Kempis, concealed it hurriedly in their bosoms, as an object that would betray the presence of a priest.

Such were the fears and the watchfulness of Annetta,

in her cottage upon the declivities of Jarmen, in consequence of the infernal rage of the Swiss Radicals, the elder brothers of the Radicals of Rome, against all that is holy and pious in the religion of Jesus Christ. While I am writing this she still holds concealed the chalice and sacred vestments, to preserve them from opprobrium and robbery.

Father Cornelius, having said mass, and having given communion to those courageous Christians, turned and addressed to them a few words of encouragement. He eulogized the bravery of Rodolf, who had perished in the defence of liberty and of the faith; he spoke with honor and praise of the other heroes who fell or were wounded in the battle of Lucerne; then, with noble generosity and exalted charity, he exhorted that chosen band to forgive their persecutors, to pray to God for their conversion while living, and for the repose of their souls after death.

"Behold," said he, "my dearest friends, the difference between the sons of darkness and the sons of light, which is the grace of Christ; the former feed on emptiness, pride, arrogance, rapine, hatred, ill-will, revenge, and cruelty; the latter dwell in love and charity. Those two words contain the whole spirit of light; in those two words are all our consolation upon earth, all our hope in death, all our eternal beatitude in heaven. Do not, however, fall into an error so fatal as to suppose that in forgiving the Radicals, you may also fraternize with them. May God avert so great an evil! The Apostle forbids such communion, under pain of eternal loss; for they who frequent evil company shall themselves become evil, and they who seek danger shall perish by it; so deep is the

guile, and so poisonous are the delusions of those enemies, both in word and deed. When we priests warn the faithful against their snares, our adversaries exclaim that we are devoid of charity, full of wiles and revenge, and treat our cautioning voice as malignancy, rage, and shameless effrontery. Let them clamor, but let us avoid all communication with them; for by such intercourse many incautious youths, previously blameless, and good Christians, have now become impious outcasts."

He then laid aside his vestments, prayed, and rising, dismissed his little congregation. Before he returned to his cave he noiselessly entered Aser's room, to see him and give him his benediction without disturbing his sleep. But finding him awake, he took his hand in his, which Aser kissed, as he had seen the others do, and with wishes for his calm and refreshing repose, the priest encouraged him with good hopes, and promised that he would frequently come to see him during the silence of night. Aser warmly expressed the thankfulness with which his noble and grateful soul inspired him. Shortly after Father Cornelius returned alone to his solitary cavern, and all the family retired to rest except Madeline, who wished to watch by the bed of her sick guest. Aser could not be prevailed on to consent to this, and assured her, that if he should need her assistance, he would call her from the next room, where she slept with Annetta, and on this condition she at length yielded. After rearranging his pillows, raising his head a little, and offering him some water and raspberry juice, she retired.

Aser, after a short but refreshing sleep, awoke after the



morning had dawned. As he looked at the various interesting objects which were hung round the walls of the room, and particularly at the various offensive weapons, which had been wielded in celebrated battles by the ancestors of the family, as was stated in the inscriptions placed beneath each of them, he was deeply impressed with the steadfast faith and the unyielding courage of those Christians. "These men," said he to himself, "are truly brave and magnanimous, and breathe the true spirit of liberty. The secret societies, under the name of liberty, aspire to universal tyranny, and their members are base, vile, ferocious wretches, that excel only in falsehood, and are bold only in assassination." While he was engaged in such reflections, Madeline entered the room, and seeing that he was awake saluted him with "Praised be Christ Jesus!" to which Aser only replied by pressing her hand in silence, as he carried it to his lips. The good nurse then dressed his wounds afresh, and soon brought him his morning meal, which she accompanied with words of kindness, and with hopes for his speedy recovery; adding, that if it would give him pleasure, the girls and boys should come and keep him company, and should say together their morning prayers. Aser replied, that nothing could give him more pleasure, and he would take it as the greatest favor.

Shortly after Annetta brought in her brothers and sisters, who were at first somewhat timid and bashful; but when they saw Aser smile upon Wolfgang and caress Edward, they took courage. Annetta advanced with the usual salutation of those pious people, "Praised be Christ Jesus!" to which Aser made no response, but

said, "Good morning, my benefactress." Thereupon the quick and observant Ilda pulled Annetta's dress and whispered; "Oh, he did not answer *In Ewigkeit* (*In eterno*): What is the reason?" Annetta gave her a sign to keep silence and Ilda drew to one side a little abashed. Then Annetta caused her brothers and sisters to kneel, and joining Trude's hands, they recited the Our Father, the Hail Mary, and the Creed, and then the Acts of Faith, Hope, and Charity.

Aser was greatly affected when he witnessed that piety and fervor, which are the true indices of innocence, and when he remarked the composed and reverent air and posture of Wolfgang, now a tall, stout, spirited boy, he could not sufficiently admire the sublimity and excellence of the Spirit of God infused into those virgin souls. When they had said their prayers, they crowded round Aser's bed, and plied him with a multitude of ingenuous and childish questions; then Trude, too small to see over the side of the bed, labored so hard that she at length climbed upon a chair and gave her little hand also to their guest, who took it with a smile of kindness. During her childish prattle, she caught a glimpse of something bright upon his breast, and reaching it with her hand she drew out the gold medal and crucifix which hung round his neck, and expressing her delight in a thousand ways, she pressed it upon her lips and kissed it, and would have all of them to kiss it in turn. Aser was moved to tears, and while the little Trude was holding the medal of the Madonna for him to kiss, Annetta perceived his emotion. "Do you suffer much pain?" she asked. "No," he replied, "but the artless and innocent ways of this little child are very affecting, for I see that

goodness and kindness are innate in your family, an infallible sign that God reigns, by his grace, in the midst of you." The boys now heard their grandfather, William, coming; he had risen some time previously, but he spent a long time in prayer before leaving his room. When Aser saw the venerable old man enter, with a great effort, he raised himself a little, and bowed as he gave him his hand. "Father," said he, "the charity of Father Cornelius, in the accident which befell me, obtained for me the good fortune to receive your hospitality, and that of the excellent family which surrounds you."

"My dear young man," replied William, "our venerable Father Cornelius related to me the dreadful misfortune which you met with; and like an old man, I immediately drew from it a moral. Reflecting that you had done, like many illustrious youths, who, led away by the violence of their passions, climb the fatal crags of the secret societies in pursuit of a false liberty, which, as soon as attained, glides from their grasp; and in seeking to descend from the precipice, to the top of which they had blindly ascended, they find themselves arrested by impossibilities; for beneath their feet yawns an unfathomable torrent, which swallows them in its abysses. You, my son, in your material fall, found, through the protection of Our Holy Mother, the charitable aid of Father Cornelius ready to be extended to you, but the unfortunate men, who sink into the depths of the infernal conventicles of the Radical Societies, can thence be delivered only by the arm of the Omnipotent God."

Aser bent a searching look upon the old man, while he felt his limbs tremble beneath the covering of the bed, and William perceived his strong emotion. "Whence

are you, my guest?" he asked. Aser replied: "I am an Italian; I was born at Verona, and was called, while very young, to Hamburg, to the house of a rich uncle, a banker of that city: I have travelled much in Sweden and Norway, in Denmark, through the whole of Germany, Italy, and Hungary, whence I came last to rest my weary mind in the Alpine Cantons of Switzerland, the last and only refuge of peace, concord, true valor and liberty, that remains in this distracted Europe."

"For which," replied the old man, "we have to thank the secret societies. Do you believe, young man, that we are free? You saw last night that Father Cornelius said mass for the repose of the soul of my son, Rodolf, with the same precautions and secrecy as, many years ago, were used by the impious Radicals in their nocturnal conventicles in vaults and caverns. Now they walk the streets in broad daylight, drunk with blood and riveting the chains with which they have loaded Helvetian liberty. As our demagogues, with their cries of liberty, strive to banish from our valleys the liberty of Christ; so in Rome the demagogues shout *liberty* in the Capitol, and *slavery* in the Vatican. I have seen the Vicar of God upon earth become an exile and a wanderer in a strange land; and when unable to lay their hands upon his sacred head, those men loaded him with shameful reproaches and insults. And nations, blind to such crimes, laugh and applaud; or, where they have not attained the latitude of sedition and rebellion, they eagerly long for it, that they may taste a liberty, which, when enjoyed, strangles and destroys them. Pardon me, my noble guest, if I reopen, perchance, the wound of your heart; but I, who have fought, for more than

fifty years, for liberty which I enjoyed, and of which I am now so cruelly robbed, am unable to remain silent.

“We had a pure, unmixed democracy, in the councils of which every one had a vote; every citizen was king, for he was his own master; he elected his own governors, and each one was equal in the eyes of the constitution, of the laws, and of the customs of our country. There was no pride of superiority, no covetousness, no presumptuous and tyrannical act; no license, arrogance, or mean domineering; we were all equal in rank, in voice, and at the poll; and our magistrates were elected, not by trickery, fraud, wiles, and intrigues, but freely, with a vote that was frank, loyal, and noble. Poor, yet contented; free, yet respectful; mild, yet strong; lovers of our country, of our religion, and of our priests; what more did we need? What government was more freetahn ours? But the Radicals overpowered us, and under the name of a pagan liberty, they seek to rob us of Christ, and to make us the slaves of Belial!”

On the one hand, Aser was harrowed with remorse; but on the other, he rejoiced that he had formed the noble resolution of abandoning the detestable and deadly vows by which he had been so long enchained. God had turned upon him his merciful eyes, and inspired him with a powerful impulse towards an unknown good, which incessantly shadowed itself upon his mind. Providence concurred in strengthening this tendency, while all its operations appeared fortuitous: for the gentle Annetta came every day after dinner with Edward and her sisters, to repel, by their pleasant company, the tiresomeness and sadness of solitude; and as she was in the habit of explaining the Christian doctrines to her

brothers at that hour, she continued that holy exercise in Aser's room, persuaded in her ingenuousness that it would give him pleasure. Aser, drawing himself up a little upon the pillows, listened most attentively to that new lesson ; he felt his heart beat with increased rapidity ; he looked with a kind of astonished admiration at Annetta, so beautiful, so modest, so intent upon her sublime task to enrich the spotless minds of the children with those mysterious doctrines, until he was transported with wonder. The mystery of three persons in one God, of the eternal Word, which in mercy for human misery, became flesh, descended from heaven, lived upon earth in humility, poverty, and hardship, seemed to him inconceivable, and he in vain sought to penetrate it. Yet he beheld the older children imbibe with devout ardor those unfathomable and incomprehensible doctrines, and without understanding them ; they believed in them with an intimate faith, which seemed to have taken deep root, and to have grown strong in their hearts, an effect which he could ascribe only to some light in their souls, which he did not think illuminated his ; and like a tempest-lashed sea, that rolls its troubled waves back upon itself, he felt on those occasions invariably disturbed by discordant thoughts : alternate remorse and joy, and fitful flashings of light amidst the black and fearful darkness, incessantly harassed his mind.

When Annetta left the room, and he was alone, a struggle between his good resolutions and the temptations to abide in his innate hatred to Christ, tore his heart, until the perspiration started from every pore ; then as if to fly from himself, he wandered to other reflections, from which, imperceptibly, he was brought

again to the subject that was uppermost in his heart, and which fluttered and palpitated, and again became conscious of those first gleamings of light ; whence there seemed to arise a sweetness, peace, and consolation, which invited him to harmony with himself, and attracted him towards God. This light inundated him with ineffable gladness ; he saw his soul reflect the Divine image, which he revered in himself, and his mind soared to a noble and celestial sphere, which it had never before attained.

As the days flew past, he advanced in his knowledge of Christian doctrine, which Annetta continued to explain to her brothers, and although his understanding was more and more open to those truths, his heart was still stubborn, and bent upon their rejection. When the lesson was ended, he would ask Annetta to give him the book, and under the pretext of putting questions on the past lessons, to Edward and Ilda, he studied them afresh, and was pleased with the ready answers of the children ; but he took still greater delight in making Trude stand upon a chair by his side, that he might listen to her, with the book in his hand, as she recited the Vater Unser (Our Father), the Hail Mary, and the Creed, which he in the mean time committed to memory, and recited them with the child : this brought smiles upon the face of Annetta, and the good Madeline was edified by such Christian and pious conduct. But one day an event took place, which threw that affectionate family into great commotion.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## SISTER CLARA.

AFTER the descent of the Simplon, Bartolo, as we have seen, arrived at Vevey with Alisa and his nephews; and delighted with the beauty of the place, they, for several days, enjoyed the charming views upon the lake, in which the city is reflected, and visited the beautiful scenes in its environs, which then, in early spring, were clothed in a mantle of verdure, plants, and a thousand flowers. They afterwards went to see the Castle of Chillon, which stands upon a rock almost isolated in the lake, and within those dark dungeons, they beheld the prison where the Duke of Savoy long held in chains, Bonivar, the chief of the Calvinists, and the instigator of the rebellion of Geneva and Lausanne. The Calvinist woman who kept the keys of the tower, turning to Alisa—

“You see, young lady,” said she, “what cruelty the Catholics are guilty of! What do you think? This broken pillar and that huge iron ring securely held the shackles which bound the feet of Bonivar, so that he could not move from it to a greater distance than the length of his chain; and you see that with long turning round he wore away the space, like beasts of burden



that move in turning a mill always in the same circular track."

"My friend," replied Alisa, "all the prisons of those times were as dark, as narrow, and as full of misery as this; nor was it Catholic cruelty, for Catholics and Protestants alike built their prisons of the same form."

"Yes, but that Duke of Savoy was more malignant than a dragon."

"He may have been so; but your Calvin despatched his enemies with less delay and ceremony, by burning them alive in the market-place of Geneva—and when he was in a more compassionate mood, he quietly removed them by poison."

The tower-keeper, who had not expected so much information, remained silent; and jingling her keys a little as she looked at Alisa, she tacitly praised her beauty, spirit, and agreeable manners, but considered her rather too fierce and intolerant a Papist.

Bartolo met at Vevey with another pleasing incident, which caused him to prolong his stay for a few days more; and afterwards to return there frequently from Geneva. While Alisa was engaged in the morning with her prayers and her books, he took a walk with Mimo and Lando through the beautiful square, saluted the lake from the port, and then retired into the "Café du Lac" to read the papers. He there found a young man with long well-dressed hair, an abundant and daintily cultivated beard, small in person, with a pair of bright piercing eyes, who was thoughtfully and with a somewhat sad air examining and comparing the news of different journals; and particularly of what was passing in Italy and Rome.

He had assumed the name of Baldassare Mambruni, but he was an Italian priest, and one of the most brilliant orators of Italy ; he had fled from the persecutions in Romagna and withdrawn into the Canton of Vaud, where, in the dress and with the deportment of a layman, he had taken apartments in the house of an old Calvinist lady of the name of Esther, where he dwelt several months unknown to all. He acted with such prudence and discretion that no one ever saw him reciting his office, which he said with his door locked, and then concealed his breviary in his writing-desk, at the bottom of his wardrobe.

At the café he had heard but a few words of the conversation of the three strangers, when he discovered, by their soft and pure accent, that they were Romans ; and politely accosting them, he said : “ Gentlemen, you are Romans, and, if it be not too great a boldness, I request you to give me some news from Rome ; for among these Calvinists and infuriated Radicals, it is in vain to seek it.” Bartolo and the two young men bent upon him a look of close scrutiny, but his noble and open countenance reassured them ; and they gave him a minute relation of the assassination of Count Rossi, and of the assault upon the Quirinal, until the secret departure of the Pope—adding what had been written to them by their friends and relations, of the subsequent enormities of the Republicans of Rome. Don Baldassare made such wise and grave reflections upon those events, that Bartolo and his nephews perceived him to be a man of consideration, and civilly asked him if he had withdrawn from the midst of the commotions in Italy through any special cause.

"Perhaps for the same reason as yourselves," he answered. "Who can remain a calm spectator of nations robbed of peace and liberty, and enslaved and trampled upon by their worst citizens under the sacred names of peace and liberty? I am a native of Romagna; and although a man of retired and studious habits, my character was of no avail in protecting me from the hatred, iniquity, and revenge of those who, after deafening us for above two years with cries of liberty, grant to their fellow-citizens not even the freedom of thought, nor the inviolable secrecy of their hearts. I was threatened with death, and my house was surrounded by assassins. It was only by the special interposition of Divine Providence that I escaped falling beneath their daggers. In this heretical country, under the government of Radicals, I spend my days in peace, free from molestation."

Bartolo, on several subsequent mornings, entered the same Café to converse with Don Baldassare; but without ever suspecting that he was a priest, until, filled with admiration for his talents and his excellent and virtuous habits, he invited him to return his visit. He was received in the most gracious and courteous manner by Alisa, who soon learned to look upon him as an adviser, and proposed to him the difficulties which sometimes occurred to her. Bartolo visited, in his company, the Meillerie, where Jean-Jacques Rousseau composed, beneath the shade of those delightful bowers, his "*Nouvelle Eloise*." There the conversation turned upon the tendency of that book, and others of a similar nature.

"I assure you," said Alisa, "that when Polissena brought me *La Nouvelle Eloise* to read, after I had seen in the author's own preface that no modest young

girl could read that book without a blush of shame, I threw it from me with disgust and horror."

"And yet," added Don Baldassare, "how many young people feed upon such books!"

"But do you think," asked Alisa, "that Rousseau is still much read? I have a hundred times heard in Rome, that the works of Rousseau and Voltaire are out of date, and that no one now gives them a thought."

"Do not believe that; they are yet read more than it is supposed, and they who make such assertions, only repeat the lessons which, in their simplicity, they have learnt from designing men, who advance such fallacies to close the eyes of those that ought to be vigilant. The books, moreover, which are read nowadays, are, in a manner, emanations from Rousseau and Voltaire, clothed in a Christian phraseology, which renders their poison only the more subtle, penetrating, and fatal."

"I am really at a loss," said Bartolo, "to understand how the Swiss can have deified that philosopher, exalting him and his impious doctrines above the noble sentiments of truth and justice."

"And now," added Don Baldassare, "the Swiss are reaping the terrible fruits of such a preference; for radicalism is, in substance, only a practical inference from the principles sown by Rousseau, and cultivated by those who persisted in propagating them as flowers wherewith to embellish the mind, instead of fruits that would poison the blood, corrupt its humors, and extinguish life. As might have been expected from so mad a course, they were plunged into the vortex to which it led; for imbued with the fallacies of the 'Wild Man' of Rousseau, of the man who has the right of choosing

whatever religious worship he may please, and of the 'social contract,' to the incalculable injury of Switzerland, there were men who deduced from them, and preached, the direct illations of socialism, communism, and pantheism. The principle of human perfectibility, pushed to its utmost limits, led to the immediate consequence of unlimited human felicity. Hence the axiom of removing from the path all the obstacles that oppose it. As the first barrier is the divine law, and the second is the natural law, whence springs the human and civil law, they came to the inhuman conclusion, with Magary, that to attain happiness 'It is requisite to awaken, in the minds of the Swiss operatives, an eager longing for pleasures, and to depict to them, in colors adapted to their ignorance, the misery which consumes them' (3d February, 1836)."

"Truly!" exclaimed Bartolo, "if the people are incited to this ravenous appetite, for a felicity which can satisfy itself only by pleasure, they will throw themselves into every excess in order to grasp it."

"Magary continues, and tells us where they have thrown themselves: 'Set in operation all the means that are in your power; exclaim in tones of thunder, against reigning princes, and against priests; destroy those two mainsprings of human society, and you will see what will remain of its ruins.'"

"There they strike at the root with malignant cunning," said Mimo. "I now understand the signification of the word, radical, from the eradication, even to their last roots, of religion and authority, and thereby of every law, human and divine; now I see clearly how the Wild Man of Rousseau naturally leads to the Brute Man of Magary."

“And you may join with this holy father of radicalism, the poet, Harro Harring, Wilhem, Breindenstein, Weiting, Schmidt, Beker, and all the other doctors, who have prepared for Switzerland the feast of liberty and felicity which it is now enjoying.”

“Here,” said Bartolo, turning to Alisa, “take back your pencil; I was going to write our names among the rest, in Rousseau’s private study; but I leave ‘La Meillerie’ to those that wish to blow their brains out like the lover of ‘La Nouvelle Eloise.’”

They remained a few days longer at Vevey, and at last set out to Geneva, on board the *Aquila*, a steamer which daily crosses Lake Lemman. On arriving at the wharf of Bergues, they landed, and took up their quarters in the hotel of the Corona, in apartments that gave a view of the lake and of the little island of Jean Jacques Rousseau. Thus from their windows they enjoyed the prospect of a perfect paradise of delights; so limpid is the lake beneath, so verdant and picturesque the lindens that cover the islands with beautiful groves; so charmingly the pale-tinted weeping-willows wave their long, pendent branches along the surface of the water; so close and fine is the grass that covers the velvet-like lawn, in the midst of which rises the pedestal that supports the statue of the Geneva philosopher; so majestically the iron suspension bridge crosses, at a single span, the two broad branches of the Rhone; so beautifully do the graceful cottages stud the borders of the lake on both sides of the bridge, with their gay walks stretching down the delightful banks beneath.

When Alisa had become reconciled to her new place of residence, and had acquired some knowledge of the

city of Geneva, she had no wish more pressing than to go to the Catholic Church, and make acquaintance with the curate, who, she had learned from Don Baldassare, was a man of talent and wisdom. She therefore one morning asked Lando to accompany her there. As she was walking up the Street of the Canons, she was surprised to meet a Sister of Charity, who was returning quietly to the Hospital. But when she observed that all that met her bowed and took off their hats, that the boys lowered their eyes, and stood still as she passed, that the little girls took her hand, and first one and then the other took her rosary, and kissed the medals or the crucifix which were suspended to it, she was amazed at such a sight, for she reflected that she was now in that most Protestant Geneva, the sworn enemy of the Roman Church, and she could scarcely believe her eyes. But had she known who that nun was, her astonishment would have ceased immediately.

This was Sister Clara, famous throughout all Geneva, and held in profound reverence by the Protestants not less than by Catholics. The Abbé Vuarin, who, in the time of Napoleon (at the period when Geneva formed part of the French Empire, and was the "chef lieu" of the department of Leman), obtained permission from the Emperor to build a free and independent Catholic Church, formed the bold design of drawing the teeth of that Geneva, which had so implacably torn the Roman church, and had called itself, in mockery, the *Rome of the Gospel*. The Abbé, contending that the French Empire was Catholic, and, as such, was entitled to have its own Church and worship there, labored with such active earnestness, that he freed himself from the shackles

which the Genevans sought to rivet upon his feet ; and again at the Congress of Vienna, in 1815, he exerted himself so effectually, that he obtained the confirmation of the decree of Napoleon.

When, in the course of some years, he thought he had taken root sufficiently deep to withstand a fresh storm, lamenting that the numerous rising generation of Catholics should have none to cultivate their minds and hearts, he cleared away all difficulties, and called to Geneva, as teachers for the boys, the Brothers of the Christian Doctrine, and for the girls, he made choice of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul. That the people might find no occasion for opposition, he received them into his own house, giving up to them the front of it, that they might admit their scholars through the principal door. The superioress of those holy nuns was Sister Clara, a lady of the same activity, zeal, and firm and sincere nature as Vuarin himself. She, who, in the military hospitals of Paris had almost lived in the continual exercise of her charity among the grenadiers of the Imperial Guard, and who ruled them and could hold them in respect as easily as their bravest generals, on arriving at Geneva, cast her eyes round her, and said to Vuarin :

“Monsieur l'Abbé, we must find means to stretch our wings and take flight here a little, which will never be, if we remain like bees shut up in the hive.”

“What means would you propose?” said the Curate, “for these fierce Calvinists will scarcely let you show your heads at the windows, much less look on with indifference while you fly with distended wings.”

“We must take them with the bait of charity ; I am



somewhat skilled in pharmacy ; let me open a chemist and apothecary shop ; I know something, also, of surgery and medicine,—allow me to visit our sick poor people, and you will see if the Genevans do not answer to such a call.”

The Abbé Vuarin gave his consent to this charitable project ; he provided her with everything requisite for a dispensary, which he supplied with the best medicines, and every instrument, and all the apparatus needed in the arts of chemistry. In short, Sister Clara used such diligence in the dispensary, and by the bedsides of the sick, and so loud were the enthusiastic praises of the poor, that even the Protestants recurred to her charity : none were wounded, none received injuries by falls or other accidents, that did not hasten to Sister Clara. It would be impossible to describe the love, gentleness, delicacy of holy kindness, and the sweet air of benignity with which she applied her generous soul to the practice of her art. She displayed a patient skill in the cure of all kinds of wounds and of injuries, she watched with invincible endurance by the bedsides of those that were suffering from fever or any other maladies, assisting and comforting them the night through, and the more grievous and desperate their state, the more ardent was the holy zeal with which she served them. Hence, it is needless to say how much revered and beloved she was by the Genevans, who looked upon her as an angel of charity ; hence the salutations of Protestants as well as of Catholics, the affection shown her, as to the mother of the people, by the boys and young girls, and their flocking round her to kiss her rosary.

When Alisa saw this, she approached the nun, and

said to her: "I beg pardon, reverend mother; are all those who salute you with so good a will Catholics?"

"No," she replied, "the greater number are Protestants."

"How, then, do these children happen to kiss your medals?"

"What wonder? Children, young lady, are by nature Catholics; it is only the false doctrines of their ministers that make them heretics; and, as in Geneva, so it is everywhere. Poor little children, they love me so much! It harrows my soul to see them with such good dispositions, which, when they grow older, and enter upon the business of life, will be perverted by bad companions, ministers of error will sow heresy among them, change their nature, and lead them astray from the good inclinations which spring in their hearts from the tenderest years. We must pray fervently for them, Miss. Are you from France?"

"No, I am a Roman, and it is only a short time since I arrived in Geneva; I am going to see the Catholic church, and wish to know the parish priest, who has been described to me as a man of God, possessing invincible zeal in the cultivation of souls."

"Oh, nothing more true! He was beyond measure dear to the Abbé Vuarin, the Apostle of Geneva; he was also the companion of the admirable Marillié, bishop of Friburg, a martyr to Radical brutality. Come with me; I am just going for him, for there is a sick woman here who is in the greatest need of his help." With these words they arrived at the house of the Sisters of Charity, where, on being introduced into the dispensary, she found a number of sisters, who were applying reme-

dies to a great number of poor women, with a patience and gentleness that excited the most profound admiration. When the parish priest came, Alisa held a long conversation with him, and afterwards visited the church, accompanied by Sister Clara, who invited her to come often to see her, which Alisa promised, much delighted to have such an opportunity.

In the mean time Bartolo's banker had sent him many letters, partly from Arona after his departure, and partly direct from Rome; among the first, was one from Aser to Mimo, in which he announced to them his arrival in Switzerland. It may be imagined what pleasure their approaching meeting gave Lando, who immediately sent an answer to Lucerne, as Aser had directed him to do: but his letter was sent to Uri, while Aser was recovering in the house of the good Madeline from the injuries received in his fall. Alisa, still unwilling to confess it to herself, was more infirm in spirit than ever: in vain she wished a hundred times a day to deny in her own mind, what the involuntary movements of her heart asserted to be true; and when she heard that Aser was preserved from the dangers of the furious war in Hungary, during which he had been so much the object of her prayers, it is impossible to express her joy, and with what gratitude she returned thanks to God. But, as the mistress of these affections, which were most innocent in themselves, she prayed for strength of mind to desire nothing but that which was right and just and pleasing to God, submitting to his will the natural inclination to which she was guided by the innate gentleness and gratitude of her amiable and noble heart. If before she had, from time to time, paid visits to Sister Clara, she redoubled their

frequency now that the struggle was becoming more intense, and remained longer in serious conversation. One day among others, Sister Clara, seeing the candid and gentle nature of Alisa: "My young friend," said she, "you are an Italian, while I am only master of but a few words of your beautiful language,—would you like to aid in a work of great charity? Who can tell that God has not reserved for you the salvation of a lost soul? And if you should save it, what blessings will descend upon you! If the blood of Christ which was shed for the redemption of the world shall, through your means, have been shed not in vain for a soul which now tramples upon it, it will shine round your head for ever with the crown of glory with which it is resplendent. I have, among the other sick women, a former dragon of Young Italy, who is in a most dangerous state, and blasphemes God and his saints like a fiend, and every charitable means that I can invent, fails to tame her fury. She went as a soldier to the war of independence, and that by no means as an idle spectator of it; but before then she had proved herself one of the most desperate of the assassins of the sects, and she confessed to me that she had despatched, with her own hand, more than one priest in Romagna, and that she had shot many peaceable citizens, thus reducing their families to poverty and wretchedness. Such is her unnatural rage when agitated by her feverish paroxysms, that she screams like the possessed: 'Oh that I could catch one of those scoundrels of priests, to stab him and drink his blood; I should be relieved and cured of this dreadful thirst that scorches my throat.' I never permit her to be left alone; some sister continually keeps watch over her, but

the more they exert themselves to please her the more perverse she becomes. But when our parish priest or some vicar approaches her, she raves and fumes, she refuses to look upon him and throws herself upon her face, or covers her head under the bedclothes. Alisa, let us go and see her. Who can tell? perhaps the sound of her native tongue may have some effect in softening her, or at least in taming somewhat the savageness of her temper."

Alisa expressed her willingness, and begged to go immediately; whereupon Sister Clara led the way. The woman was kept in the tower near the Street of St. Antony, and after mounting a great number of steep and dark stairways, they at length reached a small room, where they found the enraged fury was lying in a sort of kennel, which served as her bed, and they entered precisely at the moment after she had thrown, I know not what beverage, which displeased her, in the face of the sister, who had offered it to her, and the poor religious was wiping her face with the greatest patience. Alisa approached her: "Good morning," said she, in Italian; "What is your name?"

"Ursula, in the devil's name!" was her answer. "But oh! beautiful lady, you at least speak to me in Italian: these apish nuns, all the day long, stun my ears with their '*Oui*;' their '*Ma chère Ursuline*;' their '*Prenez donc, calmez vous donc—donc, donc, donc*;' I wish they were all with Satan. Oh, the Italian tongue! But are you really an Italian? Long live Italy! Independence for ever!"

"Yes, my dear sister, and I am a Roman; and when I learnt that you were sick, I came purposely to see you."

“Oh! a thousand thanks, beautiful Signorina; and what is your name?”

“Alisa; I have been in Geneva only a short time, but as long as I remain here, if you like, I will come and see you?”

“I should like it above all things; but let us understand each other: bring none of those priests with you; I hate them like the plague.”

“I will come with some of the sisters, who are all so kind; it was Sister Clara, you know, that brought me to see you, and she told me she would do anything in the world for you. But how do you happen to have come to Geneva?”

“I came here in a desperate state. I must tell you that I served as a soldier in the Italian legions, and was present in many encounters with the Austrians; but at the battle of Cornuda I was made prisoner with many others, and was marched off into Carinthia. I had invariably refused to put on the black fustian velvet gown like the other women, who looked more like rope-dancers than soldiers, but I always dressed myself like a man, in the same manner as our ensign, the Signora Polisena. When, however, we reached Klagenfurt, I admitted that I was a woman, and bought myself some women's clothes, which I wore from that time. The soldiers then began to treat me with more kindness than they showed to the other prisoners, and as they became more careless in their guard over me, I one night glided quietly away, and betaking myself to the fields and the mountains, I wandered from country to country, until I reached the Tyrol, where I crossed the mountains, living upon bread and milk, which I begged of the shepherds,

and never rested until I had passed the frontier of the Grisons. There I considered myself safe, and remained for some time, in doubt whether to enlist in the ranks of the Radicals, or to seek a livelihood by some kind of needle-work, in which I have considerable skill. I met with several Italians who were serving in the Swiss army, and they decided me to choose the latter course. I received letters of recommendation to a cloth manufacturer in Geneva, and a small supply of money, and I came here as an embroiderer of gold and colored silk flowers. But to tell you the truth, I gave myself up to excessive intemperance, which brought on a fever, and I have been ill more than a month."

"So you served with the Signora Polissena?" said Alisa.

"Exactly! That was a young woman of sterling worth! She loved me, and frequently made me presents; she was as generous as a king, and as free as a Cossack; she was not troubled with scruples, not she; she could roll out a round oath, and command the obedience of the soldiers like any colonel. *Corpo di*——! You should have seen her in battle! Some of those bewhiskered Civics, at the first shots, became as pale as death, but laying the staff of her ensign upon their shoulders and shouting: 'Forward, cowards; an Italian never flinches, and the Roman conquers or dies!' then planting her banner in the ground, she would seize a carbine and fire away like an Unterwald hunter."

"Tell me, I beseech you, if you ever heard of her again?"

"No. But do you know her? The last time I saw her, she was fighting in a fierce action with the soldiers

of Nugent, and I have never seen her or heard of her since. Oh, she must have fallen or have been made prisoner."

"My dear Ursula," replied Alisa, "the brave Polissena was wounded in that engagement, and died during the night; but you don't know what a death was hers!" As she said this, her eyes filled with tears, which flowed down her cheeks.

"You weep, damigella?" said Ursula, gazing upon her with a somewhat softened expression. "Perhaps she was your sister, or at least a friend, or some relation?"

"She was my friend as long as she lived, and I am sure she still remembers me, now that she is dead. You do not know what an edifying death she died. Well will it be for us if we die in the same good dispositions, and with such sincerity of repentance for our sins!" Alisa repeated to her the recital of all the particulars of Polissena's death, weeping with such tenderness, that even the furious woman herself could not restrain her tears, and she wept with Alisa, whose hand she pressed, and begged of her to pay her another visit on the morrow. Sister Clara, who understood Italian, was also deeply affected. On the following day, Alisa again went to see her; she took various articles of linen for her, and some jellies to mix with the water for her refreshment; she supplied her with money, and lavished upon her the most affectionate caresses. Ursula was quite changed; she became more tractable, and conversed quietly with her benefactress; so that her heart was, day by day, gradually divested of that hardness and repellant obstinacy which she displayed towards both



God and man. One morning, Alisa went early, and finding there one of the sisters, who had been watching all night, she said to her, "Dear sister, return home; you need rest; I will in the mean time perform the office of nurse; and tell Sister Clara not to be disturbed, for I intend to stop here a long time with Ursula." The nun withdrew.

Alisa performed several little offices for her sick protégée, and perceiving that she drew her breath with more difficulty than usual, she said to her affectionately: "My good friend, your fever seems somewhat more violent to-day; why not return to peace with God, by confession? Believe me, you would receive from it the greatest comfort, and you would afterwards be most thankful to me for suggesting it."

"I cannot, damigella," replied the wretched creature; "I cannot. Yours is an innocent, pure soul, incapable of comprehending the despair that incessantly gnaws my heart and gives me a foretaste of hell. I am stained with the guilt of atrocious crimes, unheard of by the ears of the pious; this hand, which you press with such charity, is a hand of blood; when you touch me with those hands, so pure and beneficent, a shudder runs through me which I cannot describe; my blood tingles in my veins, and rushes to my heart and swells it to bursting. Damigella, this hand has slaughtered more than one priest; it has rent their breasts, torn out their hearts, and, dripping with blood, has carried them to these teeth, which have bit and lacerated them with inconceivable rage. Now, would you have me to call in a priest to absolve me from such iniquity? It calls to heaven for vengeance; for me there is no forgiveness."

“Ah, dear friend!” cried Alisa, preserving her appearance of gentleness and composure in the midst of such horrors; “Ah, dear friend, do you not know that the divine mercy can vanquish and blot out all the sins of the world? Do you not know that the compassionating eyes of Jesus ever sweetly turn to the repentant soul? that his arms are ever open to embrace it? Oh, Jesus forgives you; Ursula, Jesus forgives you; do not doubt it!”

“Damigella, Jesus abhors me; I have denied him and dedicated myself to Satan. In 1840, when I was eighteen years of age, after a mission preached by the Passionists, I had given myself wholly to God, and had pledged my heart that I would consecrate myself to Him as a Capuchin nun; but my father opposed my entrance into the holy state, to avoid the disbursement of the sum needed for my portion. In the mean time, a cousin of mine returned from the University, a graduated doctor of medicine. He constantly frequented our house, and formed such an affection for me, and said so much, and shed so many tears to persuade me to make some return, that it appeared to me sheer cruelty entirely to refuse him. Still I continued to frequent the sacraments. My confessor represented to me the danger which I was incurring of failing in my duty to God, but like a presumptuous, simple, foolish creature, as I was, I could discover no impropriety in the intercourse with a cousin. Well, by degrees, I grew indifferent in my devotions; then from tepidity to coldness; from coldness to the abandonment of all restraint, and in fine, to my downfall, it was like a race down a steep descent, when hurried along by our own weight, we are hurled to the

bottom with an impetus and violence, which we are no longer able to arrest. Fallen as I was, I was incapable of an effort to rise again; my love for my cousin became a delirium, a frenzy; I broke through every restraint and rushed into every crime. He secretly belonged to Young Italy, and seeing that I was devoted to him with all the affections of my soul, and blindly obedient to his least wish, I permitted myself to be enrolled, and to bind myself with the tremendous oaths of the sect. Damigella, I see you growing pale, and you have good reason to do so, for from that moment I became a tigress, and drew back from no misdeed. Being a woman, I was less suspected by the authorities; I took in hand the management of plots, and of every kind of fraud, the diffusion of clandestine prints, the secreting of the more secret correspondence, and of the money destined for the wages of the conspirators, to confirm the new ones, to allure those that held back, and to recompense the assassins. On occasions that required more delicate precautions, and greater audacity, I lent my own hand to the service of the sect, removing from its path those that were most obnoxious, and hence it happened that I murdered priests and other good citizens, and baffled the pursuit and researches of justice; for I took care to preserve every external appearance of a blameless life, and I even regularly frequented the church. But at the beginning of 1848, my cousin invented some pretext for taking me to Rome, where he said that a brother of mine, who was studying at the Sapienza, had fallen sick. There I became acquainted with the leaders of Young Italy, and plunged into the infernal mysteries of the sect. There were two

houses in Rome, where they held their conventicles in the most profound secrecy; and then it was, that in the midst of horrible blasphemies, among the most execrable sacrileges, I trampled upon the Holy Host, renounced Christ, and swore eternal fidelity to the devil. With a surgeon's lancet, I drew from my arm a few drops of blood, and wrote with it my dedication, protesting, that if even at the point of death, I should return to Christ, I still intended, resolved, and vowed, that my soul should be in the possession of the devil. How is it possible, Alisa, that I can evade the curse of God, and that my blood shall not cry to heaven against me?"\*

"No, my dear friend," replied Alisa, most deeply affected; "no, that blood of Christ was shed solely to cancel the handwriting of sin. If your blood cries to Satan, the blood of Christ cries to God. Ursula, let me call the priest; hesitate no longer; make to me the

\* We not only had murderous women of this description in Rome, with Garibaldi, and among the other troops of brigands and assassins, but they were known, also, in other cities, and they joined in the most atrocious crimes. Of the sacrileges committed in those days, we have in Ursula only another witness; and did I not fear the pity of certain wiseacres, I might tell them in confidence, that in the prison where she is still detained, one of those unfortunate victims gave an attestation, to a priest, last March, of the actual apparition of the devil, while an impious wretch was in the act of dedicating himself to him as to a God. It was in those days spoken of in Rome, but I refused to attach any credit to it. The following is the declaration of that woman: "That she was present; that she saw a monster rise from beneath the platform, upon which stood the infamous idol, and run with extreme rapidity, bellowing round the room, leaving a dense smoke and insupportable stench; that the worshipper fled with the speed of an arrow, and that the other men and women were amazed and terrified, and that this infernal den was cleared in a second." If I do not maintain that all the particulars are to be believed, I may at least say, that I see nothing to excite laughter, and that there is no need to exclaim against *imposture*

gift of your soul ; I will contend for it against the evil spirit." While she said this, Alisa threw her arms lovingly round the neck of the sick woman, she pressed her lips to hers, and watered her with her tears. Ursula, with a great effort, folded Alisa in her arms, and pressed her to her bosom, and with a voice broken with sobbing : "I am yours, damigella," she said ; "I am wholly yours."

In a short time, while Alisa still held her in her embrace, and they were mingling their tears, Sister Clara arrived. Alisa turned to her : "My dear sister," said she, "will you call the priest ?" The sister answered, that he had returned the moment before from a visit to another sick person. He was immediately called, and as he entered with words of encouragement to Ursula, the two ladies retired to pray in another little room. After a full hour, the priest came to them with joy in his countenance, and holding in his hand a small piece of paper, "Look, Ursula sends you this paper, which she says is yours." Alisa opened it, and at the sight of the characters, written in blood, she shuddered and folded it again. They then re-entered the room, and Alisa, making a light, burned the writing, saying : "Ursula, as these characters disappear by the power of the fire, so, and infinitely more irrevocably, do the sins of the contrite heart vanish before the efficacy of the blood of Christ." Then offering some restorative to her sick protégée, she stopped, with the nun and the priest, to keep her company for a long time. Her malady daily became more aggravated ; the parish priest continually comforted her with his assistance, and strengthened her with the sacraments of the Church, and the unfortunate sinner expired, blessing Alisa, who had reconciled her with God.

## CHAPTER XX.

## THE HAPPY GROT.

WHILE Aser listened to the lessons in the catechism which Annetta gave every day after dinner to her brother and sisters, and mentally weighed what he heard of those great and profound mysteries, frequently by way of revision causing them to be repeated, sometimes by Ilda and sometimes by Trude, the occurrence took place, which, as before alluded to, troubled the repose of that holy family. One day, Annetta was reading in the presence of her mother and of Wolfgang, the Epistle of St. John, and Aser was sitting upright upon the bed, supported by a number of pillows, listening with breathless and motionless attention. He saw the boys and little girls studying, with steadfast composure, the sublime words of the Apostle, with their hands joined and their eyes cast down, while Madeline sat with bowed head, and in a posture of reverent submission, as if she were in the presence of God, who speaks to us in the Holy Scriptures. When Annetta had read that "Jesus Christ is the light, and he who walks with him is in the light, and his blood cleanses from every stain of sin," she came to these words: "My children, I write these things to you that you may not sin; and if any notwithstanding

should fall into sin, we have as our advocate before the Father, Jesus Christ, who is just, and the propitiation of our sins;" and she was continuing to read, when Aser suddenly gave a deep groan, he trembled violently, the perspiration burst from every pore, he panted and breathed convulsively, and struggled and threw himself back upon the bed. Madeline hastened to him, and anxiously inquired what had befallen him; but still he writhed, and rolled his eyes, without answering. Annetta placed herself on the other side, and endeavored to calm him, while Wolfgang stood at the foot of the bed, looking on with wondering affright. At length, Madeline, drying the perspiration which ran down his face, and arranging the bedclothes round him, spoke to him with the tenderest caresses in a low whisper: "Let him confide in her, and open to her his heart; let him explain to her the cause of his agony." The unfortunate youth, with sighs and groans, gasped to her: "Call Father Cornelius to me! Oh, would that Father Cornelius were here!" Madeline answered: "Be calm; this evening Annetta has to take him his supply of food, and she shall request him to come; you know how dearly he loves you, and how glad he is to come." So saying, she continued to dry his face, and to encourage him with every endearment, as if he were her own son. She sent her sons on various errands, and remained with him the greater part of the day. For a considerable length of time he would remain calm, then his first agitation would suddenly return; but during the intermission of these attacks, he held fast with both hands his crucifix and medal, pressed them to his heart, and applied them to his lips and forehead, with continued alternations of tranquillity and convulsive struggles: nor could Madeline ever conceive

the cause of these unusual and mysterious convulsions, and this inward agony of spirit. Poor little Trude peeped in doubtfully at the door, and sometimes ventured almost as far as the bed; but seeing Aser look at her with a disordered countenance, and with eyes steadfastly fixed upon her without his usual smile, she was perplexed and frightened, and without daring to speak to him, ran back crying to Ilda.

About dark, Annetta entered and said to him, "Aser, I am going to the cavern; do you wish me to say anything else to Father Cornelius?"

"Tell him that I await him without fail."

"And nothing more?"

Aser groaned, and exclaimed with a half-stifled voice: "Oh God, make haste to help me!" The young girl went out in great alarm; and all the way she wondered, as she hurried on, at that inflamed countenance, those eyes, motionless and fiery, that contracted and wrinkled forehead, which were all still present to her mind, and she seemed still to hear, in the dark forest, that terrible "Oh God!" which he had uttered with such a frenzied gasp. As she reached and entered the cave, trembling with agitation, the Father asked her, the moment he saw her:

"Annetta, what is the matter?"

"Father," she answered, "some sinister accident has befallen Aser, and has thrown him into a dreadful condition. He raves, and calls for you, and cries, while he shudders: 'Oh! that I had Father Cornelius here! Call Father Cornelius to me!'"

"How? He seemed to be so rapidly on the way to recovery! Is it possible that some injury received in his head may have turned to an imposthume, and brought



on this state of frenzy? Does any blood flow from his ears?"

"No; but he is bathed in sweat, he gasps, clenches his fists, and seems as if he were struggling and fighting against some enemy, so violent are the contortions and writhings of his whole body."

"Well, my daughter, I will now take some refreshment of bread and milk, and then I will go with you." So saying, he hurriedly ate two or three morsels, and went out of the cave. Sending the young girl before him, he followed her, praying to the Madonna to grant him the recovery of that young man, whom he looked upon as his son. It was late at night when he arrived; he found Madeline at the door waiting for him, and she related to him all that had happened during the day, and that her patient was still cruelly harassed. The venerable old man said to Annetta: "You, my daughter, go to rest; and you, Madeline, wait for me in the kitchen, and pray." So saying, he went into Aser's room.

Aser was overjoyed to see him, and as soon as he could reach him, threw his arms round his neck, and said, in a suffocated voice: "Father Cornelius, Christ has conquered, Christ will reign in my heart; he cancels our sins, and intercedes with his Eternal Father in heaven for my poor soul. Oh God! how terrible was the struggle!"

"Peace, my son, peace!" said the priest, with one hand pressing Aser's hands, and with the other caressing him, and wiping away the perspiration that streamed from his forehead: "Calm yourself, and then we will enter into conversation." He stood still a moment, and then taking his seat near him, again smilingly addressed him. "Well," said he, "what news have you, Aser?"

"Great news, my father." He looked round the room, and perceiving that they were alone: "My dear father and benefactor," said he, "I can no longer resist the torrent of grace that inundates my soul; the spirits of darkness fiercely assail me, like tigers that behold their prey snatched from their jaws. Be not disturbed, father; I am not a Christian."

"That is, you would say," replied the priest, "that you have abandoned yourself to the current of Radical impiety, which, while it calls itself Christian, denies Christ by its evil deeds, which war against Christian worship, and against the ministers of Christ."

"I also have been impious, but I am, moreover, a Jew, and, therefore, not baptized."

The good old man, without being discomposed, with a heavenly mildness, again took his hand. "Well," said he, "you will become a Christian, and a pious one, will you not? And the evil one may tear himself."

"He tears me, father; for when I heard Annetta read this morning, that 'Jesus is the light, and washes away our sins, and intercedes with his Father for sinners,' I was stricken with a light so strong and convincing, that I resolved in my heart to surrender wholly, and to become a Christian; but the moment that I had formed this resolution, I was overwhelmed with a storm of temptations, that excited me to such furious blasphemies against Jesus, that I have had, from that time to this, not one moment of peace. Satan agitates me with inconceivable remorse; he terrifies me with frightful phantoms, which assault, menace, urge, and harass me in the most horrible manner. They roar round me like lions, they poison me with their fiery breath, they

affright me with their monstrous shapes, while I threaten them, saying: 'We shall see at the coming of Father Cornelius,' whereupon they tremble with rage, they foam at the mouth, they tear themselves in despair. I beseech you then, father, not to abandon me."

"My son," replied the holy old man, "the demons show their teeth, but they cannot harm the valiant soldier of Christ; their rage proves their impotence. See," said he, taking some holy water, which was suspended in a little vase against the wall,—“see, with this single weapon, were they a legion, they will fly precipitately.”

Aser was cheered by these words, and tears of joy flowed down his face; he related to the father how Annetta, without being aware of it, had daily taught him catechism, and he recited the Our Father, the Hail Mary, and the Creed, with the ten commandments, and the Acts of Faith, Hope, and Charity, which filled Father Cornelius with interior gladness, and he returned thanks to God, the giver of all good gifts, who, by such hidden ways, had brought about the ends of his infinite mercy. Aser then gave a narrative of his adventures, and he told him how he had belonged to the sect of Young Europe, and had given his aid in the troubles in Italy, Germany, and Hungary, and how the Almighty had given him light to discern the iniquity of his course, and the perfidy of the means by which the secret societies seek the overthrow and annihilation of all order, both human and divine, in the world. He had already renounced in his heart all communion with the impious, and formed the firm resolution of yielding up his life, to open his lips only to heap maledictions upon such criminal vows, and never to move a hand, unless to cast

down, to crush, and annihilate, if possible, the detestable designs of the infernal sect that fills the earth with its pestilence.

The venerable martyr raised his eyes to heaven, and, weeping tears of joy, exclaimed: "I thank thee, and bless thee, Lord Jesus Christ, that thou hast reserved for me this great consolation. Neither the solitude, nor perpetual darkness, nor the gloom of the rocks beneath which I am buried, nor the rage of the tyrants that seek my life, are to be weighed against this rejoicing of my soul. My Lord, thou, who knowest that my greatest grief arose from my inability to go as formerly in search of my lost sheep, hast sent to my cave a lion, to be converted into a lamb; a fierce hawk, to be changed into a dove!"

So saying, and observing that Aser held in his hands his little gold crucifix, he took it from him and pressed it to his forehead,—“May you be blessed by the cross, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. This cross which you wear (I don’t know how) suspended round your neck, and this image of Mary, which, perhaps, you looked upon as an amulet against the evil eye, have been to you as a shield of adamant against the assaults of hell. Aser, continue to study your catechism: I will bring you another precious book: say not a word of your condition to any one; take care of yourself, that you may get better, and hope in the most tender mother of Jesus Christ. But how do you happen to have her medal round your neck?”

“Father, it was the gift of a young Christian girl, whose life I was the means of saving; she gave it me as a remembrance of her, when I set out from Rome, to wage a war as unfortunate as it was unjust. This little

crucifix was given me by a poor expiring girl, who breathed her last with it pressed to her lips, upon the field of Curtatone. I, a Jew, and an impious wretch, through love for the one, and compassion for the other, have been wearing, involuntarily, the signs of my eternal salvation."

"Another argument," added Father Cornelius, "to adore the admirable secrets of the divine counsels, which sometimes make use of trifling, and even of opposite means to reach their ends. For the present remain tranquil, and endeavor, to-morrow and afterwards, to accompany, at least mentally, and in your heart, the prayers which the children come every day to recite in your room."

He then went out, and finding Madeline in great suspense, respecting the sudden change which had come upon Aser, said,—

"My daughter, our patient is calm; if you see him dejected, speak to him of God, and endeavor to leave him by himself as little as possible. You see he is young, a foreigner, and of generous sentiments; young men have at times terrible moments; they seem to be agitated with an uncontrollable fever, which is quelled only by prayer; let us pray, Madeline, and live in hope."

He gave her his blessing, and after sprinkling with holy water the thresholds of old William's room, and of those of the children, he turned his steps towards his cave with a consolation and joy that rendered him insensible to the furious storm of wind, which roared among the high mountain peaks with a thundering sound, that re-echoed through the valleys beneath, and then descended and spent its force upon the forest which he was rapidly traversing.

Aser, although more settled in mind, was yet frequently sad and thoughtful; and the children, always quick in discovering and penetrating the internal feelings of those with whom they are familiar, perceived that Aser had undergone some change in heart, which betrayed itself to their eyes in his countenance. Ilda and Trude seemed consequently to redouble their childish caresses; sometimes one and sometimes the other brought him bouquets of flowers from the garden, that he might help them to distribute them in vases, or they sprinkled rose-leaves over his bed, mingled with the flowers of the jasmine.

Wolfgang would take his rifle, and return in triumph with a brace of mountain pheasants, or with a hare, or even with a young fawn; and to Aser's great delight, would relate to him every little adventure that he met with during his hunt.

Annetta also, who, as is usual with the young girls of that country, was most bold and nimble in climbing the rocks of the mountains, having discovered a francolin's nest inside a hole in a high rock, ascended the precipices and succeeded in taking the nest, which she folded in her bosom; and descending with extraordinary agility, she carried it to Aser. The young ones were already so nearly full-grown, that the yellow of their beaks was changing to a brilliant coral-red; and after casting the whitish, silky down, they were becoming clothed in beautiful silver-gray feathers, speckled here and there with stripes and spots of jet-black, changing to emerald-green. Aser stroked them as they perched chirping upon his hand, and asked Annetta to rear them for him.

In such agreeable pastime he did not, however, omit

his study of the catechism; he also enjoyed the conversation of old William, whom he interrogated on many points of Christian practice, and listened to his replies with calm and motionless attention; so that the old man, pleased with so good and patient a hearer, often introduced into his discourse numerous examples, which he had witnessed among those mountaineers, full of faith and Christian virtues; or he related to him the Helvetic traditions of the mountain of Pilate, of its whirlwinds, its thunder and hailstorms, and the dense smoky clouds which surround it, as a sign of the curse pronounced by God upon those craggy heights, within which Pilate, who condemned Christ, fled for refuge, afterwards to be plunged into the avenging flames of hell. He narrated the history of the Hermitage of Our Lady, therefrom called of *Einsiedeln*, that of the eight columns of the Church of Sachsen, and particularly that of the Madonna of the Pass.

“My son,” said he, one day, “listen! Not far from here is a sanctuary of Our Lady of Mercy, which overhangs the edge of an immeasurable crag, formerly called ‘The Devil’s Pass,’ in consequence of the extreme narrowness of the ledge, which was broken and split so that there was scarcely room to plant one’s foot. Enormous masses of rock, which overhang the pass, were cracked, and curved, and piled upon each other in rugged blocks, and seemed ready to fall in ruins upon the head of the traveller. It was necessary to go that way in order to cross over to the opposite mountain; and a very great number of people, on arriving at the highest point of the pass, were precipitated by pieces of the rock giving way, to the bottom of the abyss. It is asserted, and

such is the tradition of the country, that demons kept continual watch over the pass ; and at one time menaced the traveller in the form of goats ; at another in the shape of vultures, that flew round him with clanging wings ; at another like wolves, which howled and bounded from point to point, with gaping jaws, ready to tear him, until the unfortunate traveller, seized with giddiness, stumbled and fell over the edge of the precipice, and plunged down the craggy depths, leaving his lacerated and scattered limbs a prey to the rapacious eagles. If he possessed sufficient nerve to defy these dangers, they resorted to other stratagems ; the sky became troubled with whirlwinds and terrible storms ; the lightnings gleamed and flashed, and the thunderbolts fell with a crash that seemed to bring the mountains down from their bases, and to dash them together in one common ruin. These accidents had spread such terror among the mountaineers of the neighbouring country, that they knew not which way to turn, when an old shepherd, actuated by a lively faith, cried out : ‘ What ! are we to wait until we are all cast by the demons into the depths of those abysses ? Let us set up the image of Mary, precisely in the most terrible part of those rocks ; Mary alone can render them secure beneath the feet of the traveller.’ They all agreed to this holy project ; and a number of masons, after causing a mass to be said at which they assisted, boldly commenced operations. Some of them, sustained by ropes, others clinging to stumps of broken trees or grappling the rocks with iron hooks, cut away so much from the living rock that they excavated a chapel—which they walled round ; within they erected an altar, whereon they placed the statue



of Our Lady, and called it, from its situation, 'Our Lady of the Pass.' From that time forward, the rocks settled and became firm and solid, so that never again did they crumble and fall beneath the feet of travellers. As you, my son, were precipitated from so great a height with the entire rock and the tree upon which you rested, I think it your duty, when you shall have recovered, to visit the 'Madonna of the Pass,' to whom you owe your escape from destruction in your fall."

In the mean time, Aser progressed rapidly towards his recovery, and the faith daily took deeper root in his heart: Father Cornelius, therefore, after examining him minutely in Christian doctrine, and finding him well instructed, determined no longer to delay the administration of the sacrament of eternal life. Aser having requested him to conduct the rite in such a manner that the hospitable and pious family might not be made aware that they had harbored a Jew in their house, the Father sought some means of performing it with the deepest secrecy. None of the shepherds, as was before related, had any knowledge of the aged priest's place of concealment; but choosing two old men and imposing secrecy upon them, he took them to the cave and led them through the winding labyrinth of passages into the spiral-shaped ascent, which opened into his own narrow grotto. He appointed the following night as the time of meeting, and dismissed them.

Annetta afterwards arrived with the usual supply of food, and he said to her: "My dear daughter, Aser has already gained so much strength that he will be able, to-morrow night, to come with you as far as the mouth of the cavern, where I will wait for you; you will leave

him with me and return, and tell your mother that I will bring him back about midnight. May God bless you, my little Annetta, and recompense your charity." The day after he arranged everything in his grotto ready for the baptism. Near the lamp he suspended a crucifix, and beneath it an image of the Madonna; upon a projecting ledge of rock, he placed the small vessel that contained the holy oils, the salt, and the cotton; and on the other side the small font, and a shell wherewith to pour the water.

Aser rose at a very early hour, and Madeline, hearing him moving, saw him, through the door, which she pushed a little open, on his knees before a *Madonna Addolorata*, that hung near his bed, with his eyes fixed upon it and filled with tears that coursed down his face; and she withdrew weeping also herself with sympathetic emotion. When the children rose he wished to say the morning prayers with them; and with Trude and Ilda he repeated the mysteries, the commandments, the explanations of the creed, the sacraments, and the works of mercy. He then went into the garden, and walking about in a contemplative mood, he gave frequent utterance to certain exclamations, which were heard in the house, and Trude, gathering some roses, ran and presented them to him with a coaxing air, in order to banish the sorrow and melancholy which she thought was still oppressing him; but when he caressed her with smiles, she jumped and played round him with joy. At dinner, also, seeing him scarcely taste anything, they all pressed him to eat, offering now one thing, then another, with a thousand marks of affection; while Madeline silently reflected upon this change, in which she thought she per-

ceived some extraordinary emotion, arising from some secret and mysterious occurrence, which she could not penetrate.

At night, Annetta made a sign to him to be in readiness to set out; he went in to Madeline, and told her that this visit to Father Cornelius gave him unspeakable joy; he took her hand, which he pressed and kissed, letting fall a tear of gratitude upon it, which threw the pious lady into extreme agitation. After they had left the house, and were winding through the forest, Aser said from time to time to Annetta: "Pray for me; oh, how merciful is our dear Lord!" And she prayed, shedding tears of emotion, she knew not why, but she felt her heart gently lifted up to God. They at length reached the mouth of the cavern. Father Cornelius advanced with a calm step, greeted and thanked the good conductress, took Aser by the hand, and conducted him in silence from cave to cave, from passage to passage, until arriving at the spiral ascent they wound up it and stood upon the threshold of the happy grot, in which he was about to be regenerated in Christ. There they found the two old shepherds, to whom the priest said, as they stood with a serious and devout air: "My sons, it is the will of God that this fortunate youth should rise from this sepulchre to life everlasting; here, in this hiding-place, in this silence, amid these rugged rocks, the angels of God have descended, encircling the Holy Spirit, who is about to infuse himself into the blest soul. He is not yet baptized, and you will be his sponsors and the witnesses at the holy font. Let us kneel and pray for divine aid." Then, after a short exhortation, in which he repeated the instructions which he had

given Aser on the preceding nights, he put on his stole, and performed the usual ceremonies and exorcisms, concluding with these questions :—

“Cornelio, Aser, Mary, dost thou renounce Satan and all his works?”

“I renounce them.” Full of holy indignation he added, “And together with Satan, I renounce the diabolical oaths of the secret societies, their wicked object, and the iniquitous and perfidious means which they use to attain it; I disclaim, recall, break, trample upon, abhor, and abjure every promise, and bond, and sacrilegious oath which I have given in the conventicles of the impious, the enemies of God and man.”

The two mountaineers, at these words, were struck with fear, but the priest in a louder tone continued: “Dost thou believe in God the Father Almighty, creator of heaven and earth?”

“I do believe.”

“Dost thou believe in Jesus Christ, his only Son, our Lord, who was born and died for us?”

“I do believe.”

“Dost thou believe in the Holy Ghost, in the Holy Catholic Church, in the remission of sins, in the resurrection of the body, and in life everlasting?”

“I do believe.”

“Wilt thou be baptized?”

“Yes, I will,” Aser replied.

Father Cornelius baptized him according to the rites of the Church; and then embraced him with paternal affection, inscribed his name in the baptismal register, caused it to be signed by the witnesses, and said, while he shed tears of joy: “Ah, why, instead of two witnesses,

who may not even proclaim what they see, have I not here present all the Cantons of the Forests, and besides them, which would be still better and more salutary, all the Radicals of Switzerland? Why do they not comprehend how sweet it is to come to Christ, to be sanctified by his grace, to be strengthened by the Holy Spirit, to be clothed in the white robe of innocence, and to quench their thirst in the divine waters of eternal life? Wretched men! who, baptized almost all, yet abjure Christ to dedicate themselves to the devil! Christ made them free, with the freedom of the sons of God; they themselves, exchanging so exalted and noble a liberty for the carnal liberty of brute beasts, render themselves the slaves of Satan, and with him they wage a mortal warfare against the Church, and against every order, human and civil."

The holy and venerable old man took Aser by the hand, and conducted him, with the two old shepherds, to the mouth of the cavern, where he dismissed the latter with many blessings, and then accompanied the neophyte to the house of Madeline, which they reached considerably before midnight. Annetta, who had begged of her mother to permit her to wait for the return of Father Cornelius, presented herself modestly before them, and offered her guests some refreshment, whereupon the father said, in high spirits: "Oh yes, yes, my good daughter, you do well to bring us some restoratives that will serve as supper, for, you know, we can make no other kind of supper in my tomb." The two ladies saw in their eyes and countenances such radiant joy, that they were amazed, but they had not the courage to ask the reason of it. The priest again turned with a smile

to Annetta: "Now, you sacristan," said he, "will see that the altar be prepared to-morrow night, for I am coming to say mass and to give communion, as it is the last of the month of Mary, and we ought to return thanks to her for the recovery of Aser, and repay you with the celestial banquet for the hospitality and charity which you have extended to him; it is now necessary that he should return to his own affairs."

Those good Christians were filled with sorrow by this news; they even shed tears at the thought that Aser was to leave them so suddenly, and used so many entreaties that at length he yielded and agreed to remain there two days longer. When he had promised this, Father Cornelius took his leave, and all the others retired to rest; but Aser was inundated with such a flood of spiritual joy that he watched the greater part of the night in prayer and in sweet aspirations to the divine bounty, which had saved him from the death of both body and soul, by the paternal ways of his divine providence. During the following night he attended mass and received communion from the hand of Father Cornelius; and such was his emotion that his tears flowed incessantly, the whole time moving the hearts of the bystanders, and particularly of old William, who after mass exclaimed: "Oh Mother of God, the hope and protectress of the Catholic Cantons, render our youth as fervent as this our guest, and we shall fear neither the anger nor the cruel tyranny of the Radicals!"

Annetta had prepared a bed also for Father Cornelius, and besought him to pass the remainder of the night, and the following day with them; let him not hesitate; the Madonna would guard him in safety from the snares

of the Radicals ; Wolfgang should beat the forest ; while Edward should watch round the house, and they all would be on the alert ; and as a last resource, she had a safe retreat behind the hayloft, where it would not be possible for human eye to discover him."

"Say rather," replied the Father, "that God would hear your innocent prayer ; moreover, it will afford me so lively a consolation to be able to enjoy a few hours with Aser, who is so soon to leave us, that with full confidence in Our Lord, I will remain with pleasure." The ladies then retired to rest, and Father Cornelius remained conversing with Aser during a great part of the night, instructing him in those wise maxims, which were to serve as his guide in leading a Christian life, and which Aser noted down in a small pocket-book. "Father," then said Aser, "I know full well the treachery of the sect, which has sworn the death of every one who, for whatsoever reason withdraws from it ; and with tenfold vengeance against those that leave it to return to a Christian life. I have known cases of cruelty and atrocity, such as surpass that of wild beasts, perpetrated against many, particularly against the young, who, throwing off all restraint and drinking freely in places of amusement, speak at random to their companions, and betraying now one and now another of the criminal secrets of the society, relying upon the secrecy of friends ; when at the moment when they suspect the least, the dagger of an assassin overtakes and despatches them. One of the initiated, if seen in company with a zealous and learned priest, is considered guilty of a high crime of treachery ; and a noble-minded and generous young man of my acquaintance, who, although he had attained a high grade

in the society of Young Italy, was accustomed, when at his villa, to walk arm-in-arm with an old man of eighty, the archpriest of a cathedral, but he was waylaid by an assassin, who from behind a hedge fired a pistol at him, as he was walking alone in the evening, and he fell dead on the spot. But why should I descend to particulars? I, who, on account of the duties assigned me, have been admitted, to my unspeakable misfortune, to the darkest mysteries of the sect, know by my own certain knowledge, that only as it were by a miracle, shall I be able to avoid death by the dagger, by fire, or by poison.”\*

“But what man living,” asked the priest, “can watch you so narrowly as to discover that you have abandoned the execrable society? Bury the secret in your own heart; that is enough.”

“It would not be enough were I to bury myself for life in your tomb; they are lynx-eyed; everything is clear, open, and manifest to those angels of Satan. My sudden departure from Hungary during the war, and my arrival in the Cantons of the Sonderbund, could not be concealed from those subtle observers; and while we are at this moment speaking, who knows how many are perhaps watching my steps and lying in wait for me!”

“My son, place your confidence in God; do not, as the Apostle says, make your life more precious than yourself; fear not those who may slay the body, but who cannot kill the soul. Be upon your guard; pre-

\* In the “Memoirs of Leonello,” which serves as an appendix to the Jew of Verona, the iniquitous mysteries of the secret societies are practically laid open, and also the means which they possess to terrify and destroy those that abandon them, to become converts to the Church.



serve yourself in the grace of God ; offer yourself to him every morning and every evening, and live in peace."

"Not only, my father, do I feel no fear, but I should esteem myself happy to incur the hatred and the vengeance of the wicked ; and I have resolved to live openly and loyally as a Christian, happen what may. I beseech you to pray for me, and accept the eternal gratitude which I owe you, for saving my life, and infinitely more for that eternal salvation which in your charity you have opened for me, and may Our Lord Jesus Christ bestow upon you a reward equal to your deserts."

The holy old man then threw himself upon Aser's neck, and embraced him paternally, and blessed him with tears in his eyes. They then retired to obtain a short repose. That day was a holyday for the whole family ; but when night came, Father Cornelius, unable to support the grief and emotion of parting from Aser, went out secretly, and entering the path which led through the forest, he reached the cavern, and retired into his hiding-place. But who could describe the sorrow and tears of the noble entertainers of Aser, when two days afterwards he took his leave, the caresses of the boys, the endearments of Ilda and Trude, the silent weeping of Annetta, and the sighs of Madeline, who seemed to be losing her best-beloved son ? Old William, pressing him to his bosom, said to him, "Aser, thou hast brought a blessing upon my family : go—may God be with thee, may the Blessed Virgin protect and shield thee, more from the friendship than from the enmity of the impious : thou art young, brave, and bold ; enrol thyself in the ranks of the defenders of the Church,

swear in thy heart eternal hatred and war against the dogmas of impiety: the wicked are unhappy!"

Aser promised to return from Schweitz to see them again; he accepted, to the distance of a league, the company of Wolfgang and Edward, and then bade them adieu, in order not to take them too far from home. On arriving at Schweitz, he found letters awaiting him, that had been sent from Lucerne, and among them was the one which Mimo had written in Geneva, to inform him of his arrival with Bartolo, Alisa, and Lando, all which it is unnecessary to say made his heart bound with joy. He wrote back immediately to his friend, relating to him the descent of the crag, his fall, and miraculous escape in the torrent, together with all their consequences. He concluded by assuring him, that before the middle of June he would go to see them, and by praying that he would give, with his humble devoirs, the enclosed note to Alisa.

When Mimo gave the letter into the hand of Alisa, she was taken by surprise, and blushed and grew pale by turns, and hastening to her father, she requested permission to open it. When she saw the signature of Aser, she remained some moments in deep thought, with scarcely courage to read the letter. At length, with a beating heart she read as follows:

“DAMIGELLA—

“I feel assured that you will be greatly astonished at my boldness in writing to you; but I profess myself so deeply indebted to you, that I should look upon myself as the most ungrateful of men, did I not confess to you the deepest gratitude that my heart is capable of

conceiving. Alisa, you presented to me in Rome a gold medal, requesting me to wear it in remembrance of your rescue from the midst of the crowd in the forum of Trajan. I received it as the dearest of pledges, and I have never laid it aside for a single moment. But the image of Mary, which it bore impressed upon it, has been a most powerful shield in a thousand dangers, and singularly so in a fall, which I met with among the craggy heights of the Alps. The rock on which I stood crumbled beneath my feet, and precipitated me into a profound torrent, from which I was saved by the unparalleled charity of a holy priest; and to that fall I owe the knowledge of eternal life.

“Alisa, will it be denied me to discompose, for one moment, the peace, the candor, and the piety of your beautiful soul, that I may afterwards cause it to taste that joy, of which it is capable, in the innocence that embellishes and makes it radiant with the light of God? Will you forgive me, Alisa, if I confess that, besides being a Jew by birth, I was an impious enemy of God? You grow pale, you tremble, the paper falls from your hand with terror and indignation. Alas! bear with me a little longer, that I may tell you that, thanks to you and to the Divine mercies, I am a Christian and a penitent, that I am torn with anguish, and consumed with the deepest sorrow, and that I weep with the bitterest tears when I consider my tempest-tossed life, and the studious pursuit of evil in which I have spent my past years. I am now a Christian, Alisa, I am a Christian! I also participate in your hopes, in your desires, in your sacraments, in the communion of saints, in the joy of our Lord.

“Until now, my life has been spent in the desolation of remorse, troubles, hatred, rancor, and rage; despising within myself, beneath the veil of a refined and gentle exterior, both heaven and earth, God whom I knew not, and men who were the object of my scorn; now I am reconciled to myself, and I behold things in a different light; and among mankind, I find that true brotherly love, which the sects, ever sounding the word with their lips, utterly detest in heart.

“Alisa, may you enjoy the fruit which you have sown, and which, I am certain, you have watered with your tears, nourished with your vows, and strengthened with your prayers; for my heart tells me, that without such succor, I could never have arisen from the depths of sin to a state of such exalted excellence. May God supply a thousandfold the deficiency of my grateful thanks; yet such is the security that possesses me, in your kindness, that I now turn to you to ask another favor.

“After my fall, bruised in every joint, and in an agony of pain, I was hospitably received by a generous family, in which the oldest daughter was of your own age and candid disposition, and she watched over me with the tender care of the most exquisite charity. I am desirous to show myself grateful in some manner; but delicacy not permitting a reward in money, or in objects of value, for the family is wealthy, I wish at least to offer to her some present, which will be an object of interest to one of her tender devotion. Have you a reliquary, or a beautiful miniature in ivory of the Madonna, or a rosary blessed by the Pope? Do not regret to deprive yourself of them, for the love of God,

who will recompense you largely. I will come for them before long. May I not be forgotten in your prayers! I pray you, to offer my heartfelt respects to your father, and believe me from my heart,

“Ever yours—ASER.”

Alisa was scarcely able to read the last lines of this letter through the tears that suffused her eyes, and such was the violent agitation of her heart, that she almost succumbed under the excess of joy, compassion, admiration, and the conflicting emotions that tumultuously agitated her breast. No sooner had she read it, than falling upon her knees before an image of Our Lady of Mercy, which she had in her little private study, she poured forth to her the thankfulness of her heart for this joyful news, and for the graces which the Blessed Virgin had obtained for Aser, and she prayed to her, to obtain for him still greater proofs of the ineffable sweetness of the love of God. Then rising, she ran to her father and to her cousins, and gave them the letter, watching in their countenances each sign of wonder and rejoicing, such as she experienced in her own heart.

This gave rise to a long conversation, and provoked numerous remarks, particularly from the two young men. Mimo reasoned upon it as something most extraordinary, when he recalled to mind the haughty and scornful temper of Aser, which gave little promise of so sudden a change; but Lando replied: “If he were haughty and scornful, yet there shone in all his actions a spirit so noble and magnanimous, so deep a sense of uprightness, candor, and loyalty, in every word and deed, that so sublime a resolution was not a subject for astonishment.

Do you remember during the war, Mimo, what indignation seized him at the sight of the baseness, cowardice, and disgraceful actions of so many of those who had assumed the cross? Now I understand why he so often said, without further explaining himself: 'That cross weeps upon your breasts, and they who disbelieve in it honor it more than you.' And when the conversation turned upon any of the victims of assassination in the cities of Italy, he groaned with horror, and exclaimed loudly against such a baseness and atrocious fury, so unworthy of Italians, and of brave and honorable men. But when he heard the incessant blasphemies of the legionary troops, and especially of the horrible curses against Jesus Christ, and against his blessed Mother, he shuddered, and called these tongues the tongues of demons, and he abhorred and detested such abominations."

Mimo entirely agreed with Lando on the subject of this natural rectitude and greatness of mind of Aser, and Bartolo was greatly pleased and encouraged. Alisa, in the mean time, was revolving in her mind the request of the neophyte; she searched among her jewellery, and found a splendid and rich bracelet of gold grains, which had, instead of a gem at the clasp, an exquisite cameo of oriental shell, representing the Pope, and another bracelet of grains of lapis-lazuli, which formed a decade of the rosary, and the image of the Our Father was an opal of admirable hue. She had, besides, chaplets of cut coral, others of red jasper, with large turquoises and amethysts for every tenth grain, small gold crucifixes, and a beautiful miniature of the Madonna Dolorata, in a setting of filigrane. All of them had been blessed by

the Pope ; and, depositing them in a beautiful casket of red morocco, she stored them up for Aser. When this was done, she immediately hastened to Sister Clara, to communicate her joy to her, and to beg of her to pray that the new Christian might prove himself worthy of so sublime a gift of grace ; that he might preserve the purity of the spotless robe of innocence, received in baptism, and that God would shield him from every danger of mind and body. Ah, poor Alisa ! much need had she to pray, and to obtain the prayers of others, for this last favor, and more, perhaps, for herself than for Aser ! Was it inspiration or presentiment ? Was it the trepidation of love, or the solicitude of charity ? It was, perhaps, a compound, a result of all those noble feelings.

## CHAPTER XXI.

## THE FINALE OF THE SECRET SOCIETIES.

WHEN Aser had despatched certain affairs in Schweitz, he visited with great devotion the sanctuary of Our Lady of the Hermitage; he there caused a mass to be said in thanksgiving for the signal grace bestowed upon him by the Holy Ghost, and for his accession to the faith; he received the body of our Lord, and drew from it a comfort and an unyielding resolution and firmness of spirit, whereby to invest himself with the exalted habit of Christian virtues. As he was leaving the church, an aged woman of the Alps a second time accosted him. While he was in the church she had approached him, in an humble attitude, to ask an alms for the love of the Madonna, and Aser, with a look of kindness, drew out his purse, and placed a "scudo" in her hand, saying: "Sister, pray for me." She raised her sparkling eyes to his countenance, and said, in a clear, strong voice: "Be firm, my dear sir, waver not,—Christ awaits you,—the last beat of the heart to Christ, for Christ, and in Christ,"—she said, and rapidly, and with a firm step, she re-entered the church, and sunk upon her knees in a corner, before an image of Mary.



Aser, at that animated countenance, that bold act, those words of decision, was astonished, and stood motionless, studying their meaning; but, the more he reflected, the more their sense became mysterious; at length, turning to a lady who stood there, holding her little daughter by the hand, he asked her who was that poor, aged woman, with whom he had just spoken.

"Poor to me," replied the lady, "but not poor to you! She is the aged Valburga, who, for thirty years, has watched incessantly before the altar of Our Lady, and leaves it only at night, when the sanctuary is closed. She distributes to the poor all the alms that are given her, and she herself lives on bread and water, and sleeps upon straw in a stable: she is a saint, you must know, a saint; a godly soul, who has revealed to the Cantons of the Forest all the iniquities, the sacrileges, and the persecutions of the Radicals. Father Cornelius of Alpnach knows it, and comes frequently to the Hermitage to consult her, and she tells him every single thing, I assure you. Now it is not known where that holy priest is, and the Radicals are seeking him, to put him to death, but Valburga told him distinctly and positively: 'They shall not touch a hair of your head.'" Aser was deeply affected; he went back into the church to ask her to give him some explanation of her words, and, after a short search among the crowd of people, he found her kneeling in a corner, with her eyes fixed upon the image of the Blessed Virgin, her countenance inflamed with love, and bathed in tears, while she was so deeply rapt in spirit, that when he stood before her, and called her in a low voice: "Valburga! oh, Valburga!" she gave no answer. Whereat, the young man, filled with pro-

found reverence, retired, and once more approaching the altar, and renewing his offering of himself to the Most Holy Virgin, he begged her blessing, and departed from the church with his heart filled with a consolation which was incomprehensible to himself. As he rode back to Schweitz, he broke into continual aspirations, saying, full of love: "Oh! Mary, I joyfully offer you not one, but a thousand lives, that you may receive me into the fortunate number of your servants!"

A few days after this event, he set out to visit his old friends, Mimo and Lando, to whom he had written, that before he could go to Geneva, he must pass a few days at Vevey, to attend to certain affairs there; therefore, on arriving at Lausanne, he stopped at the Gibbon Hotel with the intention of proceeding on the following day to Vevey. It was already the hour of dinner, and Aser, who was in the next apartment, was one of the first to enter the dining-room. While he stood near the table, the other guests entered, and each one took his place; but he had no sooner taken his seat, than turning to the right he saw, seated beside him, a young Saxon, with whom he had been at Dresden, and afterwards at Berlin, on terms of familiarity. Whereupon, drawing his attention by a shake with his elbow: "Why, Caius Mucius, what are you doing here?"

The other, with an air of surprise, looked as if he had almost forgotten him: "How!" said he, "you here, Aser! I thought you were in Hungary."

"What wonder?" added Aser; "you know I have no resting-place: I run where I am needed."

"Bravo! a more expert and active agent than you, could not be found among a thousand. After dinner, we'll have a cigar together."

They then began their dinner with a good appetite. Aser looked round, and saw seated round the large table a numerous company, who, towards the end of the meal each turned to converse with his neighbor, some in English, some in Russian, others in French, Italian, Spanish, and other languages, when, casting his eyes sideways to the far curve of the oval table, he thought he discovered features that were known to him; he gave a sign to Caius Mucius: "Look yonder in the eighth place on my left, does not that seem to you very much like our Appius Mamilius?"\*

"It is, positively, he," replied Mucius; "what in the world can have brought him here? Look at him, with that great ragged beard of his, and that long face, with its tragical, abstracted air; I'll bet he's now composing some drama on Richard Cœur de Lion, or some Runic spectre in the enchanted forests of Scandinavia. What an original!

Hereupon all rose from the table, and Mucius glided on tiptoe behind Mamilius while Aser said: "Appius, who blinds you?"

"They are certainly not velvet hands: they're made of sole leather, and they smell of tobacco;" and shaking himself loose, he looked with an air of amazement at Aser and Mucius. "Lucifer himself couldn't have guessed it," he cried. "What are you two doing here, and where did you fall from?"

"From the seventh heaven," said the friends.

"From the heaven of Beelzebub," replied Mamilius,

\* It has already been remarked, that the 'Illuminés' of Young Europe often give each other fictitious names, drawn for the most part from the histories of the republics of Greece and Rome.

“you couple of gallows-birds; really, what sweet angelic visages! Well, well! hand me a cigar, and let us go out upon the balcony.”

“Better in the garden,” said Mucius.

“Well, in the garden, then, in the bower of golden jessamines.” So saying, they went out to smoke in the cool shade of the solitary recess. When they had taken their seats round a table of gray marble, upon seats of iron network, Aser, turning to Mucius: “Tell me; ought you not to be in Rome, by the side of Mazzini, to give information to the Committee of Prussia; how do you happen to have come here, now that the pot boils so gloriously in the Capitol?”

“Yes, it boils so furiously that it boils over, and dashes the dust and ashes into the eyes of those that approach to stir the fire.”

“Well, but Mazzini handles the ladle; and he’ll skim off the froth, and well for him!”

“The froth, ha? Why yes; and I can tell you there is not a more dexterous skimmer between here and India; with one hand he wields the ladle, with the other the sceptre. He skims off with it all the corn that exists in the broad lands of the Roman State, and every article of gold, silver, and precious stones from the churches of Rome, and the strong-boxes of private individuals; he skims away with such diligence and vigor, that he has men digging and searching in the gardens, in the cellars, and even in the common sewers; he crumbles and tears down walls, breaks up pavements, uncovers sepulchres, and rummages in the charnel-houses of the cemeteries, among the piles of bones, ever in the hope of finding treasures buried by the Romans. In the mean time, he

presents an equivalent to the citizens in the shape of bank notes, beautifully designed, and bordered with a thousand arabesques and flourishes, within which are printed, 'a hundred dollars,' and so on down to fifties, tens, and ones: and because the old worn coin is of good and pure silver, he grabs that also, and in the place of such rubbish, he manufactures notes of forty cents, and down to ten, wherewith it is delightful to see the republican people running to the breadshops and to the taverns for bread and wine, and finding that the baker and the tavern-keeper can't give them the remaining six cents out of their notes, away they go with a volley of 'accidenti' against '*King Mazzini*.' "

"What king do you speak of? Is he anything more than a Democratic Triumvir? If Mazzini heard that, it would be woe to you."

"Well, you are about right. Mazzini has democracy upon his tongue, and royalty in his heart; and it shows itself upon his face, for he wears in it a look of such gravity and majesty, his step is so slow and dignified, his person so erect, and both in his movements and in repose he seems so full of firmness and grandeur, that you would suppose him, be it spoken with reverence, the Napoleon of Rome; and he looks upon himself as something far above Napoleon. 'Napoleon,' says he to his friends, 'rose to empire by carnage and bloodshed; Montenotte, Arcoli, Rivoli, and Marengo, know it; but I reached the summit of the State, called to it by acclamation; elected first Roman citizen, and then created Triumvir, I need not envy Charlemagne, who was declared a patrician by the same people!'"

"Oh, prodigious! Could a man show a more pro-

found humility and modesty than that? Oh! King Peppe Mazzini is truly worthy of the iron crown! Do you remember, when, under the name of Strozzi, he published at Rome, in German, Italian, and Polish: ‘We men of progress and liberty, believing in the equality and brotherhood of all men; that the association can only be truly and freely constituted only among *Equals*, since all inequality necessarily involves a violation of independence; that *Liberty*, *Equality*, and *Humanity*, are sacred, etc., etc.—Do you remember?’

“We remember it perfectly well; but Mazzini seems to have forgotten it.”

“Exactly: only give him a crown, and he would play the king with the best of them. More than once, Junius the Pole, Brutus the Creole, Lucius the Bavarian, and I, who, you know, were the secret envoys of our respective assemblies to Mazzini, went early in the morning to visit him, in the splendid palace that he occupies in Rome, and sometimes addressed him in behalf of our own friends: ‘I recommend to you such-a-one,’ one of us would say; ‘give him a good office in the police, or on the bench; you are acquainted with his deserts, as a member of Young Europe.’—‘I cannot, brother,’ he replied; ‘the Republic must consider the Romans.’—‘How, you cannot! You are omnipotent; your modesty and discretion limit themselves to the title of Triumvir; but in reality you are the *King of Rome*.’ Thereupon, our friend Peppe relaxed the gravity of his countenance into a smile, and raising his hand to his head, as if to feel if the diadem were not really there, and then lowering it to stroke his beard, he gave his reply with a royal mien: ‘We will see; we will reflect; we will do.’”

"You are still as comical as ever, I see."

"No, I assure you, I am serious. It is a positive fact; and on all occasions when he is addressed as king, or as 'Your royal majesty,' he seems to accept it as the sweetest morsel that could be offered to him. There is a certain commissary, the royal arm of Mazzini, who for every priest that he causes to be quartered, demands as his reward the silver chandeliers and candlesticks stolen from the churches: 'I have removed an enemy from before you,' says he: 'you are our king, you have the authority to give me those sacristy baubles:'—and says Mazzini: 'Take them, and demean yourself valiantly.' Be assured, that between him and Zambianchi, they effectually prevent every young priest that falls into their clutches from ever again leaving San Callisto. I must also tell you, Aser, that I embroiled myself terribly with Mazzini, precisely for the sake of a priest, who was on friendly terms with the family with which I lived; and who having fallen into the hands of two of Zambianchi's scoundrels, I was advised of it, and ran immediately to Mazzini, to beg of him, as a favor to me, to spare the life of the unfortunate man:—what do you think he said? 'Mucius, he will be one victim more sacrificed to the Republic: I cannot attend to such fooleries.'—'How fooleries? Ah, the life of a citizen, who is led to be butchered, does it weigh nothing against your crown?'—and turning indignantly away, I flew to San Callisto, where, by means of a heavy bribe, I delivered him from the hands of those two ferocious beasts, and conducted him to a place of safety. These are horrors, my friends; and Rome dances in the midst, like one that is drunk and mad. I am now on my way to Berlin,

where I will give a picture to the Committee of the state of things among the seven hills. Behold the model of liberty and equality, that is held up for the imitation of Europe! Poverty, fraud, tyranny, and bloodshed!"

"What wonder!" added Aser; "our leaders are all of the same stamp; they speak of liberty by the bushel, until it is theirs to give, when they shut it up under lock and key; and if they pretend to give it in words, it is like the liberty which a cat gives to a mouse when she holds it in her mouth; she lets it go upon the pavement, and counterfeits sleep; but let the poor little mouse but give a jump, and the cat bounds upon it, and devours it."

"There is abundant reason for what you say," interposed Mamilius, who until that moment had smoked his cigar in silence. "Aser, you say justly, '*the leaders are all of the same stamp*'—villains, assassins, butchers of human flesh. We are here cordial friends, and I may speak without disguise; no treachery lurks in your thoughts. Let me tell you, then" (he here looked round and lowered his voice), "that the Committee of Wirtemberg, had ordered me to kill Publius Valerius, one of the boldest and most deserving promoters of Germanic liberty, as you are aware. Had I thought that there was just occasion for such a proceeding, I would, according to our oath, have slain him with all my heart; but they sought his death unjustly."

"What did they lay to his charge? He was one of the most furious supporters of 'The Sacred Alliance;' and it was he, who went all the way to Astrachan to stab Caius Calphurnius, who had betrayed the secret; and who afterwards shot Veturius, in the public square of Dantzic, because he had told his wife to warn her



brother to be on his guard, and to fly from the vengeance of the Committee, which had decreed his death."

"With them, my friend, merit is nothing; you know, moreover, that to his own, Valerius added the deserts of his father and of his grandfather; the latter was one of the first disciples of Weishaupt, and aggrandized, in Upper Germany, the society of the 'Illuminés,' of which we are the offspring. His father at a later period joined the 'Illuminés' of Russia, Prussia, and Bavaria; he was one of the most redoubtable conspirators against Napoleon, and to him in great part was due the defeat which Napoleon suffered in the pitched battle of Leipsic, when, drawing up his army in an immense square, Napoleon ordered a body of twelve thousand Bavarians to take up their position upon the brow of a hill, to protect him, instead of which the Bavarians turned their artillery against his square. Now, Valerius is of the most noble Thuringian extraction, but he was far from rich, his father having expended and squandered his large patrimony in the service of the sect; hence the brave young fellow sought to improve his fortune by marriage. He became engaged to a young lady of most noble endowments, who was, in addition, the heiress of immense wealth, in property and in specie, in the banks of the Hanseatic towns; but, as she was a Catholic, she imposed upon him, as a sacred condition of their marriage, that Valerius should bring up in the Catholic religion, even their male children."

"Provided," interposed Caius Mucius, "the countships, palaces, and funds became the property of the house of Valerius, what matter if the males as well as the females should go to mass?"

"It is a terrible matter to our paladins of liberty," replied Mamilius; "and such was their rage, that they represented, as a monstrous crime, what they called the betrayal of Valerius. 'You will see,' said they, 'that simpleton, vanquished by the allurements of his wife, become a Christian; he will kiss crucifixes and Madonnas, he will take into his house some dog of a priest, he'll mutter his prayers, and, to form a climax, will finally bring his holy water to sprinkle even us. Let the traitor die!' They drew lots, and I was appointed the executioner in that atrocious decree. I sought every means to excuse Valerius; 'he had so acted solely to secure the rich portion; his fidelity was intact; I would wager my head that he would never fail in his engagements: let them reflect upon the guarantee which he had given in the death of Calphurnius, whom he had tracked with such pertinacity even as far as Astrachan, and let them duly weigh the pressure of his necessities.' They replied: 'Fool! it is your place to obey, and not to make speeches to screen the guilty.'

"In the mean time, Valerius was travelling with his lady in Italy, and when he returned, at the end of several months, I suddenly received orders to sacrifice him to the hatred and suspicion of the sect, which had become more violent against him since they knew that he had been with his lady at Naples, and afterwards at Gaeta. 'For certain,' said they, 'for certain, this fellow has denounced us to the King, kissed the Pope's feet, and conspired with the Cardinals for our destruction. Mamilius, despatch him, and see that it be done quickly.' He had removed from the city to a sumptuous castle of his wife's, there to spend the spring amid the pleasures

of his gardens, parks, and groves ; but, he had scarcely reached it, when, during a stag-hunt, he heated himself so excessively, that he was seized with a violent inflammation of the chest. It was precisely at the time of the commencement of this illness, that I reached his residence, where I was courteously received by his lady, who is an angel of beauty, purity, and of every admirable virtue and accomplishment that become a lady of rank. I passed my days partly by the bedside of our friend, and partly in efforts to console the Countess Alessandrina. When the leading members of the Committee learned that his malady was likely to prove fatal, they hastened to the castle under an appearance of friendly concern, and first one, and then another, kept watch in the sick chamber, to prevent any priest from being received, and to deter his lady from urging him to join the Catholic Church. The chaplain, who was an aged priest, was also unceasingly on the watch in the ante-room, and the Countess held long colloquies with him, and never left him to go to her husband without first informing him of it. ‘Pray, Don Norberto,’ said she, ‘pray, oh ! if the Blessed Virgin would obtain for us this favor ! Oh ! I rely strongly upon her bounty.’ She took no precautions against me, because she saw me converse freely with Don Norberto, who was a most zealous priest, and, moreover, he was deeply learned in natural history, particularly geology, in which he had made great and profound investigations, a circumstance which increased the interest which I took in his conversation, in consequence of having made that branch of science a particular study for many years. One day, I was in the next room perusing a volume of Walter Scott,

when the Countess Alessandrina entered into close conversation with Don Norberto, and complained that the Baron of Lands, and the physician, Guerard, never left the bedside of her husband, so that she found no opportunity of speaking to him on the affairs of his soul; and if she addressed to him a few words relating to God, sometimes the Baron and sometimes the Doctor interrupted her: 'Countess, for the sake of charity, be silent; do not disturb him; his illness is dangerous; he needs repose!' Then continued she: 'My respected Don Norberto, I do all I can, but it is a great source of grief to me. Imagine! Unable to do any more, I have placed a medal of the Conception under his pillow, representing the Virgin as she appeared to the Jew Ratisbonne, and wrought his conversion to Jesus Christ. I also fill my pockets with relics, and, approaching his bed, I busy myself about him, apparently to arrange his bed or his pillows, and place them so that they touch him, and among them I always carry a piece of the holy cross, and a relic of St. Paul, the Apostle, which, you know, is his name. And to what stratagem do you think I have recourse to touch him with holy water? To sprinkle him would be impossible, to bless him with it equally so, therefore, before I go to him, I enter my little oratory, and moistening my lips with holy water, I then run and kiss his forehead, and, with that holy contact, I put to flight the evil spirits. Would that I could, in the same manner, scatter those false and cruel friends! But I hope, Don Norberto, I hope.' "

"Oh, that is truly a heavenly spirit!" exclaimed Aser, unable to restrain himself. "Oh, who would not be affected by such faith?"\*

\* Aser was not the only one that was moved by this recital. I, the

"I," replied Mamilius, "confess my weakness; I wept, and swore, even should it cost me my life, that I would not slay Valerius. Therefore, as soon as the raging fever had taken a turn, he began to improve; and after he was fully convalescent, that rascally Doctor and the Baron returned to the city, and I remained alone to keep company with the Countess Alessandrina, who urgently invited me to do so. I helped her to read to Valerius those good books, which she occasionally brought to entertain him. When he had entirely recovered, I said to him: 'Valerius, withdraw into France; the air of this place is not good for you.' He understood my meaning; and set out to Paris, where I shall perhaps join him to guard him against the snares of the sect."

The three friends, after their long tête-à-tête in the bower of the Gibbon Hotel, went out together to see the fine cathedral, and the new bridge that spans the narrow valley and joins the two sides of the city; then returning to the hotel towards evening, Aser wished to take his leave of Mucius and Mamilius. "Adieu," he said; "to-morrow I embark on the steamer, which crosses from Beaurivage to Vevey."—"We also are going that way," said they; "we may travel in company."—"With pleasure," returned Aser. And they retired to their apartments. In the morning they were early on board the steamer, and started for Vevey. While they were seated smoking upon deck, Mucius said: "I should like to go and see the fine cascade of Pissevache, where, a few years ago, the heroes of Young

writer, who knew the Countess Alessandrina, was present in the ante-chamber of Paul when she narrated the above to Don Norberto; and I was unable to restrain my tears.

Switzerland received such a check from the mountaineers of Upper Vallese.”—“Oh, that is an excellent thought! I will go also; and you, Aser, do you take no pleasure in such beautiful views of nature?”—“I take the greatest delight in such sights; I will be one of the party.” With this agreement they reached Vevey, where they betook themselves to the pleasant hotel of the “Trois Couronnes.”

Aser went immediately to the post-office to see if there were any letters for him, and found those of Mimo and Lando, which were filled with felicitations; and within that of Mimo was enclosed one from Alisa. Aser received it with a thrill of pleasure. “A letter from Alisa!” he exclaimed. “Ah, I owe it to my conversion, to my being a Christian, and to having spoken of her beautiful Madonna!” He read the superscription three or four times over; then, before he broke the seal, he stopped to examine it with the reflection that it had been impressed by the hand to whom he owed his eternal salvation. He remarked that the device was an anchor, the stock of which was surrounded by a cross, entwined with the inscription, “To suffer with hope.” “Yes, my God, who would not suffer willingly, if to the cross is attached such hope, if Alisa, so young and delicate a flower hopes because she suffers? Ah, only the Christian can raise up the thoughts to such a height; he alone can so widely expand his heart and feel it inflamed with the affections of a flame so pure.” With such reflections, he opened the letter and read:

“MY DEAR SIR—I cannot find words to express the joy and consolation that inundated my heart, when

I read that you had thrown yourself into the loving and maternal bosom of the Church of Jesus Christ. Aser, I knew not that you were a Jew; I knew only that I owed you my life, and if that motive bound me to you in eternal gratitude, now that you have become my brother in Christ, that my faith brightly shines in your soul, that my hope smiles in your bosom, that in your heart burns the charity of the Holy Ghost which I continually pray to Our Lord to grant me also, now my gratitude changes to sisterly love, to that celestial flame which unites all in the adorable heart of Jesus. Aser, love God and every sacrifice will be sweet, pain will become pleasure, adversity will be a source of joy, because true peace exists only in God; that peace which exceeds every other good, and which lives within us only the more calmly and serenely when internal and external struggles and commotions assail us. You have encountered fatigues, trials, and perils of travel of an almost insurmountable nature, and you have plunged into labors and wars for the acquisition of a liberty which is slavery; henceforth for the true and noble liberty of the Christian heart, you will suffer with a magnanimous fortitude, that will secure for you the victory and the crown.

“Such is my earnest prayer; and candidly to confess, as to a brother, that which has been my unceasing request to God, never have I besought for you any other favor, than that your beautiful soul should learn to love him. God has heard me, and you now are his: to him be eternal benediction.

Aser, father expects you at our place of abode; I am in the confident hope that when you reach Geneva, you

will do us the favor of joining our little family, with the certainty of being received, not as a guest, but as a dearly beloved brother, and in every respect more than welcome. I hold in readiness the rosary beads and other objects of devotion; I hope they will be pleasing to your excellent Swiss friends, and be accepted as a pledge of your delicate courtesy and piety. Adieu!

“ALISA.”

This letter filled Aser with uncontrollable emotion. “Aser, love God,” she says to me. “Ah, yes, she loves him with a true love! Oh, my Lord, grant that I also may love you, and that, if possible, I may testify my love by the sacrifice of a thousand lives! I have a thousand times risked my wicked life for the iniquities of the infernal sects; it is just, that, now a penitent, I should set at defiance the rage of all the sects in the world.” So saying, he felt himself animated by noble sentiments of self-sacrifice, mingled with ineffable consolation. Late in the evening, his friends knocked at his door:

“Well, Aser, are we to go to-morrow to Pissevache?”

“As you wish,” he replied.

Very early on the following morning they descended to the lake, and taking a small boat with four oars, they were rowed to Villeneuve, where on arriving, Mucius said: “You two enter the café a moment, while I look for a carriage.” He thereupon took a turn round the square, and after speaking to several coachmen he at length selected one; “There are three of us,” said he, “and we want a close carriage to take us to the cascade of Pissevache; we must travel rapidly, for this evening



we must be back at Vevey.”—“Very well,” replied the coachman, “it shall be done, and you shall pay me so much; hand me the earnest-money.”—“Go and harness your horses and drive up to the café.” Mucius joined his friends at the café, where he drank, with Mamilius, repeated drams of brandy, and the carriage having arrived, they all three entered, and it drove off. They rapidly crossed the beautiful lands of Aigle and Bex, and soon reached St. Maurice, where Aser said: “My friends, let us stop a few minutes to see the ancient temple, in which was buried the magnanimous leader of the Theban legion. I am impatient to see it. I have been told that it is an ancient temple, and that it contains a very fine painting that represents the saint in the costume of a Roman soldier.”—“Do as you please,” said they, “we ourselves take small pleasure in such old tattered remnants.” Aser hastily entered the church, adored the blessed sacrament, and kneeling, offered up a short prayer to the saint, after which he quickly rejoined his companions. About twenty minutes after, they reached, at a round trot, an avenue that led to a picturesque farm-house, standing upon a woody eminence that overhung the banks of the Rhone. Mamilius opened the carriage door and called to the coachman to stop; whereupon he jumped out. “Don’t leave your seat,” said he to the coachman; “we two are going up to the farm-house; you drive on with our companion as far as the cascade of Pissevache, and when he has seen it, return with him and stop here to take us up; don’t be afraid, we’ll not keep you waiting; we have only to visit a friend of ours, and we’ll be on the road here ready for you.”—“Do as you like,” replied the coachman, and

Mamilius closed the door, and the carriage proceeded on its way.

The roar of the water, falling from the high rocks of the mountain, had already become audible ; its deafening din was repeated by the echoes of the valleys, and shortly after the mist, arising from the rushing foam which dashed upon the rocks, displayed, as the rays of the sun glanced from it, rainbows of the most brilliant colors, crossing each other, and commingling azure with orange, violet with green, with the most beautiful and ever-changing variation of tints. When, after crossing the little bridge, they were opposite the fall, and the silvery sheet of the descending stream stretched downward before them like a long robe, reflecting sparkling gleams and flashing jets of many-colored light, the coachman drew up, and called to the stranger : " Here we are, sir, at the cascade." Hearing no answer he bent down from his box and looked through the window. " Why, the deuce, he's asleep !" said he, and tying the reins to the end of his box, he got down, opened the door and saw a handsome young man with the peak of his travelling-cap pulled over his eyes and his chin almost buried in his clothes upon his breast. " Awake, sir, awake ; we have arrived !" Still no movement. The driver placed one foot upon the step and lifted up the cap : " Oh God," he cried, " he is dead !"

It was the most unfortunate Aser, if such an epithet may be applied to that generous neophyte, slain in the full light of his faith, and in the brightness of his soul, pure and spotless from the baptismal waters which had cleansed it in Christ. The most piercing and most sagacious eyes of the sect, although, perhaps, they had failed

to discover that he had become a Christian, had observed his disobedience to the orders of the infernal conventicles; they had watched his departure from Hungary, where he was, by the secret rules of his commission, to labor with the utmost activity, and his concealment in the Little Cantons. That Satanic eye had kept pace with him to Lucerne, to Uri, to Schweitz; it had seen him entering the churches and treating with new friends, and began to entertain the most serious suspicions respecting his movements; while he the least suspected it, he had been dogged through every step from Presburgh to Uri, as a young fawn that pastures tranquilly upon a hillside, sees not, amid the rugged rocks of the opposite mountain, the famished vulture that fixes its eyes upon it; and scarcely has it composed itself to ruminate with half-closed eyes, when its destroyer is in an instant down upon it, grasping it in its talons, and with its hooked beak rending its side and tearing its heart.

The two murderers, who had followed his steps, had already taken every precaution to obliterate all traces of their flight, if indeed, in the territory of Vaud, under the communist government, which oppresses it at the present time, they did not receive assistance, guides, and directions in their escape. It was true that Mucius came from Rome and Mamilius was with him. What Mamilius had related of Valerius was also true, but it did not happen to that villain but to another not less infamous, who probably induced Valerius to travel, in order to overtake him with a revenge more secure than it would have been in Germany. Those two iniquitous wretches, as was subsequently brought to light by the Paris police, counterfeiting sleep, waited until Aser

fell asleep himself, and making themselves sure of it, he who sat facing him stabbed him repeatedly through the heart, while he who sat by his side, at the first blow pressed his handkerchief upon his mouth, holding his head fast in the corner of the carriage. When they had ascertained that he was dead, they placed his legs firmly upon the front seat of the carriage, bolstered him up at the side with the cushions, and stopped the carriage at the place appointed. Above the cascade there were concealed among the bushes of a small wood, two horses; the deed accomplished, they mounted them, and crossing the mountains, they descended into the Ciabiese. Thence they passed through Vionnas, St. Gingolf, and Evian, afterwards emerging above Bonneville, through La Roche, and down through the valleys of Savoy, they made their way through Montmelian, along the banks of the Isère, into Dauphiny at Grenoble, and thence to Paris.

The day before this occurred, Bartolo said to his nephew: "Aser will, by this time, have almost reached Vevey; suppose we go to meet him?"

"It would be a real treat," replied Mimo and Lando. "Alisa, would you like to go? You can surely make up your mind to leave off for a few days those interminable conferences of yours with Sister Clara."

"Oh! as for me, I will go with the greatest pleasure in the world, nor will Sister Clara be opposed to it, for she is a good friend, and loves to see me divert myself. Listen to what that wicked joker, Lando, said to me. 'Do you intend to become a Sister of Charity?' 'With Sister Clara, eh?'—'Yes,' said Lando; 'for my part, I should turn coward at the terrible novitiate which

she would make me undergo, for she seems to me much more like a grenadier than a nun.' "

With such innocent jests, they agreed to go on board the steamer early that morning, to sail the entire length of the lake, to land at Villeneuve, and to pass the night at St. Maurice, to visit that famous sanctuary. All this they performed. As they were returning from visiting the sanctuary of St. Maurice: "Why should we not go in the morning," said Mimo, "as far as the waterfall of Pissevache? You, Alisa, who are skilled in drawing and painting, and who take such pleasure in beautiful scenery, will feel grateful for such a proposal."

"And why not?" said Alisa. "I do thank you sincerely; but I doubt if we shall be back in time for the steamer which crosses from Villeneuve to Vevey."

"Don't be uneasy about that," added Lando; "we shall have a good hour to spare, and even if we should be too late, with a small boat and four oars we shall be able to skim over the lake like swallows, in the same manner as we last crossed it, when we brought back with us Don Baldassare, who will be delighted to see us." On the following morning, Alisa wished to hear mass and receive communion at the altar of the Holy Martyr, where she prayed to St. Maurice, for herself, for her father, and for poor Aser, that he would infuse into his soul that invincible constancy that actuated him and his fellow-soldiers, in so nobly sacrificing their lives upon those plains, for the sake of Jesus Christ.

Poor young creature! you know not how timely came your prayers, of what benefit they were to that blest soul, with what vigor they inspired him during the short struggle, in which, with his heart transpierced, he

had only time to murmur "Jesus!" as he gave up his spirit to God.

Alisa, on leaving the church, partook of a collation with the family, and then entered the carriage, anxious to reach the cascade at the moment when the sun, glancing upon it from one side, renders it more beautiful than at other times. As they arrived at great speed, they noticed a carriage standing in the middle of the road, and Lando said: "Here are some other foreigners come to enjoy so beautiful a spectacle. While you were still in your room, making preparations for our journey, I saw, from the windows of the hotel, that very carriage pass by, and it seemed full of travellers."

They were already near it, when they saw the coachman coming by himself to meet them, with his hands in his hair, pale as death, with eyes starting from his head, and horror in his countenance. "What's to do, Matthieu?" cried Bartolo's coachman, who knew the man. "What's the matter? Have you upset your travellers in the ditch?"

"Ah!" groaned the coachman. "Help, Pippon, help! I am undone!" Pippon drew up, and the other coachman reached them, panting for breath. "Oh, listen!" said he: "I was driving from Villeneuve three strangers, two of whom got out at Gerard's farm, saying to me:

'Drive with our companion to Pissevache, and as you pass here on your way back, you can take us up. I got here and stopped; I called the stranger, but I got no answer. 'I believe he is asleep,' thought I; so I got down and opened the door. Oh, God! he was dead.'

"Is it possible!" cried Pippon. Mimo and Lando jump out of the carriage, and Bartolo and Alisa follow

them; the two young men run to see; they open the door, and draw back with a loud cry. Alisa, with trembling knees and with a heart beating violently with agitation, also ran with Bartolo; and at the first glance into the carriage, they recognise Aser, with his head bent upon his right shoulder; but Mimo and Lando were already within the carriage, touching their friend upon the forehead and feeling his hands, with the hope that he had only fainted; then rapidly tearing open his clothes and opening his shirt upon his breast, they found that he had been pierced by nine blows of a four-edged packing-needle, or with a carpet-maker's awl, and beneath each wound there was but a single drop of coagulated blood. They pressed their hands upon his heart, to see if it still palpitated; but it had ceased to beat, although it was still warm; whereas, the forehead and hands were quite cold.

Alisa saw her medal suspended from the neck of Aser; but when she caught a sight of the wounds and the blood, she fainted, and fell insensible into the arms of her father, who, himself almost overcome, raised her from the carriage-steps upon which she was standing, and with the help of Pippon, carried her into their own carriage. Mimo and Lando groaned: "Uncle, all hope is past. We must now return to St. Maurice; let Aser's coachman follow us."

Filled with anguish, Bartolo cried aloud: "Alisa, my daughter, Alisa!" and Lando, running to the river, drew out some water in his hat, to sprinkle her with, while he exclaimed, with a voice broken with sobs: "Aser, ah, poor Aser!—When Alisa returns to her—

self—poor Alisa!—Ah, merciless wretches!—Ah, monsters!”\*

\* This fact, true in all its minute circumstances, clearly shows the perfidy of the secret societies; and how, independently of the most grievous offence against God, and of the excommunication of the Holy Church, which deprives them of all communion with Christians, young men ought to tremble at the thought of enrolling their names in societies so cruel, from which, when once ensnared, there is no retreat without the sacrifice of life. Babette, who pursued Cestius through so many cities; Valerius, who tracked a victim from Breslau to Astrachan; the innumerable examples in Italy, in the years, 1848–49, are an open school for the undeceiving of so many unfortunate persons who live in tranquillity, with the sword of Damocles suspended point downwards by a hair over their heads.

“But the ‘Jew of Verona’ is a romance!”—Would to God that it were! willingly would we then submit to be branded as liars.



## THE CONCLUSION.

WE cannot say of the Jew of Verona, what might be said of many other works which have been conceived in the minds of the authors, embodied in form, clothed in style, and finally brought forth to light, full of life and vigor. The poor Jew came forth in detached portions, appearing every fortnight through the columns of the *Civitta Cattolica*, and going the rounds of Italy, embryo-like, produced many jocose remarks among the people. Some were distracted; they could neither see head nor front in it; they would put their hand to the eye, and collecting their sight, endeavored to discover the end.

“Ah! he is a Jew! Yes, really, you can perceive the scent of the *Ghetto*.\* Is this good taste? What an insult and stupid caprice,—a Jew!” While others, more sedate, would say:

“Patience, my friends; a little patience, for charity sake! The author has no doubt a good end in view; it may be—who knows?—to put more than one Christian to shame. The curious may injure their heads in endeavoring to guess; but, you know well that authors sometimes make use of certain arts, certain contrivances, to keep their readers in suspense, and to stimulate their appetites by delay. What will become of this Jew?

\* The Ghetto is the quarter of the city inhabited by the Jews.

—what will he make of it?—where will it end? These are our inquiries; and, in the mean time, we long for that blessed Saturday to come, that we may enjoy the luxury of reading it.”

Others, who give themselves great airs, and pretend to be adepts in diplomacy, would say:

“Ah, there is something lurking behind this!—some concealed design! It must be some political allegory!—hem!—Be on the alert!”

“What allegory?” another would inquire. “He speaks so clear, so limpid, and so round, that he is like the sonnet of the Capuchin nuns. You know the story. The Capuchins asked Berlandis, who was a poet, of course, to write a sonnet for the reception of a novice; they wanted it so clear that it might be understood by the sisters veiled in black, as well as those robed in white, that is, from the Prioress down to the sister-portress. Poor Berlandis endeavored to gratify them, and to serve them in the cleverest possible manner, and therefore ended his sonnet thus:

“‘A sonnet clearer than this is, sisters, you will never find.’

“This Jew also sings in the notes of the nightingale this same couplet, with this difference, however, that Berlandis received from the good nuns a proportionate reward, perhaps a basket of fruit or candies, whereas the poor Jew receives a shower of curses upon his head.”

“As for this,” said an old notary, who was seated in an apothecary store; “as for this, it avails nothing. The Jew also receives many blessings. Hear me. Shall

we always view the world on the dark side? There are, thank God! good men in Italy yet; and if the wicked, the deluded, or the *Moderates*, or those who are blind through rage, through fear, or simplicity, cry out at every breath against the Jew, there are many generous spirits who rejoice when they hear some frank and resolute individual call bread *bread*, and a glutton *a glutton*, as Boileau (may he be blessed), who said:

“‘J'appelle un chat un chat; et Rolet un fripon.’”

“Softly, if you please,” replied a young doctor; “softly, Mr. Pacifico; it is never allowable to speak ill of our neighbor, and to dart at him like a furious animal. Christian charity is patient, benign, amiable, and delicate, and kneaded with milk and honey. She shuts her eyes to evil, that she may not see it; when she hears blasphemy, she stops her ears; if an assassin approaches, she opens her bosom to receive his deadly blow; when she finds herself in the midst of insurrections, rebellions, and treacheries, she weeps, and is silent.”

“You might add, Mr. Carluccio, that Charity shouts, ‘Bravo! well done! oh dear!’ Unfortunately for us, such charity as this is now sold in every market, at a farthing a pound, and we have it in abundance. But true charity is of a different character. Charity, unaccompanied by truth and justice, is either folly or cruelty. She weeps, and is silent, indeed! She weeps, poor creature, since you have almost exhausted her grief and anguish; but, be silent, ah! be silent! No, indeed, you shall never succeed in that. Just because she is Charity, she cries out to the people, who are blinded, deluded,

and dragged along by falsehood, artifice, and treachery: 'Beware, beware! You are deceived; you are imposed upon; you are betrayed! Liberty is promised to you, but you shall have bondage; happiness is promised you, but death shall be your lot!'"

"Let her continue to cry," answered the Doctor; "let her grow hoarse, and lose her voice at her pleasure, but let her not imitate this Jew. This man, not satisfied with general warnings, comes to a close combat; he names individuals, censures them, ridicules them, pierces them, and afterwards, to use the language of the *Italian Libera* of Genoa, dances round them, playing the castanet, makes mouths and contemptuous gestures at them in merriment, like an Iroquois round his vanquished foe. Is this charity?"

"Why not? Tell me, Mr. Carluccio, if you had a false friend, who bestowed on you a thousand caresses, who would pat you on the cheek, and avow the most lasting affection, and I knew that he had a poniard in his bosom which he intended to plunge into your heart the moment you turned from him, would you not be obliged to me if I said to you: 'Be on your guard, for that assassin intends to take your life?'"

"Undoubtedly I would, and thank you from my heart."

"You are candid, at least. Now, what difference is there between the assassin who attempts the life of a single individual, and those who attempt, by treachery and deceit, the death of nations. Is it not charity to put them on their guard, and to cry aloud to them, with all earnestness: 'Look out, good people; for these men

carry a stiletto under their garments, with which they intend to pierce you to the heart.' ”

“Pardon me, Mr. Pacifico; that should be done in general terms; warn them in a way sufficiently clear as to exhibit in full view the fallacies and fraud, but without naming the persons. But this Jew calls out: ‘It is Pietro, it is Guiseppe, it is Terenzio.’ It is really too bad to hear him.”

“Ah! see what delicacy of conscience! But if Pietro, Guiseppe, and Terenzio, had already set to work, and, not satisfied with the havoc they had occasioned, they boasted of it publicly and triumphantly through the columns of a thousand papers, giving to the ruin and destruction they had occasioned the name of redemption, of resurrection, of public safety, of sovereign felicity, what harm if I call them by their proper names?”

“A very great harm, indeed, Mr. Pacifico; for it is true that they gave themselves notoriety through the press; but the Jew represents them in hideous shapes, applies to them epithets of *artful, fraudulent, traitors* of Italy, and almost describes them as coming from the lower regions to ruin the entire population of the earth. Here there is no charity, and the whole host of moralists cannot excuse him from sin.”

“But, Carluccio, are you in earnest? The martyr, St. Polycarpus, the disciple of the Apostles, and one of the greatest lights of the Church, having met, in the streets of Rome the heresiarch Marcion, the latter, with that boldness which is the characteristic of all demagogues, said to the Saint: ‘Dost thou know me, Polycarpus?’ And the martyr, who had neither read Diana nor Escobar, immediately answered: ‘Yes, I know you

to be the son of Satan.' See what an ugly word!—what a want of charity!—what a flagrant violation of decorum! And the followers of Marcion were scandalized at the Saint, just as the Mazzinians are scandalized at the Jew of Verona."

"You are going the rounds of the calendar, but with the saints I confess I am not very conversant; they have an etiquette of their own; but I say and maintain that this is no Christian charity."

"If this be the case, you will be kind enough to find me another in the gospel Mazzini, since ours is the charity of the Son of God, and of all the holy fathers, both Greek and Latin, who wrote folio volumes against heresiarchs, naming them in large capitals, and giving them titles, in comparison with which, the Jew of Verona is the quintessence of gentility."

"With heresiarchs it may be granted, but in our days there are no heretics."

"Ha! no heretics! How dear, how very dear, our Doctor is! The world swarms with heretics, and the Doctor does not see them. The fundamental heresy is that *the people are God; that between them and God there is no longer need of mediators; that the right of property no longer exists; that the people are the lord of all; that the Church is the people; that rebellion is the right of the people.* Such are the trifles that Pietro, Guiseppe, and Terenzio, are continually preaching to us, and we may add to these, by way of good measure, *liberty of thought, liberty of discussion, liberty of the press.*"

And here the dispute might have continued, heaven knows how long, had not an advocate interrupted them,

saying: "Mr. Carluccio, did you observe that the Jew of Verona scrupulously avoids mentioning persons except those whose names are in print? Of the others, he speaks so darkly, that a person cannot understand to whom he alludes. That Bartolo, for instance, who is he? That Mimo, that Lando, that Polissena, and so many other characters in his narrative, go seek out their names if you can. You can see that the author has constantly in view a *special event* and a special person, but he veils him from the public eye,—and he is right. He to whom they apply says to himself: 'This is for me.' And who knows to how many they apply?"

"About a month ago I had gone to visit a relation of mine, and I accidentally met the author of this wonderful Jew. I was struck with the appearance of a singular-looking personage, and I inquired of a person near me: 'Who is that pale and wrinkled little man?' 'That is the author of the Jew of Verona,' was the reply. I turned towards him a piercing look, and eyed him from head to foot, then, mustering all my courage, with diffidence I addressed him, saying: 'You relate wonderful things to us in your Jew; no doubt you draw from the depth of your imagination. I see you are all mind, for of body you have but a small portion.'—'You are mistaken, sir,' he replied. 'In special cases, such as anecdotes and the like, there the credit rests with the author, who was an eye-witness to them, or heard them from reliable sources; but in questions that relate to Rome, you yourself, and the whole city, are witnesses of the truth of the facts. They are so public and so notorious, and developed under the eyes of so many thousands, that their truth cannot be objected to.'

“ ‘Oh, as for facts, we Romans can all bear witness to them.’

“ ‘And as for sayings,’ replied the author, ‘it ought to be the same. For, in the little dialogues in which Ciceruacchio, and such like characters, are introduced, I only repeat literally their fulsome speeches, their pleasant jests, their wise sentences, and acute syllogisms. If, afterwards, on finding them registered in the Jew, some may laugh, and call them foolish nonsense, nevertheless, they are what you yourselves have heard a thousand times, and which have been widely circulated in the public prints.’

“ ‘But they are uttered there in jest, and you have turned them into ridicule against their authors.’

“ ‘Oh, be quiet a little. No man who is possessed of a particle of humor could refrain from laughter. A facetious friend of yours sent me a catalogue of such phrases as *country, liberty, resurrection of Italy, shaking off the Croatian bondage, the gravity and dignity of the people, supreme position, national destiny, faith in futurity*, and such like high-sounding phrases, enough to fill a folio volume.’

“ ‘Well, I admit that these dialogues are true ; but tell me, how did you get to know all about those spectres and grim furies which flew so frightfully around Babette, for she was alone ? Really, you must be a poet, as I have heard other grave persons express it.’

“ ‘Wait a moment, I will clear your doubts. The wicked, whose souls are overwhelmed with anguish and bitter remorse, endeavor in every possible way to disburden themselves, and, therefore, to the first rogue they meet, they confide their secrets and ease their souls.



Just so with Babette; proud and indomitable though she was, in the hospital she chanced to have some furious female friends near her bed, and, like good friends, they confided to each other the inward furies that tore their souls, and from these the secret leaked out. Are you satisfied with this?

“ ‘Perfectly. But all unanimously agree that this Babette is a monster of your own fancy, and that Cestius was not assassinated at Monreale.’ ”

“ ‘It is well known that Cestius was assassinated, and it matters little whether it were in one place or in another. We read a few days ago that a priest was assassinated at the very altar in the church of Magounza, while he was offering the holy sacrifice of mass, and that, too, in the presence of a multitude of people. The secret societies abound with more desperate characters like these than many good Christians are inclined to believe. That Babette was a real character, may be learned from the public papers, which recently announced the arrest of two similar characters, who are now in prison. One of these, a young woman of about twenty-seven years of age, was taken in male attire, armed with a pair of pistols and a dagger, and then on her way to assassinate the venerable pastor of a neighboring church. She boasted in the presence of the judge, that it was her firm purpose to murder the priest, and that if she escaped from his hands, she would yet accomplish her diabolical design. Is it possible to find greater obstinacy in crime?’ ”

“ ‘And there is that Ersilia, buried alive in that castle, by the unnatural cruelty of a brother. My God! who can credit that? We must have reverted back to the times of Ezelin da Romano.’ ”

“ ‘Be not surprised ; every one will believe it, who is in the least acquainted with the wickedness of the secret societies ; and learn, moreover, that this is the third instance of this kind of cruelty which has come to my knowledge, and one of these victims was comforted by me individually.’

“Hence,” continued the apothecary, speaking to the company, “after my interview with the author, I was satisfied.”

“You should have asked him,” resumed the lawyer, “if those horrid sacrileges committed during the midnight orgies, described in Chapter V., are really true. My goodness ! is this the time to come out with the devilish stories of Martin del Reo, which nobody believes nowadays?”

“Exactly ; I had almost forgotten the best part. Certainly I asked him, and very minutely, too. And he answered me with a sarcastic laugh : ‘Of course ; the devil has nothing more to do in our time.’ Wherefore, seeing him somewhat changed, I was continuing to say : ‘Truly, sir, pardon me ; you undoubtedly wrote a little too seriously, and now I see you were joking. Yes,—in fact, they are frightful sacrileges. Abuse sacred things to such a degree ! Perjure the worship due to God, to dedicate it to the devil ! Utter blasphemies so nefarious and atrocious, to know how to utter them and to choose to do so, is itself even the peril of damnation. I understand it—they are wicked—but—’

“ ‘But what !’ answered he. ‘I did not state in those pages, one-half of the abominations committed in these regions of the infamy. But let inquiry be made, and the knowledge of those frightful crimes will come to

light; the very houses in which they were perpetrated, may be pointed out. And, my dear sir, do you think that I am so unacquainted with the world, as not to know to how much talk, laughter, and mockery, I would expose myself in writing in that manner? But truth will finally prevail. Never did I endure more labor in my life than in endeavoring to withdraw one of these unfortunate persons from the depth of crime into which he had fallen. But he, like the world, was thrown into convulsions every time he heard the devil spoken of; hence, my labor was in vain.' There is something for you," continued the apothecary; and the conversation was thus protracted.

Observe in the mean time, how much talk in a single apothecary store. What must it have been throughout Italy? Some would say, that this Jew was a monster; his feet were placed where his head ought to be; his arms projecting from his middle; and he has not even a nose on his face. In fact, there is no uniting him: he is but fragments thrown at random.

"Not so," answered a poet; "I can see more truth in it than appears at first sight. All his art consists in drawing some unobserved distant threads, and joining them to the warp; he gives descriptions of places through which he passes in his travels; but in the whole narrative, he does not step out of his circuit, which is thrown within the years of '46 and 49."

Blessed be this good poet! He has, at least, tried to replace the head and arms of this poor Jew; otherwise, they would have torn it up.

Others protest against the obstinacy of the author for asserting, that his Jew is not a romance, but a narrative.

“But this is wishing to deny evident truth ; for you can discover the romance in it at every step. Don’t one know that Bartolo and Alisa are poetical fictions, mere shadows, and dreams, that vanish into mist.”

One day, the author of the Jew was walking alone down the Cherchi, when lo ! a prelate came up to him, and taking him by the hand said : “Oh, my dear sir, there is great murmuring going on against you ; even in company of persons of high rank I hear it said, that you are amusing yourself at the expense of your readers ; that Alisa is an adventurer ; that Aser is a hero of your own imagination ; and that Bartolo baffles all the researches made about him in Rome. What a strange idea is this of yours.”

“Monsignore,” replied the author, “there is more than one Bartolo walking the streets of Rome ; let them search diligently, and they will find them. As for Alisa, she is only one of the many young ladies of Rome of her age ; endowed with amiable qualities of mind and heart ; beautiful, virtuous, and accomplished ; the only daughter of a devoted father, who lives in affluence and ease.”

“Indeed ! And yet they regard her as a creature of your own, embodied under that name. But is it then true, that all you tell us, has happened to her ?”

“One moment, Monsignore. The characters of the narrative, with exception of public and well-known individuals, who are mentioned by name, are all true ; but to give unity to the narrative, there are many things, true in themselves, attributed to them, which belong to others. In this, I have imitated the artists. They, in drawing the likeness of a man and a woman, select two handsome personages in real life ; and thus in a painting

of Cleopatra, one of them would represent Anthony, and the other the Queen of Egypt. And in the painting of Paola and Francesca da Rimini, they are the same identical heads under the Italian costume of the Middle Ages. Now these heads are true and real, the fact which they represent is also historical, and they only vary in the dress, in the attitude, in the finishings, in ornamenting, and in being painted in a different manner. They are, however, the exact portraits of the patterns chosen by the artists. So, with Bartolo, Alisa, and Aser, I have represented, in them at one time, the adventures of Carlo and Camilla; at another, those of Livina, Matilde, and Paolina, or of Francisco, Giacomo, and Giovanni. But the facts have really happened to my certain knowledge, and of many of them I have been an eye-witness. But should I not be credited, the world will not come to ruin for all that. I assure you, it was easier for me to write than to hold my peace. Where I mentioned some well-known characters, putting into their mouths words the most unimpeachable, I received in many instances no very lenient treatment for it; even when I mention deeds, which I thought would cover them with immortal glory, still they were not pleased; some through fear of the future, others being unwilling to incur the envy of their fellow-citizens.

“On the other hand, I was importuned by letters to be more severe against the conspirators, who so cruelly subverted the peace and happiness of Italy; and who, even from their banishment, threaten her still.

“I omit to speak of the *Moderates*, who were greatly offended that I should have occasionally mentioned them in connexion with the demagogues, on account of certain

principles which they entertain. It is to me the same, whether an armed band rush furiously upon my fortress and take it by assault, or that another party besiege it, and by means of subterraneous trenches, finally arrived in the very heart of the castle. The former, at least, hazard their lives, while the latter, under cover, strike the deadly blow."

"But the Moderates do not believe it; they are fully persuaded, they have found the *panacea* for all the wounds of this corrupt and gangrened world, by pursuing a medium course between God and devil, between kings and constitutions, between Catholicity and Protestantism."

"Let them enjoy their notions and indulge in whims and changes, to their hearts' content! I cleave to the pillar that never varies, to the pillar of Eternal Truth, which is always the same, *heri et hodie et in seacula seculorum!*"

"Amen! Yet, poor man, you have had your own trouble, no doubt; nevertheless, I have heard more than one say, absolutely: 'That the Jew was an infamous libel; a string of extravagant falsehoods, wherein you sought to give vent to your spleen. Some imagine, that you are a proud, haughty, untractable fellow; while others suppose you to be a busy-body, who meddles with every one's affairs, and pries into every secret, who intrudes his face into every house, into every hotel, and even into——' I had almost said it."

"He must be a hobgoblin, or some black spirit, and an attendant on the arch-fiend. . . . All favors and kindness on the part of my good friends, Monsignore. But the truth is, if every one ventured out as little as I do,

the world would be as solitary as the desert of Netria, or that of Thebais?"

The good man had scarcely parted with the prelate, when he saw a certain attorney hastening down the street after him, and looking daggers at him, cried out:

"Halloo, you Mr. ! What will I call you?"

"To whom do you speak?" said the astonished author.

"To you, sir! yes, yes, to you, you Croatian! you enemy of Italy! here amidst these monuments of Roman glory and magnificence, why, I ask, did you offer such an insult to Italians, as to prefer the Croats before them?"

"Mildly, sir, if you please," replied the author. "You have certainly mistaken me for some other. I am an Italian, and I am proud of the name; I love Italy with the first love of my heart, and proclaim her as the greatest country in the world, the mistress of nations, the land of heroes, the cradle of science, and the patroness of all that is priceless in the arts—"

"What, you impudent fellow! Are you not the man who in that Jew of yours praised the Austrians, and made that Croatian Olga utter the vilest reproaches against the Italians?"

"If it be only for this, favor me with a short truce; listen to me for a few moments."

"But what can you say for yourself?"

"Why, I can say this, that in my description of battles, I have been accurate in every particular, and I have done even justice to the valor on both sides."

"But when you speak of the Austrians, your pen seemed to leap with joy."

"Just as it leaped in the hands of those journalists, when they drew the most disgusting picture of those same Austrians. After all, what did I say? Only that they were fine-looking men, wore splendid uniforms, and excelled in dexterity and ability in the use of their arms. I have not sold the reputation of Italy."

"But you make your Croatian say many things to the shame and confusion of Italy."

"She does not say more or less than what many of the demagogues have said, and still say through the press, in complaining of the divisions, the feuds, the hatred and intestine quarrels, caused by the ambition, envy, and want of patriotism among the leaders of the Italian revolutions. They cry out aloud that a corrupted people are not fit to enjoy liberty, the same which has been proclaimed by numerous writers, both of ancient and modern times."

"But death to the infamous wretch, who could say, 'That Italy could never be free, until she should become Croatian!'"

"Pardon me! In this she is more of a democrat than Mazzini; for Mazzini wished liberty without religion; whereas Olga wished to see religion, morality, justice, and sobriety, go hand in hand with liberty; and this is what she calls being a Croat. Tell me, is this correct?"

"You are totally wrong in putting this grave question in the mouth of a Croatian, to the great shame of Italy."

"Ah!—Reproach in the mouth of an enemy has always been a most pungent stimulus. I would wish to see an Olga at the ear of every demagogue in Italy."

The attorney, having thus given vent to his spleen,



went on his way murmuring, leaving the author of the Jew, who thought he had got out of the scrape, cheap enough.

One day, the author had sat down to rest, in the neighborhood of Santa Cruce, when, lo ! two religious, who were taking their evening walk, accosted him, saying :

“ Oh, you make all the rascals die *in osculo Domini* ! The hypocrite Polissena dies a St. Margaret ; and your readers shed more tears at her death, than they do over the angelic life of her sister Ombellina. Alessandria, at Curtatone, dies, kissing her crucifix ; and how piously Cestius breathes his last ! Aser dies clothed with his baptismal innocence ; and even that wicked Ursulina is converted on her deathbed. Gracious goodness ! This is as much as to say : ‘ Heap sin upon sin, and crime upon crime, during life, at your death they will be changed into so many beautiful and sweet-scented flowers. ’ ”

“ My dear fathers,” replied the poor author, “ deaths like these will never burden the world. Yet in the midst of such horrors, it is soothing to the Christian soul to see these strokes of Divine mercy ; and, believe me, they have a happy influence over the minds of the readers ; and I know of several to whom they have been fruitful unto salvation ; God be praised for it ! ”

“ Truly, the death of Babette was represented to the letter ; and it is the ordinary end of these fiends, who infest the world ; we ourselves have seen many dying in a similar manner, in the hospitals. ”

“ No doubt of it. I might relate things of those who were wounded at the San Panerazio gate, and who afterwards died at the Trinita de Pellegrini, which would make the hair raise on one’s head. ”

“But tell us, if we do not make too free, why did you soil your narrative with so many ugly words?”

“My reverend fathers, I confess that it may appear a fault; but my narrative moves through a fearful and horrid period, and I wished to portray, in some measure, the abominations which germinated in our midst; and that, too, from a civilization which boasts in words of its gentility, its courtesy, and its refinement, but which in deeds is more savage, inhuman, and cruel, than any age that has passed over Italy. I shuddered myself in writing these things; but I excuse myself in the words of Dante, that I spoke the language of the infernal regions, when I expressed the flowery sentiments of the regenerators’ Italy.”

The good friars took the excuse of the author, and moved off, apparently satisfied. Finally, as he was returning home, a troop of young men assailed and surrounded him in the road.

“What is it?” exclaimed the affrighted author. “What has happened? Mercy! What do you mean?”

“Yes, indeed! what do you mean? Is this the plight you leave people in? That poor Aser, we looked upon as the future husband of Alisa; and lo! you killed as a lion that sleeps in his lair! And that poor girl, what has become of her? Ah, you hard-hearted creature! To leave her there in a swoon in the seat of a carriage. This is really to make sport of your readers. Why did you not at least tell us what became of her? whether she became a Sister of Charity at Geneva, or whether she returned to Italy with her father?”

The ill-fated author, caught between the door and the wall, not knowing at once how to answer so many questions, finally said:

“Sirs; Aser is dead, and how can I help it? Alisa fell into a swoon, was that any fault of mine? Have a little patience, and you may yet learn what became of her. She was so dear, so affectionate, and so pious. Oh, no indeed, she must not make her exit in a swoon! A person who is possessed of as much virtue as that good girl, knows, even in the greatest misfortune, how to preserve his mind undisturbed, and by raising it to God, to draw from the accomplishment of his Divine will, that comfort which the world knows not and cannot give. Continue to read, and you will hear again of both her and Bartolo. But the object of the Jew of Verona was to show Italy the perfidiousness of secret societies; to exhibit them in full light; to persuade the Italian youth, with the blessing of God, not to permit themselves to be caught in their snares, nor to be enticed by their allurements, nor deceived by their fallacious promises.

“My friends, the Jew has proclaimed it aloud, has risked his life, and has shown clearly to every unbiassed mind, that it is no longer time to flatter the public as to the intentions of secret associations. Therefore, he warns, exhorts, and entreats the brave and generous youth of Italy, through the love of parents, their country, and their souls, to flee and abhor those associations, as death and desolation.”

As they were about to depart, one of the company turned and said:

“Well, since you have commenced to speak of the fruits of secret societies, be not discouraged to continue the development of their works in Rome, at the time of the Republic; for if the preliminaries and preparation

yielded so much, what may we not expect at the banquet itself? The great national feast of '47, at the villa of Bartolo, will be nothing when compared with it."

"You are right," replied the author. "That entertainment will dwindle into insignificance in comparison with the splendid feast of the Republic. The table will be spread on the great square of the capital. In the midst of this table will rise, as a trophy, a colossal statue drawn by Don Pirlone. He will represent to us, Italy dressed in natural robes, with a plume flowing gracefully from her shoulder; a brilliant star glitters upon her head; with her left hand she gathers her robes upon her breast, and holds in her right a spacious watering-pot, with which she waters a great rose-bush. In the midst of this bush there towers aloft, mature and flaming, a RED CAP, the sovereign emblem of the Republic. The pot, which sprinkles widely its contents on the precious stock of the Phrygian cap, bears on its side, in gilt letters: THE SWEAT AND BLOOD OF ITALY! But Don Pirlone forgot to put there, the third honor, which is far more copious than either of the other two: THE TEARS OF ITALY!"

THE END.











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